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THE NEW YORKER

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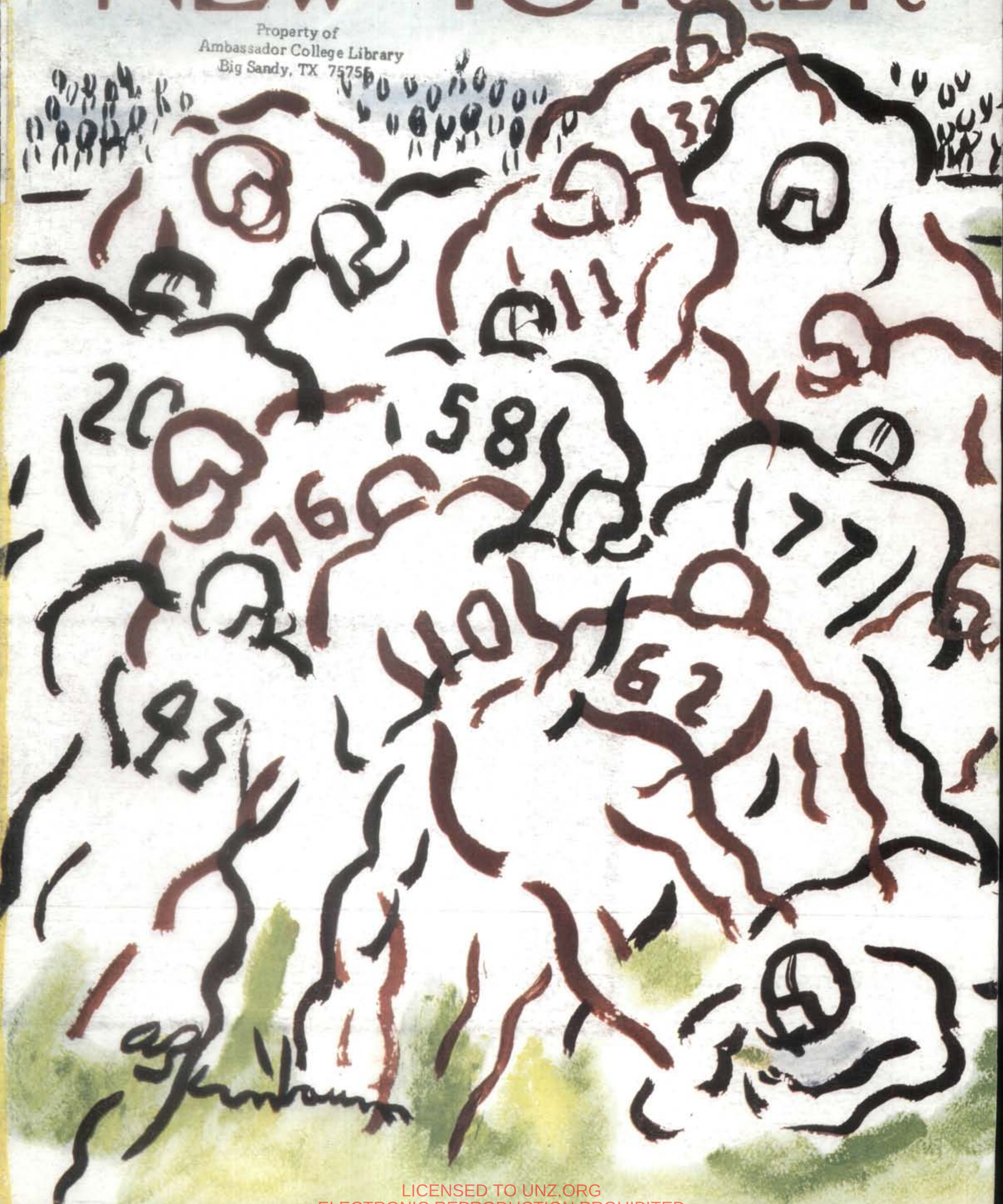
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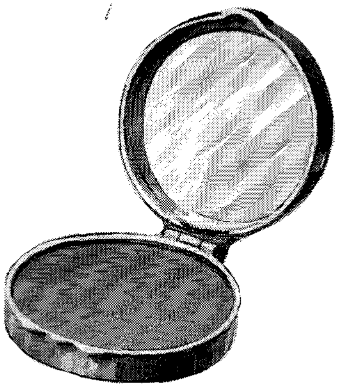
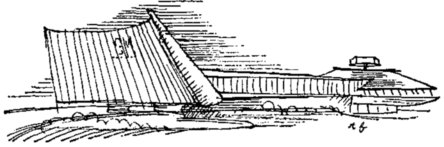


Meet Eve of Roma from eleven until three, through October 15th on the Street Floor, Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 39th Street

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Mrs. Dally—An elongation of a one-act play by William Hanley, seen Off Broadway a couple of seasons ago, that describes the tribulations of a morose woman who can't make her young and loutish lover or her brutal, drunken husband understand her longing for culture and such. Arlene Francis, Ralph Meeker, and Robert Forster figure in this sad business. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Odd Couple—A nice funny comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Mr. Simon has been given a big assist by the director, Mike Nichols, and by Walter Matthau and Art Carney, who head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Very Rich Woman—Ruth Gordon as a seventy-five-year-old Boston dowager bent on having a high old time in the face of the opposition of her heirs, who fear that she will run through her capital before they can get their hands on it. The play is no great shakes, but Miss Gordon and such supporting actors as Ethel Griffies, Madge Kennedy, Ernest Truex, and Raymond Walburn are entertaining. Garson Kanin directed the drama. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Larry Blyden, Anne Jackson, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A two-character comedy by Bill Manhoff, in which Alan Alda and Diana Sands appear as a stuffy pseudo-intellectual and an antic prostitute. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan. Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Generation—Henry Fonda in a comedy by William Goodhart. Directed by Gene Saks. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Holmes vs. Moriarty in a divertissement that is only occasionally effective. Fritz Weaver is the Sherlock of the piece. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—Solid songs and lively dances in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," with Tommy Steele figuring to fine advantage in the leading role. David Heneker is responsible for the tunes and lyrics, and Onna White for the choreography. Gene Saks directed the happy affair. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A dull bit of business, which finds Anthony Newley, as a small put-upon proletarian, pitted against Cyril Ritchard, as a big Establishment bully. About the only redeeming feature of the affair is a song called "Feeling Good," which is let loose by Gilbert Price. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Luther Adler. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.... **GOLDEN BOY:** Sammy Davis in an adaptation of an Odets play about a fighter who doesn't like his work. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Sunday, Oct. 10, at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers in the role of Miss Golightly. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Pickwick—A musical version of Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," imported from London. Wolf Mankowitz wrote the book, Cyril Ornadel the music, and Leslie Bricusse the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Harry Secombe. The director is Peter Coe. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30: subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Minor Miracle—A play by Al Morgan, based on his novel of the same name, with Lee Tracy, Dennis King, and Pert Kelton. Staged by Howard Erskine. Opens Thursday, Oct. 7. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Drat! The Cat!—A musical with book and lyrics by Ira Levin, music by Milton Schafer, and a cast headed by Lesley Ann Warren and Elliott Gould. Directed by Joe Layton. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 9. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 10. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A London import by Joe Orton, with Sheila Hancock, Lee Montague, Dudley Sutton, and George Turner. Alan Schneider is the director. Previews through Monday, Oct. 11. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 12. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2:30 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Impossible Years—A comedy by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, starring Alan King and directed by Arthur Storch. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 11-12. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 13. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The World of Charles Aznavour—The French singer, actor, and composer in a solo show of his songs. A three-week engagement that starts Thursday, Oct. 14 (previews Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 11-13, at 8:40), and will run through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Barbara Harris and John Cullum in a musical by Alan Jay Lerner (book and lyrics) and Burton Lane (music). Robert Lewis directed. Previews Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15. Opens officially on Saturday, Oct. 16. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **MADAME BUTTERFLY.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, *319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200.* Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 7-8, at 8:40: **RUDDIGORE.**...¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 4 and 8:40: **THE MIKADO.**...¶ Sunday, Oct. 10, at 4 and 8:40, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 12-13, at 8:40: **IOLANTHE.**...¶ Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15, at 8:40: **THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD.**...¶ *Saturday, Oct. 16, at 4 and* 8:40: **RUDDIGORE.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and

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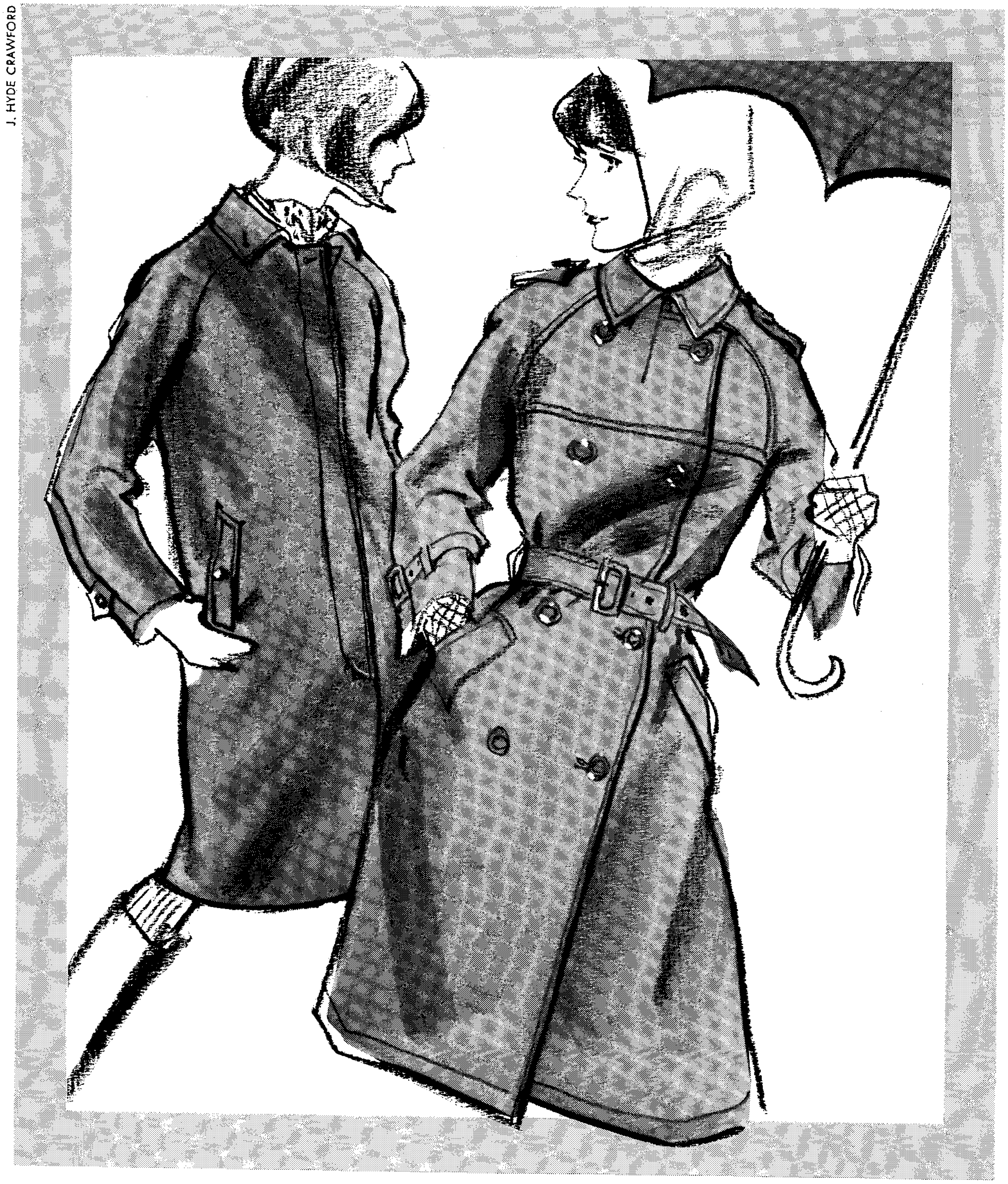

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 3.)

Friends and Enemies—Eli Mintz in two one-act plays by Arkady Leokum. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5:30.)

Happy Days—A revival of the Beckett play. Ruth White and John C. Becher are the entire cast. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 10. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 10.)

The Knack—Ann Jellicoe's farce, which has been directed by the inventive Mike Nichols, is a British import. The theme is seduction, and the story, such as it is, concerns three young men and a girl on her way to the Y.W.C.A. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trigon—A four-character play by James Broom Lynne, imported from London and directed by Arthur Cantor. Previews through Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:40. Opens officially on Saturday, Oct. 9. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trojan Women—Euripides' tragedy, translated by Edith Hamilton and directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Thursday and Friday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 9.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of Ray Bradbury—Three one-act science-fiction plays ("The Pedestrian," "The Veldt," and "To the Chicago Abyss"), starring George Voskovec. Preview Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Oct. 8. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Allegro Brillante," "Meditation," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2:15: "Firebird," "Concerto Barocco," "Tarantella," and "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Irish Fantasy," "Meditation," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 10, at 1:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," "Meditation," "Swan Lake," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 10, at 7:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 2:15: "Con Amore," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," and "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8:15: "Piège de Lumière," "Concerto Barocco," "Tarantella," and "Ballet Imperial." . . .

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¶ Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "Prodigal Son," "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "La Sonnambula," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "Four Temperaments," "Dim Lustre," "Pas de Deux and Divertissements," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2:15: "Harlequinade" and "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Ballet Imperial," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Oct. 31. Latecomers are officially, and severely, frowned on.)

Paul Taylor—With his dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 737-3570. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 14-15, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Show business will be going on as usual when, on Friday, Oct. 8, the Royal Box reopens to admit Tony Martin, the Las Vegas rancher, and his songs. He will appear at dinner and supper; the orchestra of Lee Evans, full of guile and glee, will be audible both before and after. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The indoor sport of dancing (in its mildest form) can be indulged in from nine to midnight in the restaurant, which is sort of stately, or even until one Fridays and Saturdays. George Anaya's small group is the band. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—John Mills of London, the Governor of this British colony, is trying to give it the Ambassadeurial touch he gives his London town houses. Conversational dance music is rolled forth in the master room; in the Champagne Room, though, the music is purely prandial. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The almost lost art of steamboat-building and ornamentation, and the heavy artillery of Woody Herman's band, making the kind of music we all once danced to. On Monday, Oct. 11, Art Mooney's squad replaces the Herman Herd. The music runs from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, the senior class of Ben Cutler University is on the bandstand every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—At dinner and supper in the Persian Room is Jack Jones, a handsome slip of a boy tenor, who needs none of the tricks of the trade and uses only one or two of them. This commendable performance is flanked by Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather frolickers and Burt Farber's steady-going orchestra, who are on hand all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ Some enchanted evenings can be spent in the Palm Court, converted (on the stroke of eight) by the necromancy of light and shadow into a perfect Xanadu. Simultaneously, Gunnar Hansen's *toujours-l'amour* violin, a thousand-calorie pastry cart, and a covey of dryads laden with water ices and *café noir* debouch upon the scene. One in the morning is time to go home. Sunday nights are stilly nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—A tiny village high in the Pyrénées, but equipped with a number of modern conveniences. Remote control brings the music of Michael Longo's cheerful little orchestra to the cocktail lounge (view south); the sound appears in person, from eight to one, in the dining room (view north and west), which has a minute dance floor. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Urban renewal has occurred in the Maisonette, now aflame with imported scenery. American life goes on as before, though, to the tune, or tunes, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays.

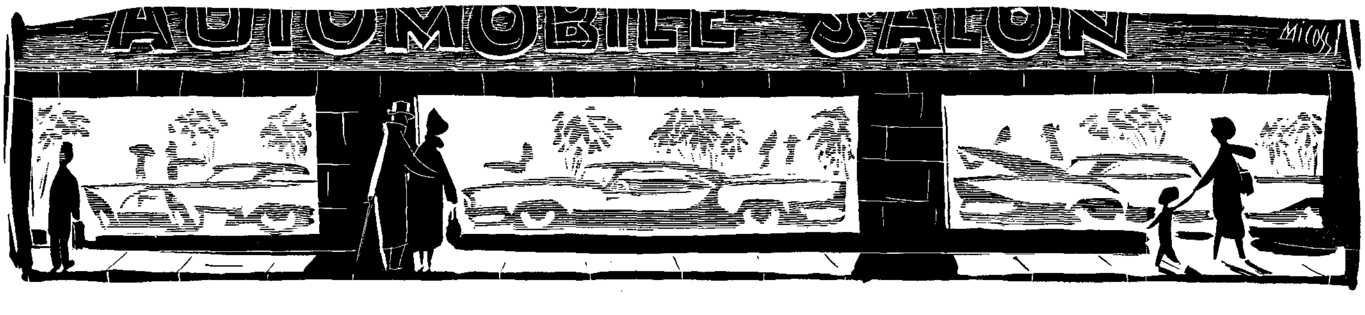
Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The kind of air-conditioning that Mother Nature used to make, which she now does out-of-doors and without water. There is dancing amid the greenery from seven-thirty until past midnight every evening but Monday. All hands can go on under cover when the elements become elemental.

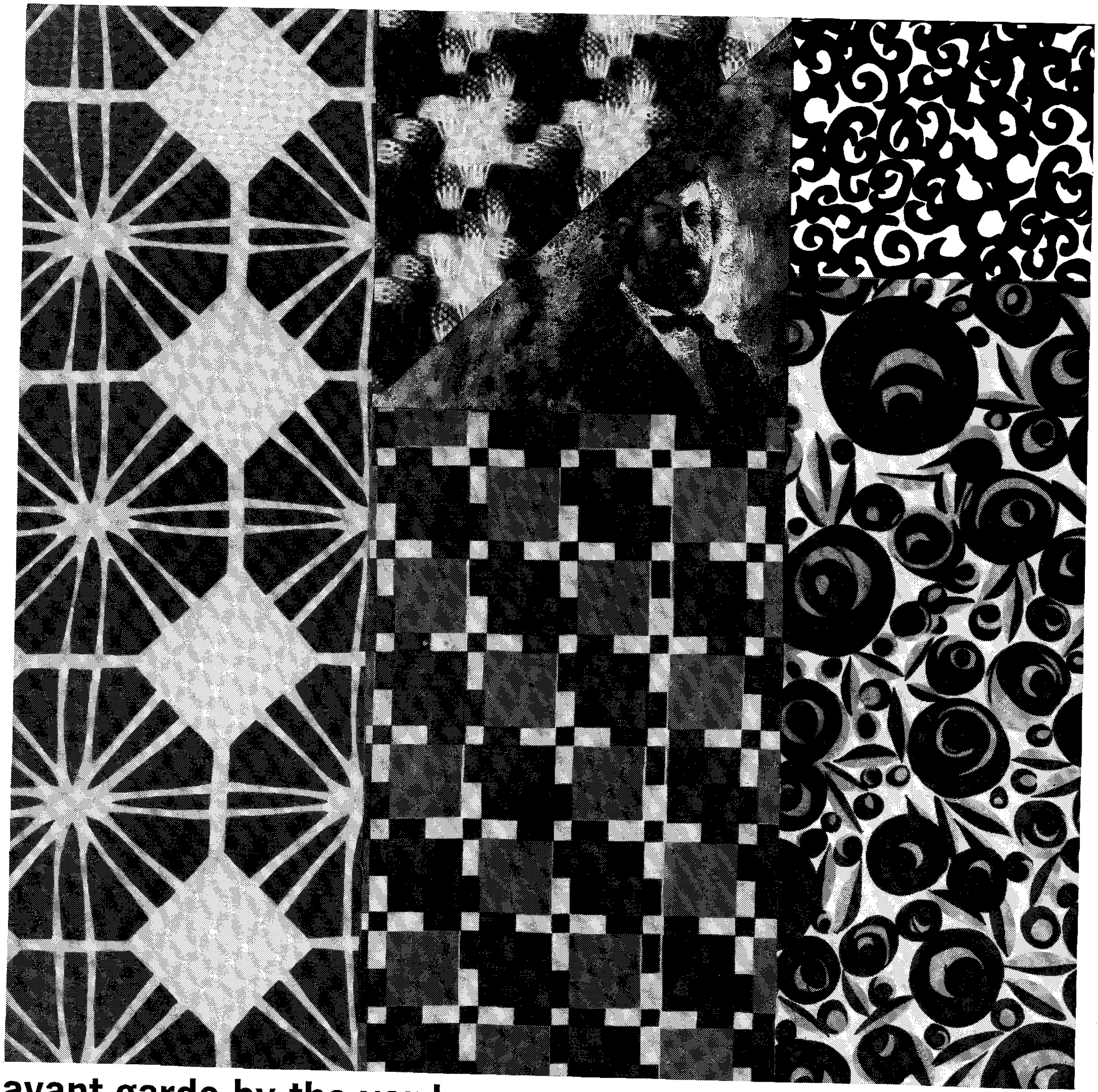
Note—**roseland dance city,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Cadets who are awaiting their chance to operate in space can work out on the giant floor (a hundred and fifty feet long), even though only the social graces and none of the Twist variants are allowable. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): You're only young once a night, or so it seems on these premises. The old folks—people way up in the thirties and forties—are allowed by the young ones to join in. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **in boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy living in a walled city, which is Florence, by the look of it. The words and music that are on tap (operatic arias, some in English) serve to heighten this impression. Franco Pagani is the principal warbler. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **drake room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one every night but Sundays. . . . **sheraton-east,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, Ray Hartley's piano redecorates the tunes of the day in a fashion that makes them sound brand-new. His last night is Saturday, Oct. 9; on Monday, Oct. 11, the piano will be assigned to other hands. The music runs from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. The King's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a king himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The S.P.Q.R. are thinking of holding their annual conventions here. Already among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, has, after ten years at one piano, unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere. He begins at nine-thirty in the neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): An all-out propagation of faith in Iberian architecture, décor, cuisine, and music. The last commodity comes from a guitar that starts at eight in the third room back of this jubilant display. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): One more affirmation of delight in everything Spanish—sight, sound, and sustenance. The music—guitar again, and by José Luis Franco—is hands-across-the-sea that lies between Iberia and the New World. Not a whisper on Sundays.... **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Exactly the sort of place where you'd expect to run into someone named Lord Superior who plays guitar and sings West Indian chansons. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is amusement in its own right, is there all the time.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Home port for a bunch of young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A robust jazz trio performs every day of the week but Sunday, when a solitary pianist handles the whole thing.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The vistas in this landed estate make us all sorry that we ever moved out of the nineteenth century. In the bar, there's piano from five to eight and nine-thirty to two, except for Saturdays and Sundays.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. ... **SPINDLETOP**, 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): Seekers of a bit of bounce after the theatre will find Frankie Ray, from Albuquerque, flexing a voice and guitar full of Spanish-Mexican twirl as he winds among the restaurant tables. Closed Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Johnny Ryan does catch-as-catch-can piano from six-thirty until one every night but Monday, and Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday.... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Moscow Nights are growing long (eight until two). Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Russian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The awful truth about love, put in the kindliest and frequently the wittiest fashion by the songs of Mabel Mercer, who speaks (or sings) out of two generations of experience. Sam Hamilton is, as he should be, her pianist. Never-before-ten-thirty is their way of life. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is tenuous. Closed Sundays.... **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Fooling around and frittering away as such things were done in yesteryear. Ronnie Ball's duo checks in around half past eight; after the theatre, Nancy Steele (songs in Texas Guinan style) and Murray Grand (rich, life-size piano) come aboard. Closed Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups, from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor, it is nice to know, is again Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays.... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave., at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): The portion of the Hotel Westbury given over to dining at no more than a trot and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the winter on his way around the world) plays piano to really listen to.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): More than a touch of Moorish architecture, and quite a few touches of casual piano from six until midnight, except on Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque (well, it does keep the kids off the streets) is represented at its best by these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation, too, from indulging in free-style Highland flings. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. From seven to ten, the music is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers. Weekdays, taps sounds at three or four; Sundays, when all the music is machine, taps sounds at one.... **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little angels, lovely in their evening frocks, or even in their evening slacks, do not fear to tread the most outlandish measures to the music of distant and unearthly spheres, which is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays.... **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies.... **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion. The house dancers (the little girls among them have the Courrèges of their convictions) spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four, except Mondays) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent.... **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Except on Mondays, the patter of tiny feet can be heard (from nine until four) because the music, which comes from a squawk box, is largely forbearing. Supper is served. ... **THE GARRISON**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079): A wing of El Morocco, or maybe a buck-and-wing, considering the antics induced on the floor by the music, all of which is tinned. Eight to four, except Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A pride of damsels who do not mind at all making a spectacle (choreography by Dick

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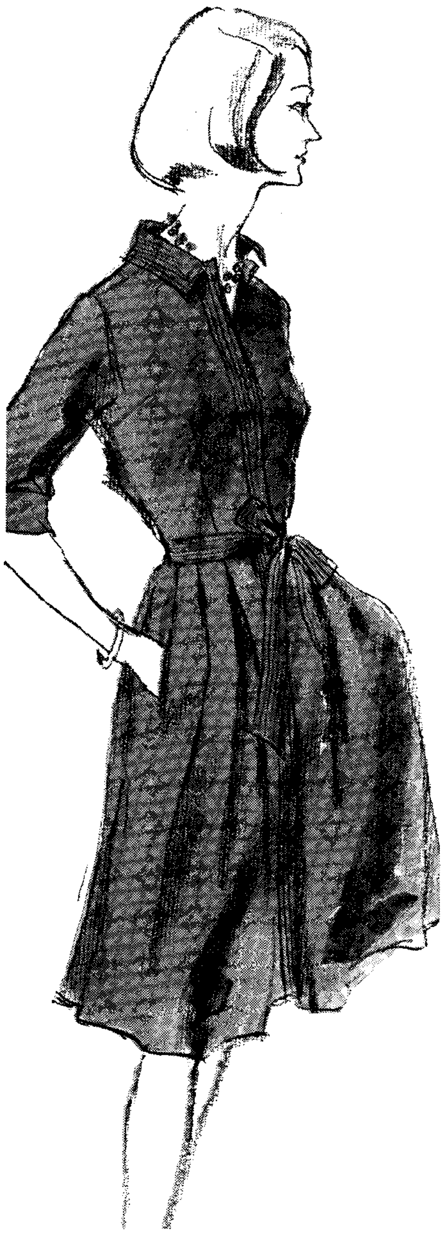

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Barstow, costumes by chance) of themselves. Along with this big romp go Will Jordan, a caricaturist who occasionally ranks with Max Beerbohm, and Teresa Brewer, that cheery, chortling little Southern belle. These two capital amusers will be succeeded, on Wednesday, Oct. 13, by Jackie Kahane, a very funny fellow from Montreal, and Sophie Tucker, whose jokes are as long as they are broad. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The centerpiece is the merry little Eydie Gorme, sometimes out for a lyric and sometimes out for a lark. Her companion is Charlie Manna, a humorist not averse to original thought. On Thursday, Oct. 14, the scene changes: Petula Clark, the sweet-voiced ruler of the British and Continental discothèque singers. Dancing. . . . ¶ Up in the lounge, the Clara Ward Gospel Singers are responsible for most of the tumult and the shouting in a setting that is generally pell-mell from ten to four every night of the week.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's fifteenth annual report on the state of the nation, is doing twice-a-night shakedown runs in preparation for its official maiden voyage, on Thursday, Oct. 14. It is in revue form, naturally. Rex Robbins and Bill Hinnant, players who have worn Monk's-cloth in other years, and Elizabeth Wilson, from the Broadway stage, are the bellwethers. No frolics on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Being an experienced army, Los Chavales de España like to keep on the move as they indulge in flourishes of trumpet, in croonery, in clowning, or just in background instrumentation for Luisita Sevilla, a dancer composed wholly of air and graces. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule for this rich life, but the dancing by the customers makes the performance continuous. On Sundays there is tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpático* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Where there's Kaye Ballard there's fire, and so "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter," a revue devoted to the words and music of guess who, sounds quite wonderful a large part of the time. Harold Lang and his febrile feet are the other major contributors. Now and then, the affair endeavors to outwit Mr. Porter's wit—a losing battle for practically anybody. Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays an extra show at eleven—that's the ticket. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The local baby revue has diversified its portfolio with several bright new touches and with R. G. Brown. Some of the old touches are not quite up to snuff, and some of the other players use too much of it, but most of the evening is jolly. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): On Monday, Oct. 11, Olga Guillot, who is as decisive as a Latin soprano can be, begins her annual visit to our town. She appears at both dinner and supper, and again even later Fridays and Saturdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The group of musicians called Brasil '65 display the vast natural resources of our neighbor republic—voices that cajole rather than command, instruments that cavort, composers who sidestep convention; that is, a music that often sounds more modern and less morose than anything else in the world. On Tuesday, Oct. 12, a change of cast: The trio and the subtle, subterranean piano of Bill Evans. Sundays, there is a four-thirty matinée as well as the evening deal. Mondays are in charge of Alan Grant, a disc jockey without disc-jockey faults, who parades another set of living musicians. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Miriam Makeba, truly the African Queen, sings tribal songs often rife with thunder and lightning; Hugh Masekela's horn, which leads a foursome into action, often crackles, too, with electricity. On Tuesday, Oct. 12, Mongo Santamaria's rampant Latin octet takes over for a while; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 15-16, Gloria Lynne's equally rampant soprano will be heard. Mondays, the play area is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. Visitors get to dance every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. A sidewalk café and a restaurant of sorts (both closed on Mondays) are appended on the ground floor. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most reliable of the Village's coffee mills, and the most discerning in the choosing of new faces, new voices. At the moment, Mike Settle's voice, from the plains of Oklahoma, and Joan Toliver's voice, from another part of the forest primeval, are the best contributors. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting graduates and undergraduates. On Wednesday, Oct. 13, a change of scene: Songs by the triphammer Tarriers, humor by the Uncalled-For 3. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): To the surprise of absolutely no one, Al Cohn and Zoot Sims, whose instrumental repartee always amuses, are in residence, a quintet at their heels. Fridays through Sundays, Jimmy Rushing's voice does sonic booms. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The fervent Max Roach and his anti-Establishment quintet are giving the customers plenty to think about. Jorge Morel, a solitary guitar (a Lusitanian one), operates when this quintet takes five. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands stand in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Eddie Condon, ever the boy minstrel, is using a powerful battery—Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Dave McKenna, and Morey Feld—to produce the old-school clarion music he loves best. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood-music jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Fran Thompson, the solo pianist. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): Tony Parenti, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Jimmy Archey, and Henry Goodwin are all in cahoots—not a bad place to be when these boys are there. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome, beginning at nine. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A congeries of banjoists called the String Stretchers is hitting this sawdust trail. Peanuts and beer are part of the scene. The plunking runs from nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Sundays bring on a set of Dixielanders at five in the afternoon. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): Fry, small but agile, spend the evening in a setting that could be Boothbay Harbor or Mount Desert Island. Practitioners of the rock and the roll, the rant and the rave find the local band exactly to their liking. The schedule: nine-thirty until four through the week; eight to one-thirty Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HERMAN AXELROD—Bronze sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALLEN BLAGDEN—Watercolors; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

DAVID BURT—Metal sculptures; through Oct. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

CARROLL CLOAR—Realist landscapes and figures, in tempera; through Oct. 23. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

LÉON DE LEEUW—Impressionistic landscapes;

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through Saturday, Oct. 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Sidney Goodman—Paintings and drawings; through Oct. 23. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hartung—Etchings and lithographs by this Paris abstractionist; through Oct. 30. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Patrick Heron—Abstract oils by a British artist; through Oct. 23. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Francisco Larez—Intaglio prints; through Oct. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Reuben Nakian—Four large sculptures (in plaster, for bronze); through Oct. 30. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Waldo Peirce—A retrospective of paintings dating back to the thirties; through Oct. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Oil paintings (1963-65); through Oct. 23. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)... ¶ Oils of the thirties and the sixties; through Oct. 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joe Raffaele—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Man Ray—"Objects of My Affection," a showing of objects and collages; through Oct. 30. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tobias Schneebaum—The desert is the theme here; through Oct. 30. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Plaster figure sculptures; through Oct. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Hard-edge paintings; through Nov. 30. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jerry Werner—Constructions; through Thursday, Oct. 14. (Westerly, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Wilde—Still-lifes and figure paintings; through Oct. 30. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Jack Youngerman—A joint exhibition: paintings at the Parsons (24 W. 57th St.) and ink drawings at the Byron (1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.); both through Oct. 23. (Both galleries are closed Mondays.)

Drawings—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century examples by, among others, Cézanne, Ingres, and Toulouse-Lautrec; through Oct. 23. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Sculptures—Pieces by Roger Bolomey, Duayne Hatchett, Robert Howard, and David von Schlegell; through Oct. 23. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

African Art—Statues and masks in ivory and wood from European collections; through Oct. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **aca heritage**, 63 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century painters, including George Luks, Eugene Speicher, and Ernest Lawson; through Oct. 30.... **zabriskie**, 36 E. 61st St.: Drawings of the early twentieth century by, among others, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Marsden Hartley, and Raphael Soyer; through Saturday, Oct. 9.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **elkon**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings in a variety of styles by Magritte, Dubuffet, and Albers (to name several); through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Miró, Utrillo, and Calder are three of the artists represented in a show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 9.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **loeb**, 12 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such gallery artists as Vieira da Silva, Robert Müller, and Jean Ipousteguy; through Oct. 30.... **slatkin**, 115 E. 92nd St.: A travelling exhibition of thirty-five hand-woven Aubusson tapestries designed by, among others, Pi-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

casso, Cocteau, and Max Ernst; through Oct. 20.

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Paintings, sculptures, and prints by Sergio Castillo, Clara Ledesma, and other members of the gallery; through Saturday, Oct. 16. (Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Closed Mondays; open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

Tenth Street—Seven downtown galleries are participating in an opening exhibition (ending Thursday, Oct. 14) of paintings, constructions, collages, and sculptures by gallery members and invited guests—At the **aegis**, 89 E. 10th St.; **area**, 90 E. 10th St.; **aspects**, 100 E. 10th St.; **brata**, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.; **coda**, 89 E. 10th St.; **gallery 84**, 84 E. 10th St.; and **stryke**, 86 E. 10th St. (All the galleries are open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings (John Singleton Copley to Edward Hopper), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Prints from the Museum's collection by Holbein, Goya, Mary Cassatt, and others; through Oct. 24. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of paintings and collages, from the forties to the present, by the Abstract Expressionist Robert Motherwell; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Sunday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Forty-four recently acquired drawings (1882-1964) by, for instance, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, and Odilon Redon; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ About thirty paintings, collages, and drawings bequeathed to the Museum by the late Kay Sage Tanguy, and including works by her, Yves Tanguy, Miró, and others; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Sunday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ A survey (1917-64) of paintings, drawings, and gouaches by the abstractionist Jean Xceron; through Sunday, Oct. 10. (Tuesdays, except Oct. 12, through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 12, from noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A memorial retrospective of the drawings, abstract paintings, and other works of Stuart Davis (1894-1964); through Oct. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Gods, Thrones, and Peacocks," an exhibition of northern-Indian miniatures, demonstrating two traditions—Rajput and Mughal—from the fifteenth to nineteenth centuries; through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of graphics by Alexander Archipenko; through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ "Energy sculptures," which turn out to be painted objects transfigured by music and colored light, created by Adrian Guillery and Dick Hogle; through Nov. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and graphics done by the Mexican artist José Clemente Orozco (1883-1949) in his later years; through Oct. 17. (Tuesdays, except Oct. 12, through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 12, from noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective (1950-65) of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints by Larry Rivers; through Nov. 7. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 4:30. Closed Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 11-12.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, master drawings, early printed books, and autograph manuscripts, from the Library's collection; through Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Books illustrated by French painters—Manet to Chagall; through Nov. 13. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of Personal Adornment," a display of jewelry and accessories from ancient times to the present; through Nov. 7. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—"Religion in Wood: A Study in Shaker Design," a showing of the decorative and fine arts of the Shakers; through Nov. 14. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 7: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Bruno Prevedi, Ettore Bastianini, Jerome Hines, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Heidi Krall, Gianni Raimondi, Calvin Marsh, John Macurdy, Lorenzo Alvary, Clifford Harvuot, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 9: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Carlotta Ordassy, Ion Piso, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, Dan Marek, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 9: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Blanche Thebom, Barry Morell, Walter Cassel, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 11: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Heidi Krall, Gianni Raimondi, Calvin Marsh, John Macurdy, Lorenzo Alvary, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 12: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Marcia Baldwin, Gladys Kriese, Nicolai Gedda, Cesare Siepi, Robert Merrill, and Russell Christopher. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 13: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Joann Grillo, John Alexander, and John Robert Dunlap. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 14: "Arabella" (in English), with Lisa Della Casa, Anneliese Rothenberger, Blanche Thebom, Barry Morell, John Reardon, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 15: "Don Carlo," with Raina Kabaivanska, Grace Bumbry, Bruno Prevedi, Ettore Bastianini, Jerome Hines, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 16: "Queen of Spades" (in English), with Teresa Stratas, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Jon Vickers, John Reardon, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 16: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Carlotta Ordassy, Gianni Raimondi, Mario Sereni, Bonaldo Giaiotti, Dan Marek, and Andrea Velis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8: A new production of Rossini's "The Barber of Seville." . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:15: "Faust." . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2:30: "The Saint of Bleecker Street." . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 10, at 2:30: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8: "The Tales of Hoffmann." . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "The Merry Widow." . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2:30: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

Mozart Opera Festival—"Così Fan Tutte," performed in English by the Goldovsky Opera Theatre. The first in a series of four productions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 8, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 11, at 7:30 (all with Henryk Szeryng, violin, and Catharine Crozier, organ); and Thursday, Oct. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 15, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 18, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Bartók program in the opening performance of the season here, with Gyorgy Sandor, piano, and Carolyn Stanford, mezzo-soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Kiril Kondrashin conducting the first two in a series of eleven concerts by this orchestra, appearing here for the first time. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30: With David Oistrakh, violin, and Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30: With Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano, and Mr. Rostropovich.

Chira String Orchestra—Joseph Chira conducting a new orchestra in its first appearance here. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8:30.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

Bach Festival—The first in a series of five concerts, this one performed by the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra conducted by Szymon Goldberg, who will also act as violin soloist. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

Budapest Children's Choir—Valeria Botka and Làszlò Csanyi directing the choir in its first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 8, at 5:30.)

Leo Smit—Piano, playing Book II of "The Well-Tempered Clavier." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Charles Bressler—Tenor. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

Andrzej Wasowski—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

Mitchell Trio—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

Juan Serrano—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 8:30.)

Ivan Davis—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 3.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitarist, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

Jerome Lowenthal—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The New Art String Trio, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Dave Van Ronk—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 15, at 8:40.)

New York Chamber Soloists—With Charles Bressler, tenor. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Royal Marines Tattoo—Final performances by the pipes, drums, and dancers of the Royal Scots Greys and Scots Guards, two marching bands of the Royal Marines, the Highland Lassies (dancers) from British Columbia, the Commando Motorcycle Display Squad, and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the Fiji Military Band. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday, Oct. 7, at 8; Friday, Oct. 8, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 10, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—Knicks vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

DOG SHOW—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 9.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 9: Army vs. Notre Dame, at Shea Stadium, at 8. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 16: Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. New York University, at Gaelic Park (Broadway and 240th St.), at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Oakland Raiders. (Shea Stadium. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Toronto, exhibition game. (Madison Square Garden. Monday, Oct. 11, at 7:30.)

HUNT RACING—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 9.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 16.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 9; the Discovery Handicap, Monday, Oct. 11; the Manhattan Handicap, Tuesday, Oct. 12; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 16. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 12. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30, from Wednesday, Oct. 13, through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Oct. 16, through Friday, Nov. 12.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Oct. 10, at 2. . . . WATKINS GLEN: Saturday, Oct. 16, at 1:30, and Sunday, Oct. 17, at 9 A.M. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 16.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 11. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "The Magic Flute," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 2:30.) . . . AMERICAN SAVOYARDS: "The Mikado," Saturday, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Sunday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ "Ruddigore," Saturday, Oct. 16. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Afternoons at 4.) . . . NEW ZEALAND CONCERT BAND: With Maori dancers. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 737-3570. Sunday, Oct. 10, at 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Pecos Bill, King of the Cowboys," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Gingerbread Boy," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . MARTINIQUE THEATRE: "Ostrich Feathers." (Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Robin Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . SPYGLASS PRODUCTIONS: "Treasure Is-

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land.” (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 16, at 2:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** “Puss in Boots.” (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 1:30 and 3, and Sunday, Oct. 10, at 1:45.)... **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE:** “The Elephant's Child.” (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, Oct. 9, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call LE 4-1672. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—“Archeology: Exploring the Past,” an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Tuesday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called “Watchers of the Sky.” (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Wednesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—The annual fall jamboree will include Sheffield silver, Staffordshire figures, paintings, paperweights, Indian brasses, Russian enamels, and American clocks. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 11-15, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 16, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7; Wednesday, Oct. 13, from 10 to noon; and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Oct. 9, at 1:45: English and other furniture, watches, silver, and decorative objects; the property of Dr. Joseph M. Weidberg and others.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 13, at 9:30 P.M.: Twenty contemporary American paintings by such artists as de Kooning, Rauschenberg, and Kline; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull and from other sources. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 13, at about 10 P.M.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century sculptures by Henry Moore, Maillol, Degas, and others; from various owners. Admission by card only.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 14, at 5:15: Impressionist and modern paintings and drawings, among them works by Cézanne, Gauguin, Manet, and Bonnard; from several collectors. Admission by card only. No exhibition Thursday, Oct. 14.

NOTE—Columbus Day is Tuesday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 86th Street, starting at noon.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

MISCELLANY—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. Many visitors leave the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it. Next week is the last week of the Fair, and so anyone who hasn't yet visited the New Jersey, Scott Paper, Long Island Rail Road, and Minnesota Pavilions, or the exhibits of the Boy Scouts, Chunky Candy, Clairol, and Dynamic Maturity, anyone who hasn't seen one of the films at Sermons from Science, who hasn't stopped in at the British Pub, or danced at the Hollywood Whiskey A Go Go, had better do so soon. The Fair closes on Sunday, Oct. 17.

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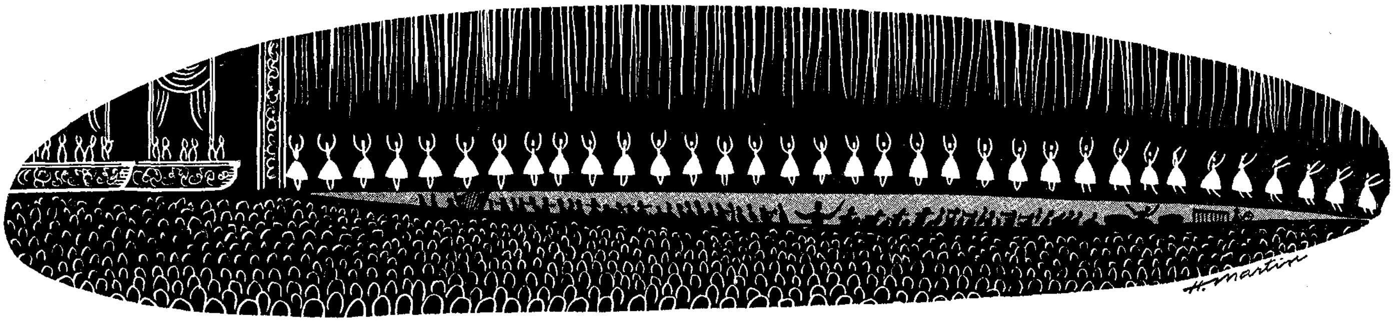
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni races tactfully through a comedy whose theme is scarcely more than a single prolonged blue joke. The resourceful director was Mario Monicelli and the setting is, of course, Italy. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Chronicle of a Summer—A pioneer feature-length specimen of *cinéma vérité*, photographed in 1960 by Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin. A fascinating attempt to come closer to the truth than the conventional documentary does. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 12.)

Darling—The ravishing Julie Christie stars in a picture that, though it stumbles and loses its way, is nearly always interesting. The cast includes Dirk Bogarde and Laurence Harvey and the director is John Schlesinger. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Hollywood persists in recounting the life of Christ and always fails. This failure, produced and directed by George Stevens, is remarkable only for its length. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Great Race—An overlong, overambitious farce, though with good things in it. Starring Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, and Natalie Wood, and directed by Blake Edwards. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 6-3100.)

Help!—The Beatles again, and who can resist them? (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 12.)

A High Wind in Jamaica—An excellent adaptation of Richard Hughes' story about seven English children accidentally kidnapped by pirates. Anthony Quinn is at his best as the pirate captain. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 12.)

The Ipcress File—Double-crossing and maybe even triple-crossing in British Intelligence, with Michael Caine playing the not very heroic hero. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Married Woman—An immaculate dissection of a troubled marriage and a not too prosperous affair. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard, who has never done better, and starring Macha Meril and Bernard Noel. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 12.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye—A quasi-documentary study of an unhappy adolescent, written and directed by Don Owen and superbly acted by Peter Kastner. Much less gloomy than it sounds, and not to be missed. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Pawnbroker—An extraordinary performance by Rod Steiger makes this worth seeing. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Ship of Fools—A great plum pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

Symphony for a Massacre—Accident, carelessness, deceit, and greed are fatal for a group of five professional criminals. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 13.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—A collection of the world's funniest actors in a funny movie about the early days of aviation. Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Gert Frobe, and others. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Variety Lights—The first Fellini, made in 1950 and full of humor and charm. With Peppino De Filippo, Carla Del Poggio, and Giulietta Masina. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 8-11.)

What's New Pussycat?—This anthology of private jokes is annoying as often as it is entertaining, but some of the lines and the cinematic high jinks do pay off. Peter Sellers, Peter O'Toole, Woody Allen, and Romy Schneider frisk around in a Paris setting. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 12.)

Zorba the Greek—A bold burst of a picture, notable for Anthony Quinn's embodiment of the passionate hero, for Michael Cacoyannis's direction, and for Walter Lassally's photography. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Oct. 12.)

REVIVALS

Becket (1964)—Richard Burton as the Archbishop of Canterbury and Peter O'Toole as King Henry II, in an adaptation of the Anouilh play. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 13.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 7. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Oct. 12.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; starting Oct. 12.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 12.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 12.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French view of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 10.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

One Potato, Two Potato (1964)—The story of the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child. With Bernie Hamilton. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 11. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 12.)

The Organizer (1964)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 13, tentative.)

Professor Beware (1938)—Harold Lloyd suffering familiar comic indignities. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 8-11, last showing on Oct. 11 at 6:35.)

The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 8-11.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 7. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 10.)

Six of a Kind (1934)—Just some nonsense with W. C. Fields, Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, and Burns and Allen. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 8-11, last showing on Oct. 11 at 5:30.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123; through Oct. 11.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Oct. 9: "Cops" (1922) and "The Navigator" (1924), both with Buster Keaton. . . . ¶ Oct. 10-13: "Casablanca" (1942), with Humphrey Bogart and Ingrid Bergman. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.). . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—The last three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Through Oct. 9: "The Flying Deuces" (1939), with Laurel and Hardy, plus a Charley Chase short. . . . ¶ Oct. 12: "The Dancing Masters" (1943), with Laurel and Hardy. . . . ¶ Oct. 13: "A-Haunting We Will Go" (1942), with Laurel and Hardy. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				7	8	9
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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE GREAT RACE.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
From Oct. 7, at 8:30: "The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Bunny Lake Is Missing," Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 12: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French).
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?; and **NOBODY WAVED GOOD-BYE.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 12: **ZORBA THE GREEK.**
From Oct. 13: "A Very Special Favor," Rock Hudson, Leslie Caron; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 12: "Gypsy," revival, Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood; and "The Music Man," revival, Robert Preston, Shirley Jones.
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Oct. 11: "Love in Four Dimensions" (in Italian), Michèle Mercier.
From Oct. 12: **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Bunny Lake Is Missing," Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hill," Sean Connery.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Marriage on the Rocks," Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
DAVID AND LISA, revival; and **LORD OF THE FLIES**, revival.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Repulsion," Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Oct. 10: "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.
From Oct. 11: "The Loved One," Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Oct. 10: **ZORBA THE GREEK.**
From Oct. 11: "Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Oct. 10: **JULES AND JIM** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).
Oct. 11: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**, revival; and "Lilith," revival, Warren Beatty, Jean Seberg.
From Oct. 12: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Bunny Lake Is Missing," Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DARLING.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 12: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?**; and "Kiss Me, Stupid," revival, Dean Martin, Kim Novak.
From Oct. 13 (tentative): **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and "Agent 8¾," Dirk Bogarde.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE PAWNBROKER.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 12: "Village of the Giants," Tommy Kirk; and "Seaside Swingers," Freddie and the Dreamers.
From Oct. 13: "Situation Hopeless But Not Serious," Alec Guinness; and "Living It Up," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 7: **BREATHLESS** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (both in French and both revivals).
Oct. 8-11: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
From Oct. 12: **CHRONICLE OF A SUMMER** (in French); **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival; and "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 12: **HELP!**; and "These Are the Damned," Macdonald Carey.
From Oct. 13: **SYMPHONY FOR A MASSACRE** (in French); and "High Infidelity" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Ugo Tognazzi.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 12: **8½** (in Italian), revival; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.
From Oct. 13: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Playground."

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 12: **ZORBA THE GREEK.**
From Oct. 13: "The Saboteur," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner; and "Apache Rifles," Audie Murphy.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
THE PAWNBROKER.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar; and another feature, to be announced.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Love Eterne" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Mickey One," Warren Beatty.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
Through Oct. 11: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.
From Oct. 12: "Sallah" (in Hebrew).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

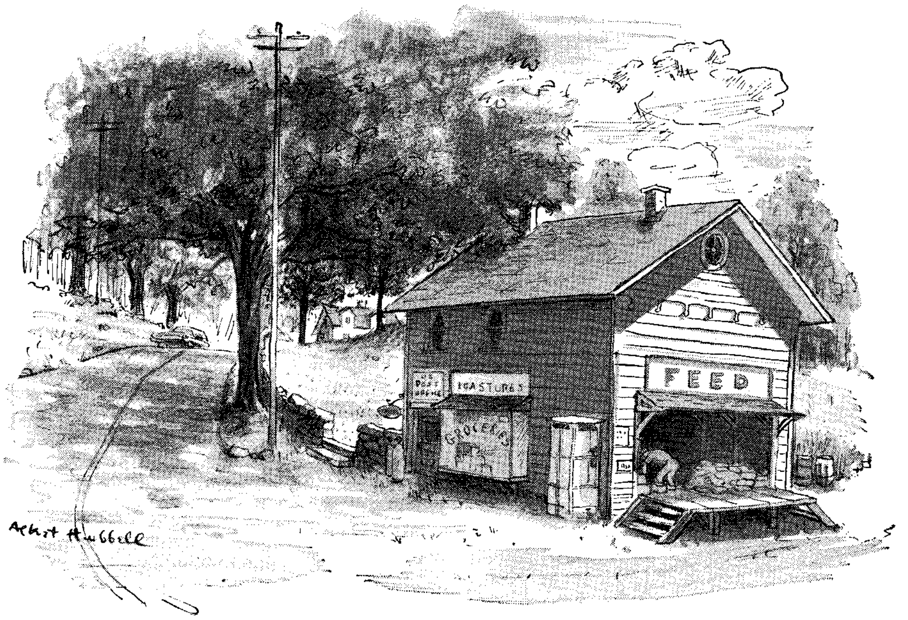
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 7: "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden; and "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.
Oct. 8-11 (last showing on Oct. 11 at 5:30): **SIX OF A KIND**, revival; and **PROFESSOR BEWARE**, revival.
From Oct. 11, at 9: "La Terra Trema" (in Sicilian dialect).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 12: **A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA**; and "Lord Jim," Peter O'Toole, James Mason.
From Oct. 13: **BECKET**, revival; and "Situation Hopeless But Not Serious," Alec Guinness.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 7: "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk; and "Lola" (in French), revival, Anouk Aimée, Marc Michel.
Oct. 8-11: **VARIETY LIGHTS** (in Italian); and "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
From Oct. 12: **ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO**, revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE PAWNBROKER.



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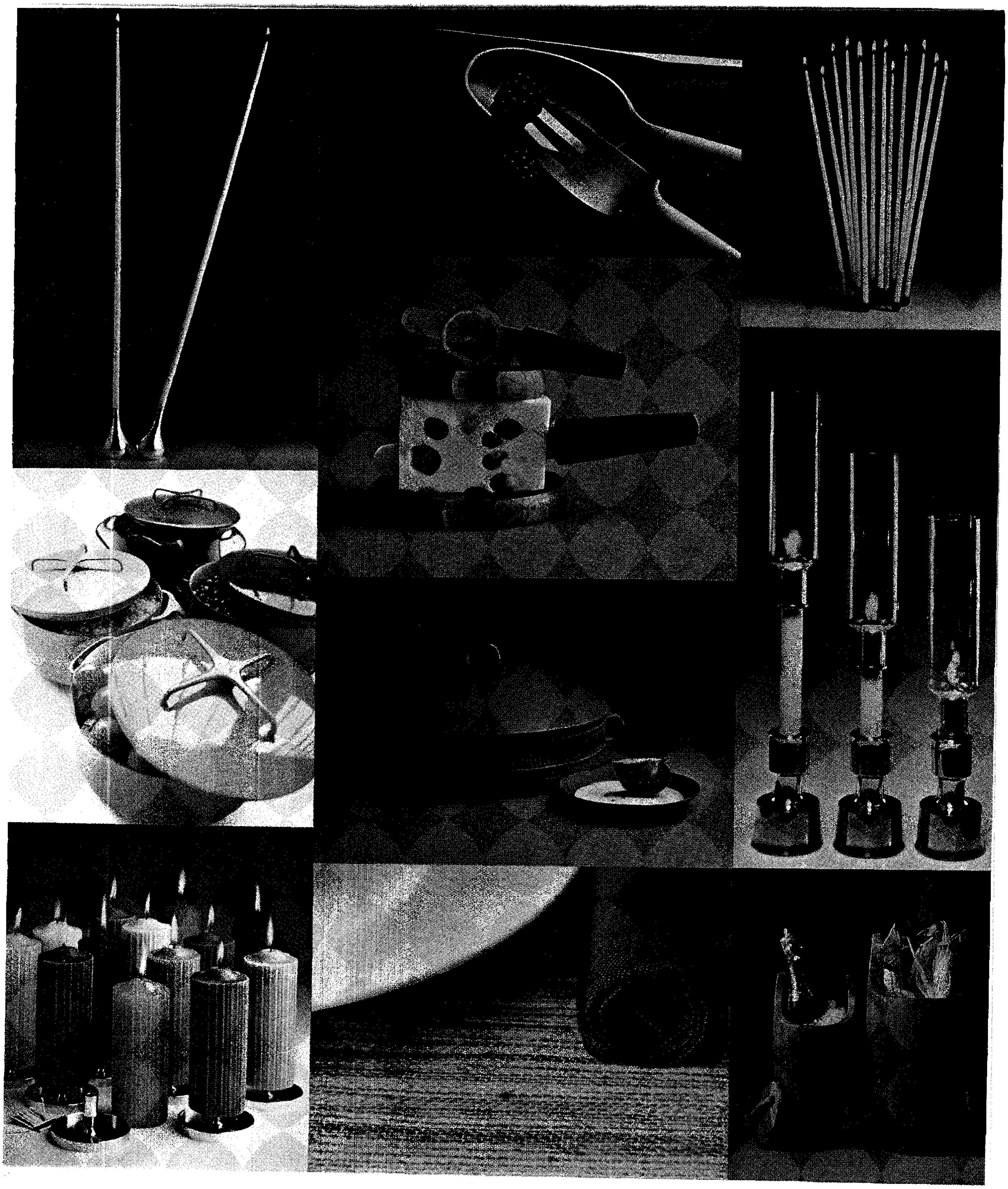

You can get an 81 piece service of Dansk Flamestone china, for $416.00.
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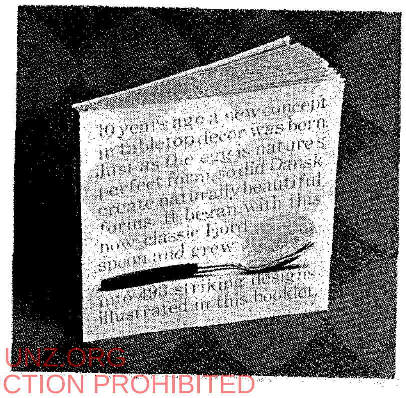

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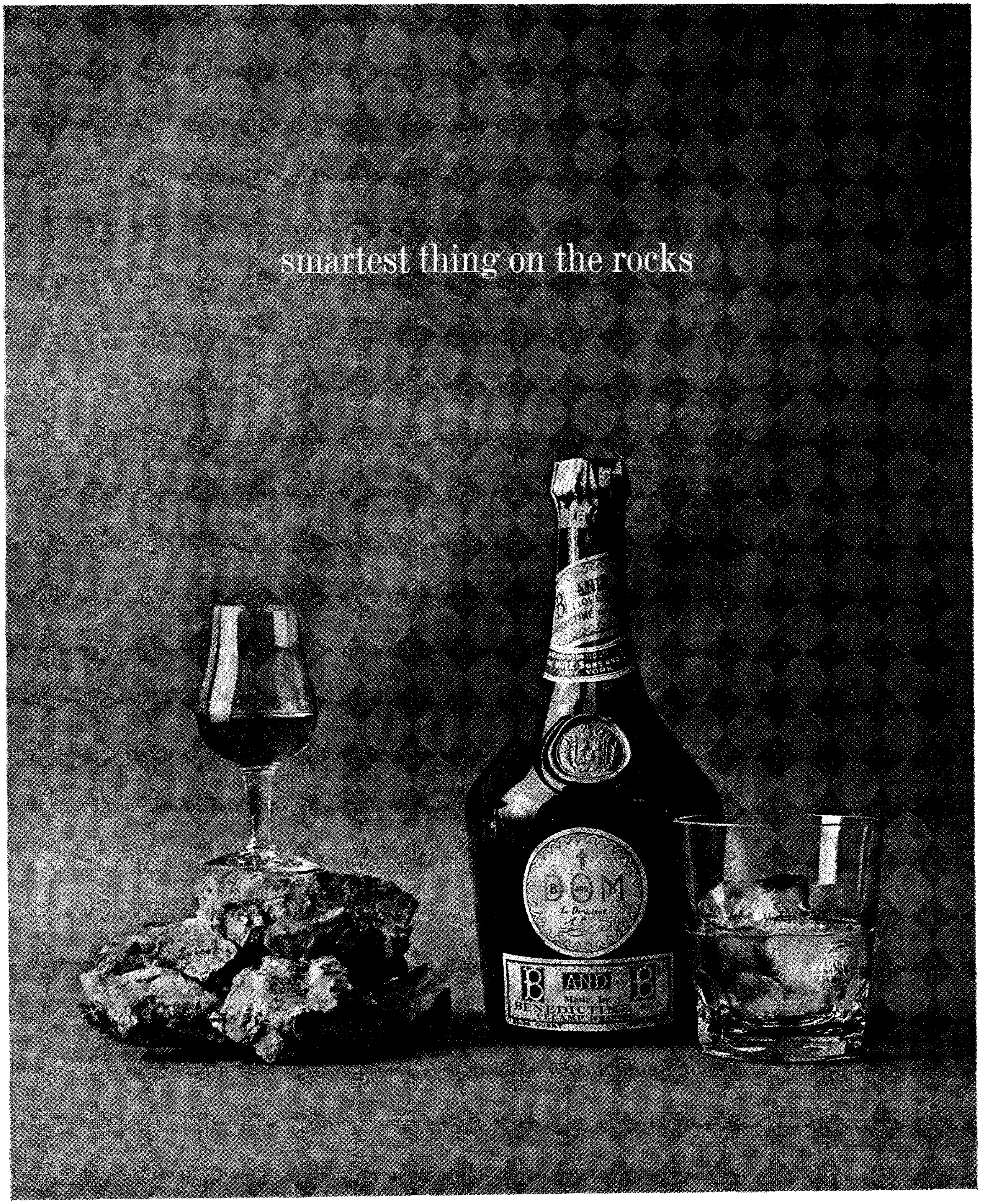

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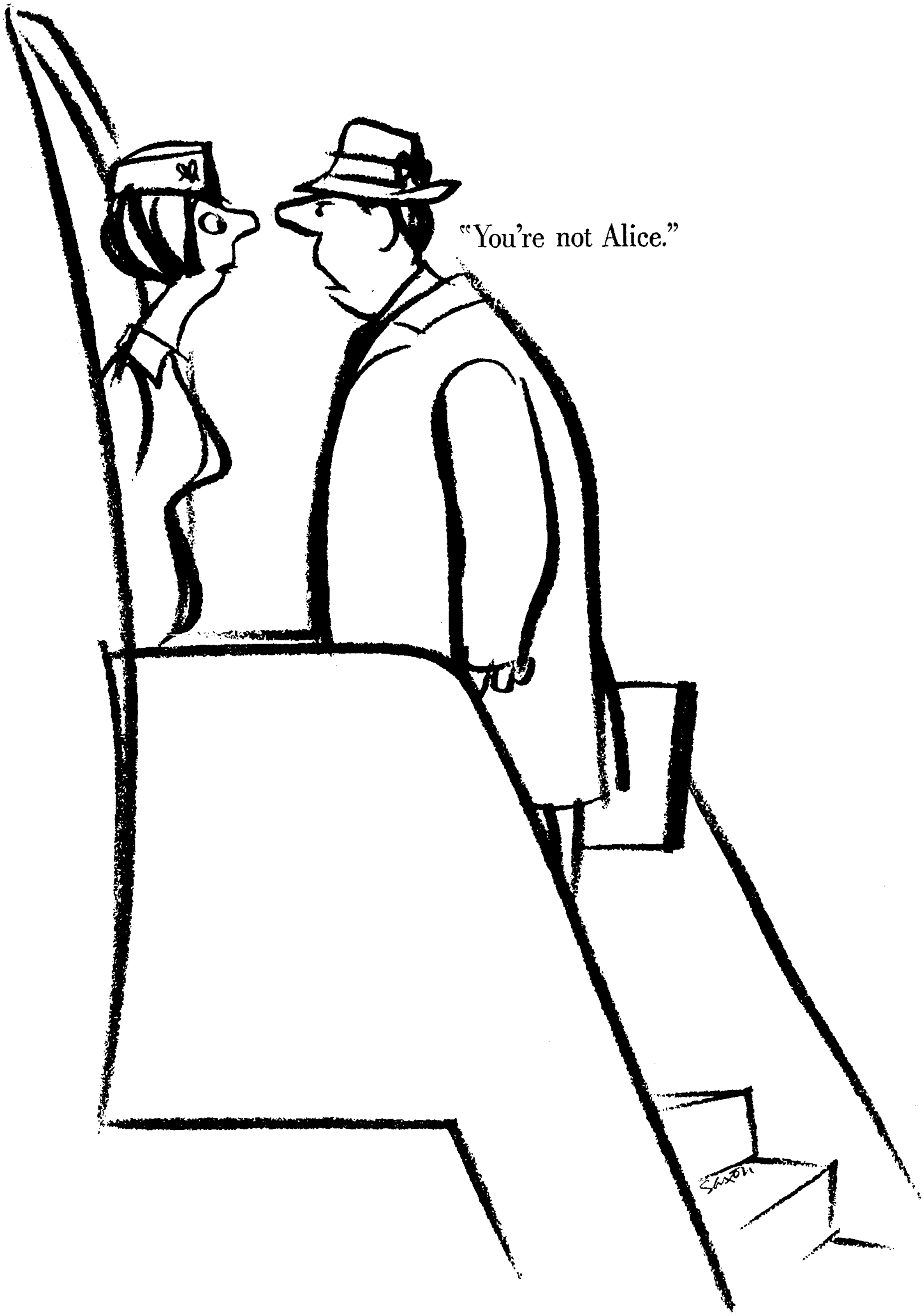


No, that isn't Alice.

Alice isn't with us anymore.

And we understand the "regulars" on her flight aren't very happy about it.

After you flew with Alice once, she remembered your face the next time.

And your *name* the next time.

And that you liked your coffee with saccharin after *that.*

And what happened to Alice?

Well, if you must know, one of you married her.

In fact, one or another of you has married practically every stewardess we've ever had.

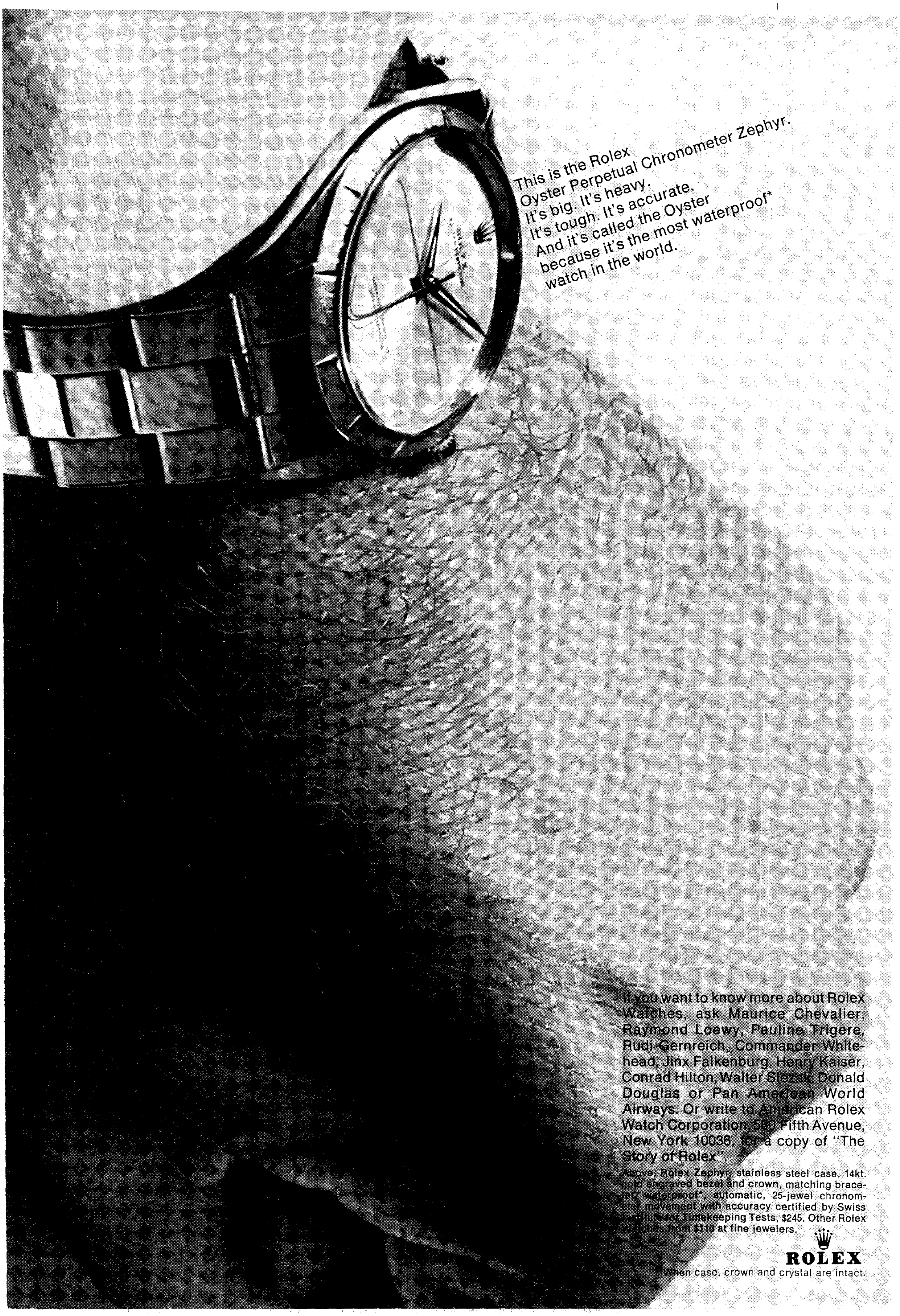
(It's got to the point now where we can't keep girls more than 2 years.)

So don't look at us that way if you happen to miss Alice.

(Or Doreen or Nora or "that little Miss Whoozis with the red hair.")

You can't go on removing these girls from the premises and still expect to find them on the airplane.

American Airlines



This is the Rolex
Oyster Perpetual Chronometer Zephyr.
It's big. It's heavy.
It's tough. It's accurate.
And it's called the Oyster
because it's the most waterproof*
watch in the world.

If you want to know more about Rolex Watches, ask Maurice Chevalier, Raymond Loewy, Pauline Trigere, Rudi Gernreich, Commander Whitehead, Jinx Falkenburg, Henry Kaiser, Conrad Hilton, Walter Slezak, Donald Douglas or Pan American World Airways. Or write to American Rolex Watch Corporation, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036, for a copy of "The Story of Rolex".

Above: Rolex Zephyr, stainless steel case, 14kt. gold engraved bezel and crown, matching bracelet, waterproof*, automatic, 25-jewel chronometer movement with accuracy certified by Swiss Institute for Timekeeping Tests, $245. Other Rolex Watches from $118 at fine jewelers.

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*When case, crown and crystal are intact.

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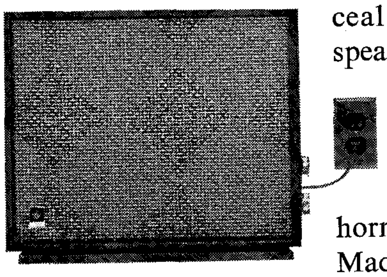
The best in stereo equipment for him.

The right furniture style for her.

Model shown: TC 5741 BWD

Plus an extra: Porta-Fi for them both.



What's Porta-Fi? She can listen to FM-Stereo in the living room while he enjoys the same music in the den. Or shut off the console sound and Porta-Fi will play on.

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It works like this. An optional transmitter inside the console sends sound through your regular household wiring. The Porta-Fi speaker plays it, wherever you plug it in. Playroom, bedroom—you name it.

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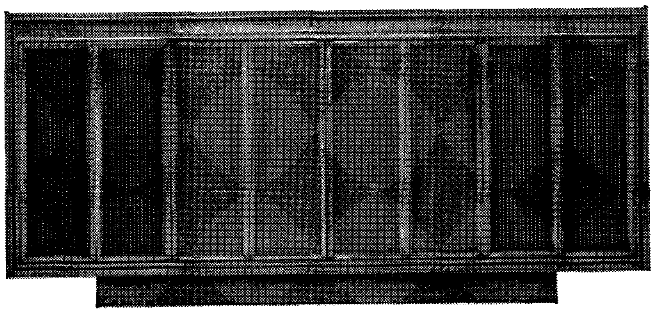
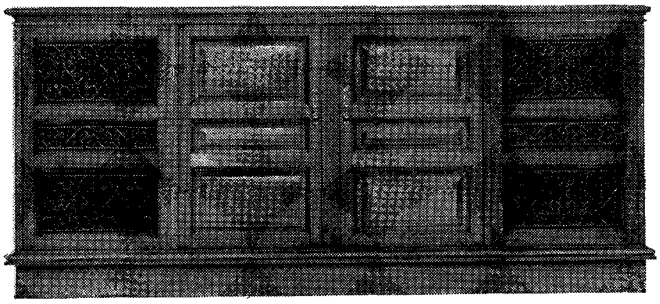


Model shown: RC 7831 BWD



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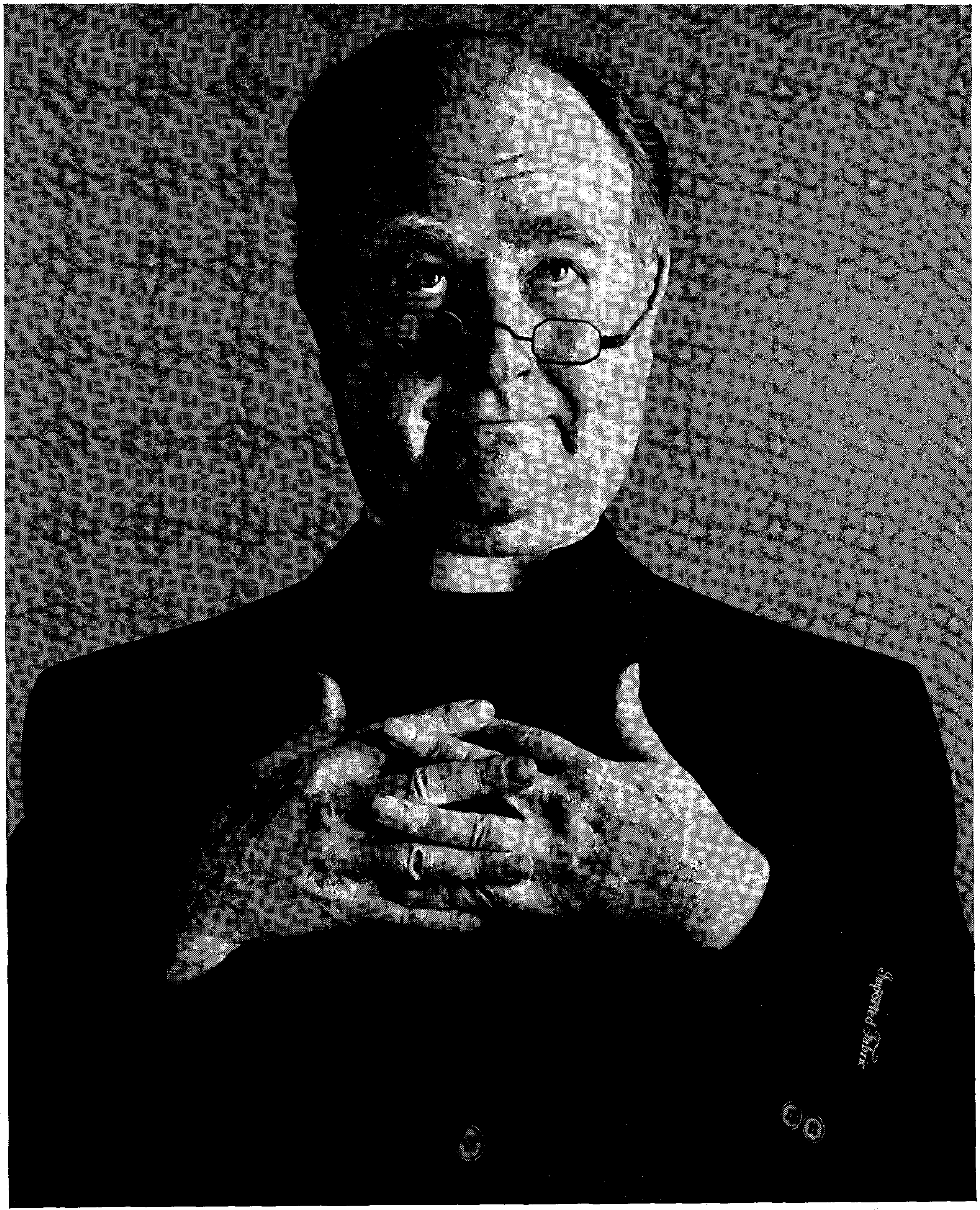

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The new Kodak Super 8 movie film. That's it over there. In the little black cartridge. And *that's how you buy it. Preloaded and* ready to slip into a movie camera.

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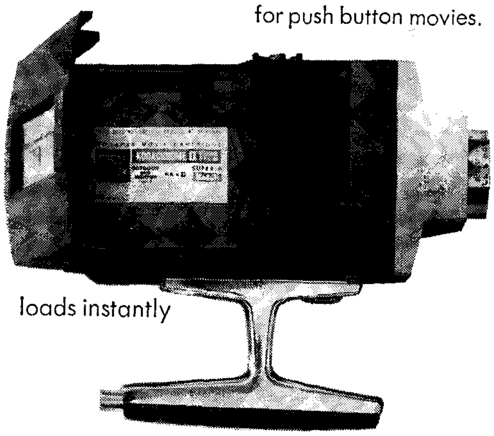

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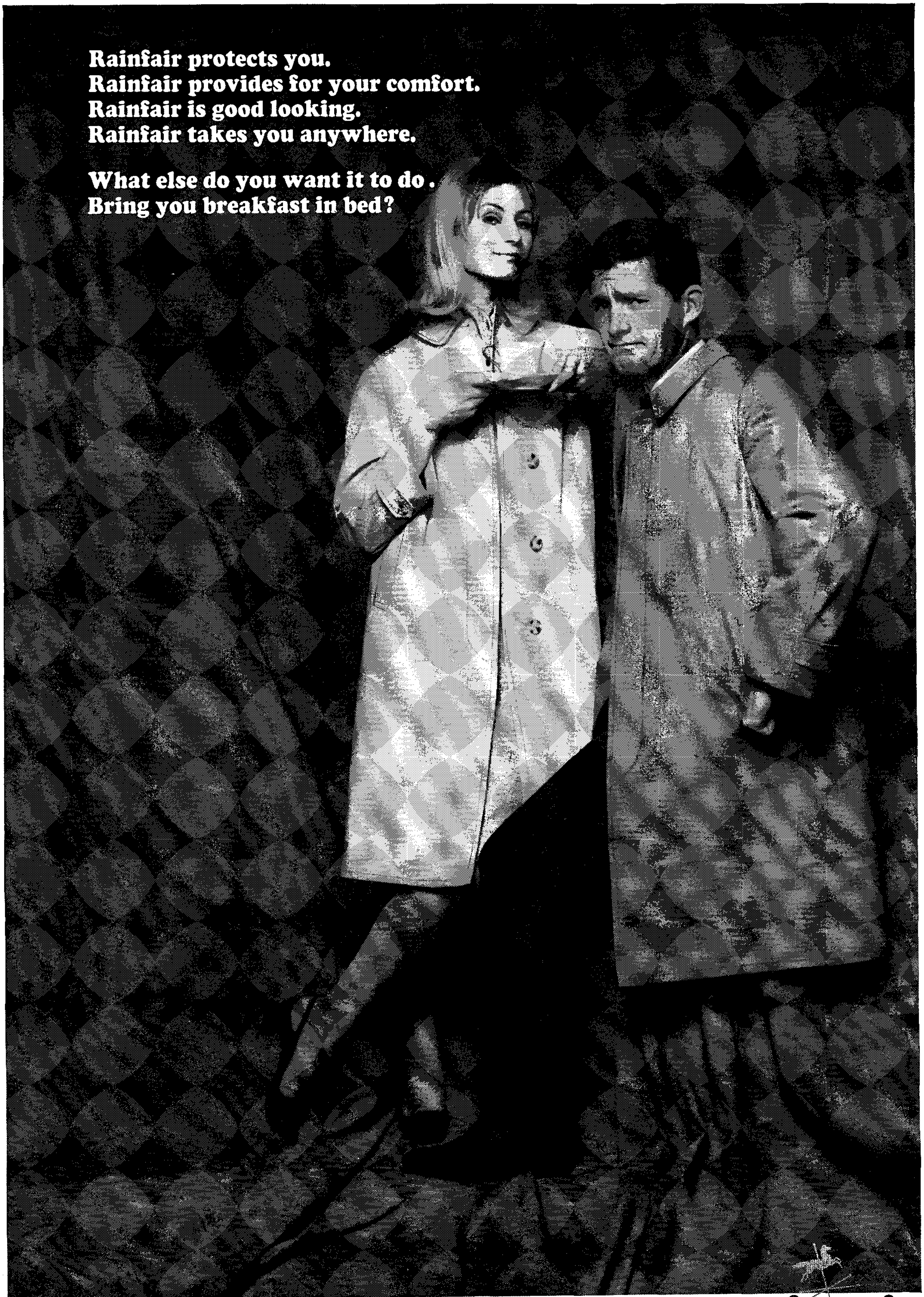
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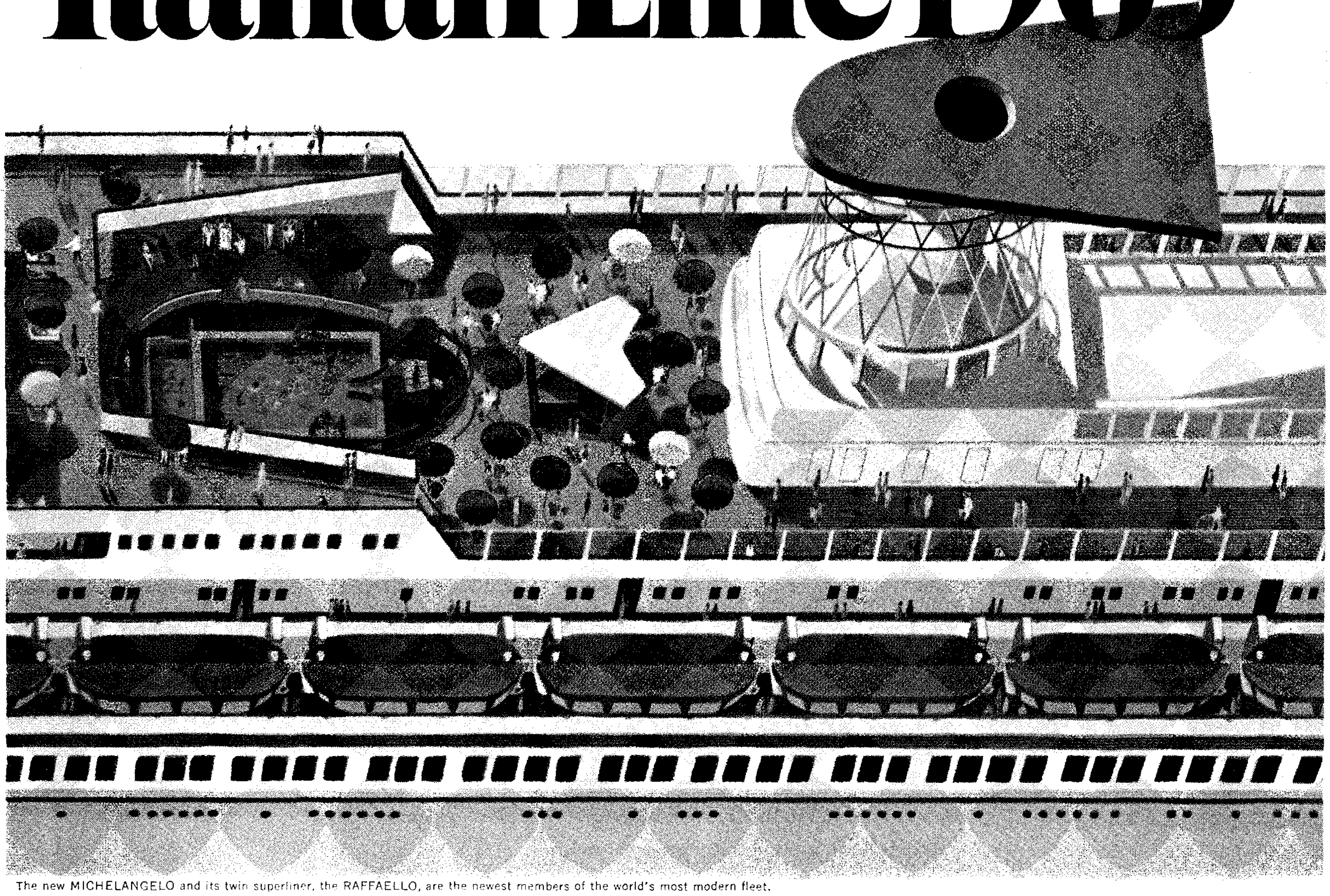
Italian Line 1965



The new MICHELANGELO and its twin superliner, the RAFFAELLO, are the newest members of the world's most modern fleet.

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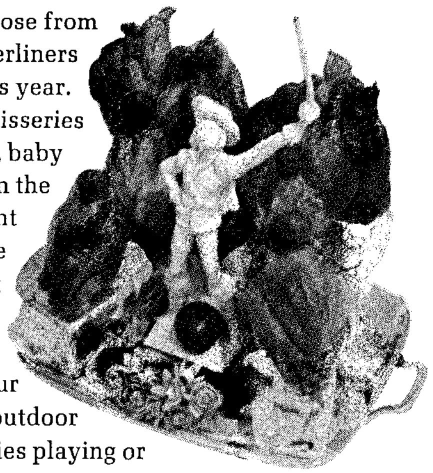

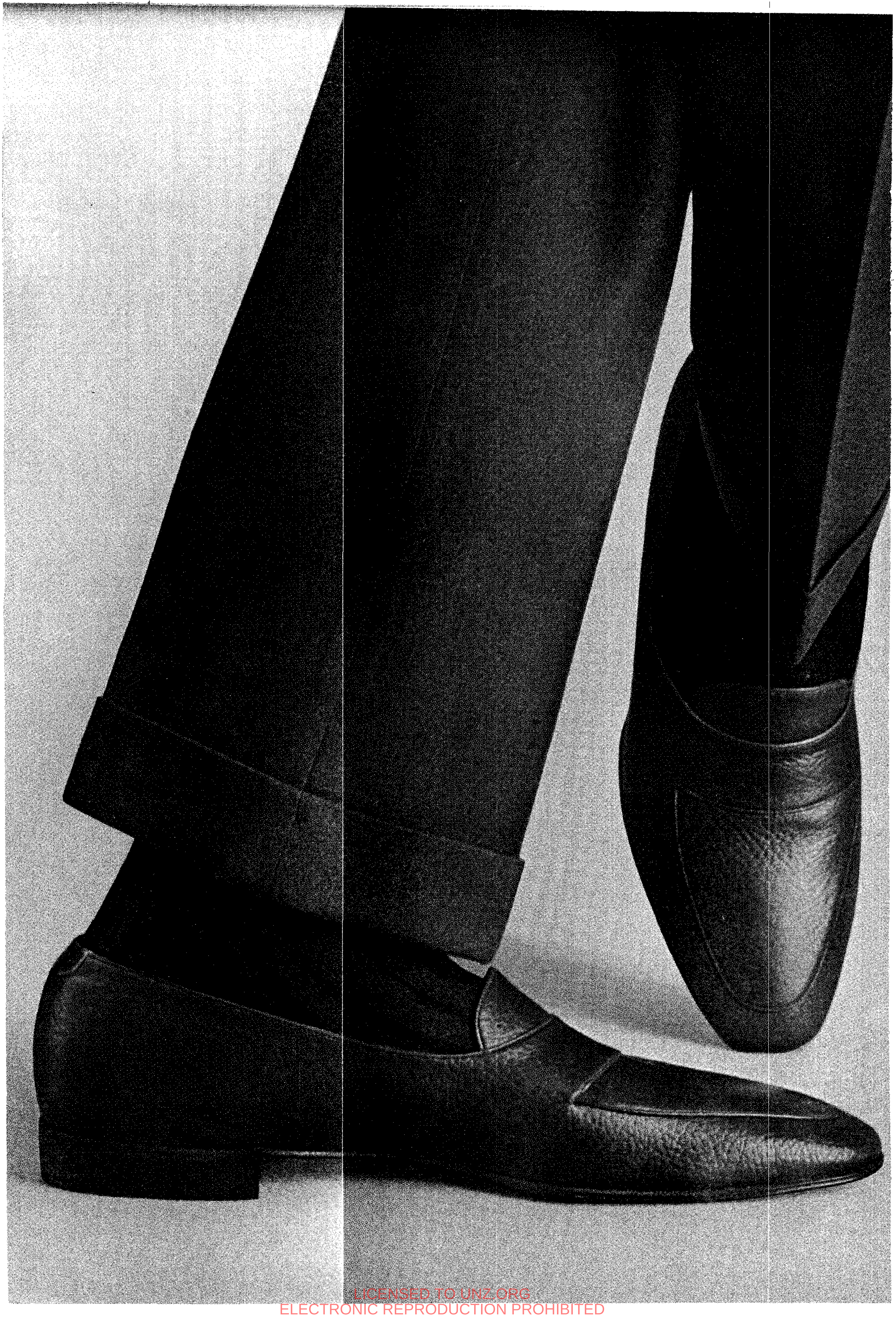

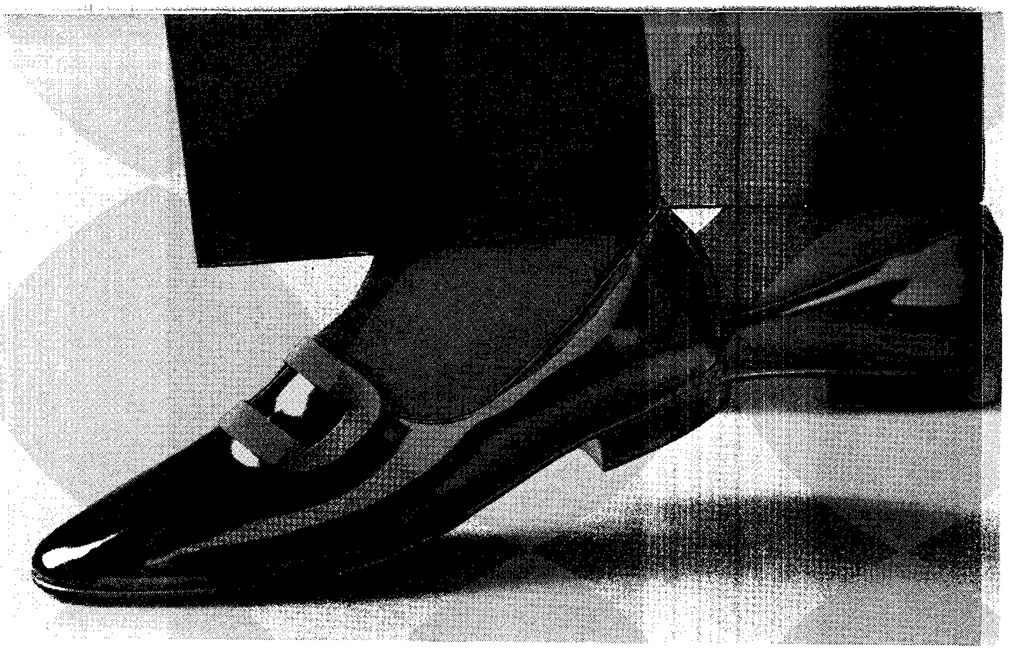

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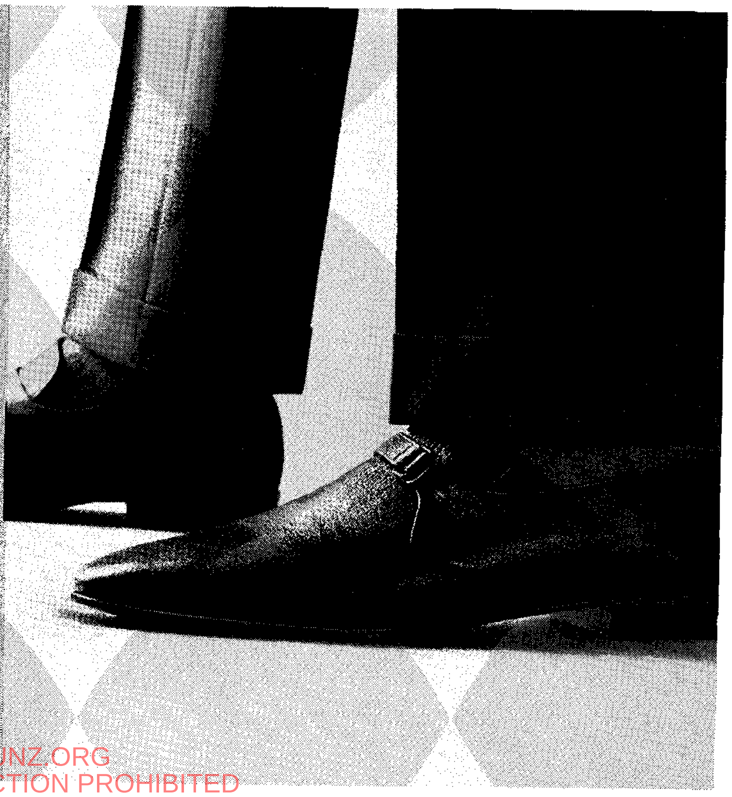

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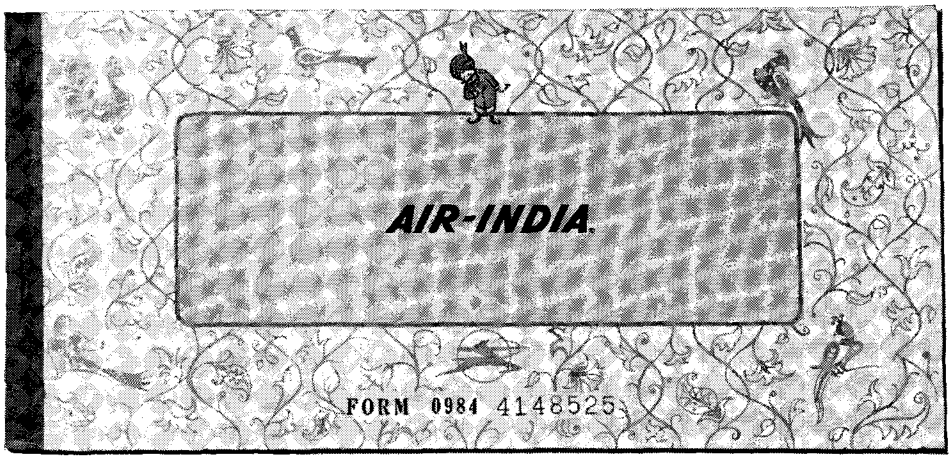
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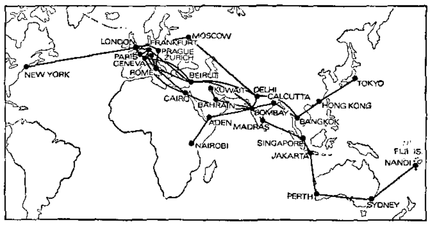
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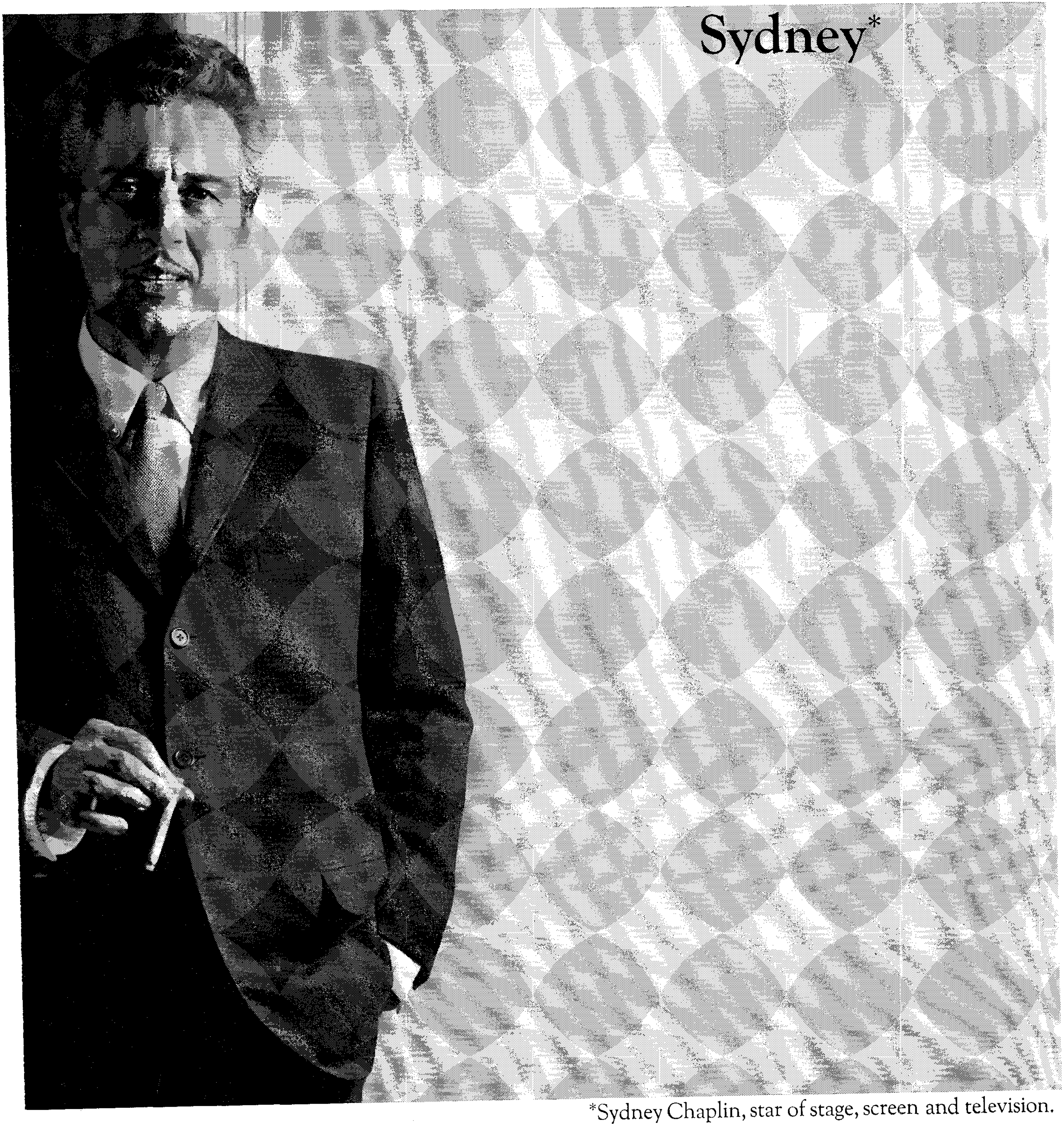

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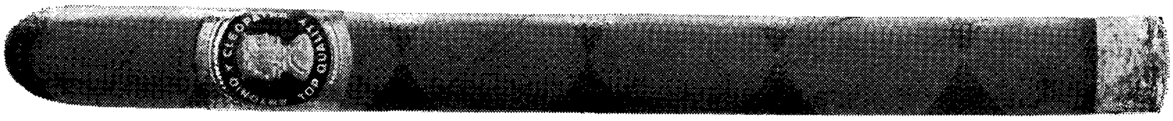
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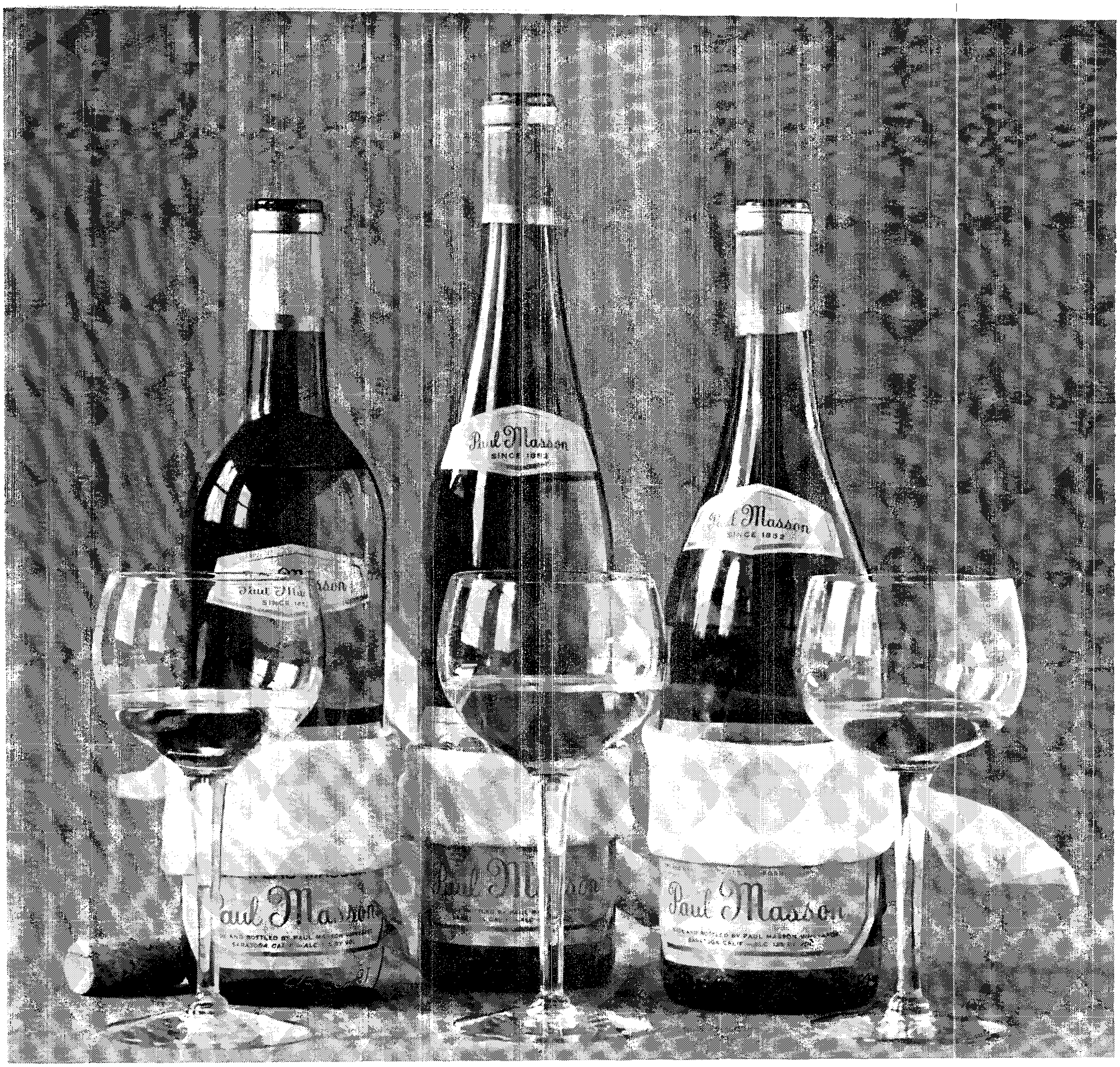

[Crib Notes from Paul Masson]

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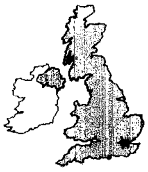

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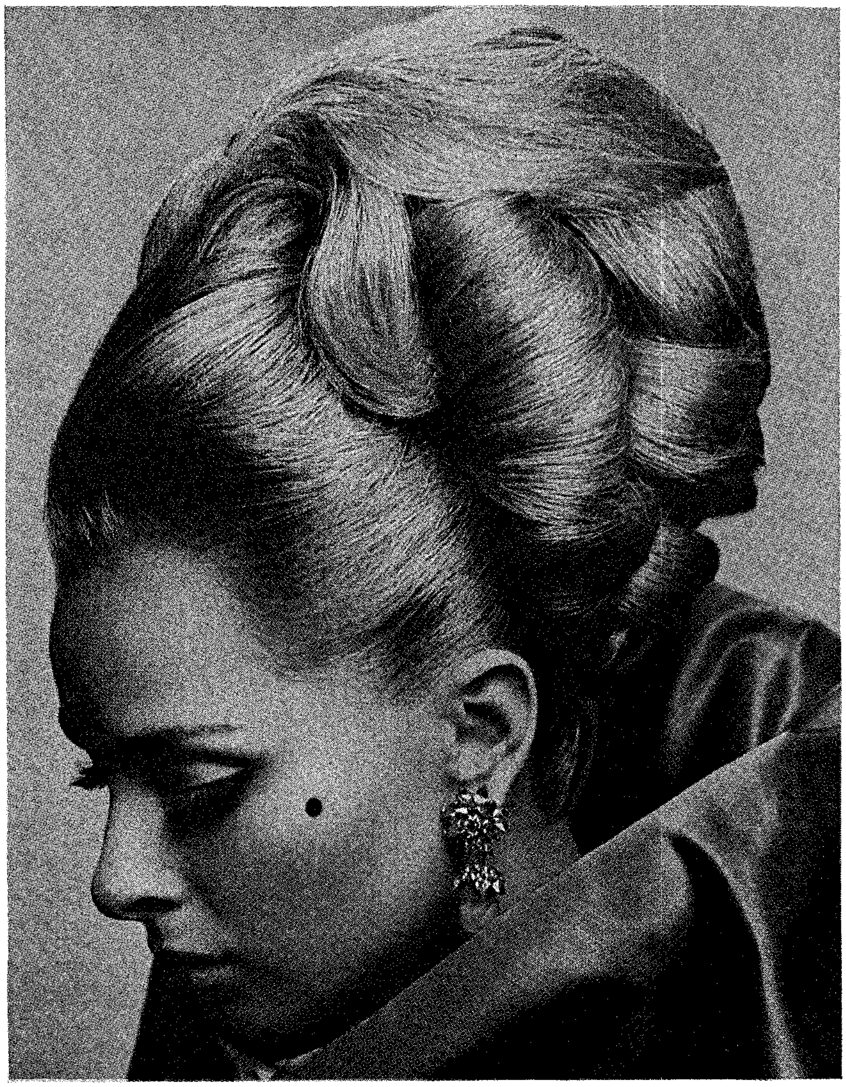

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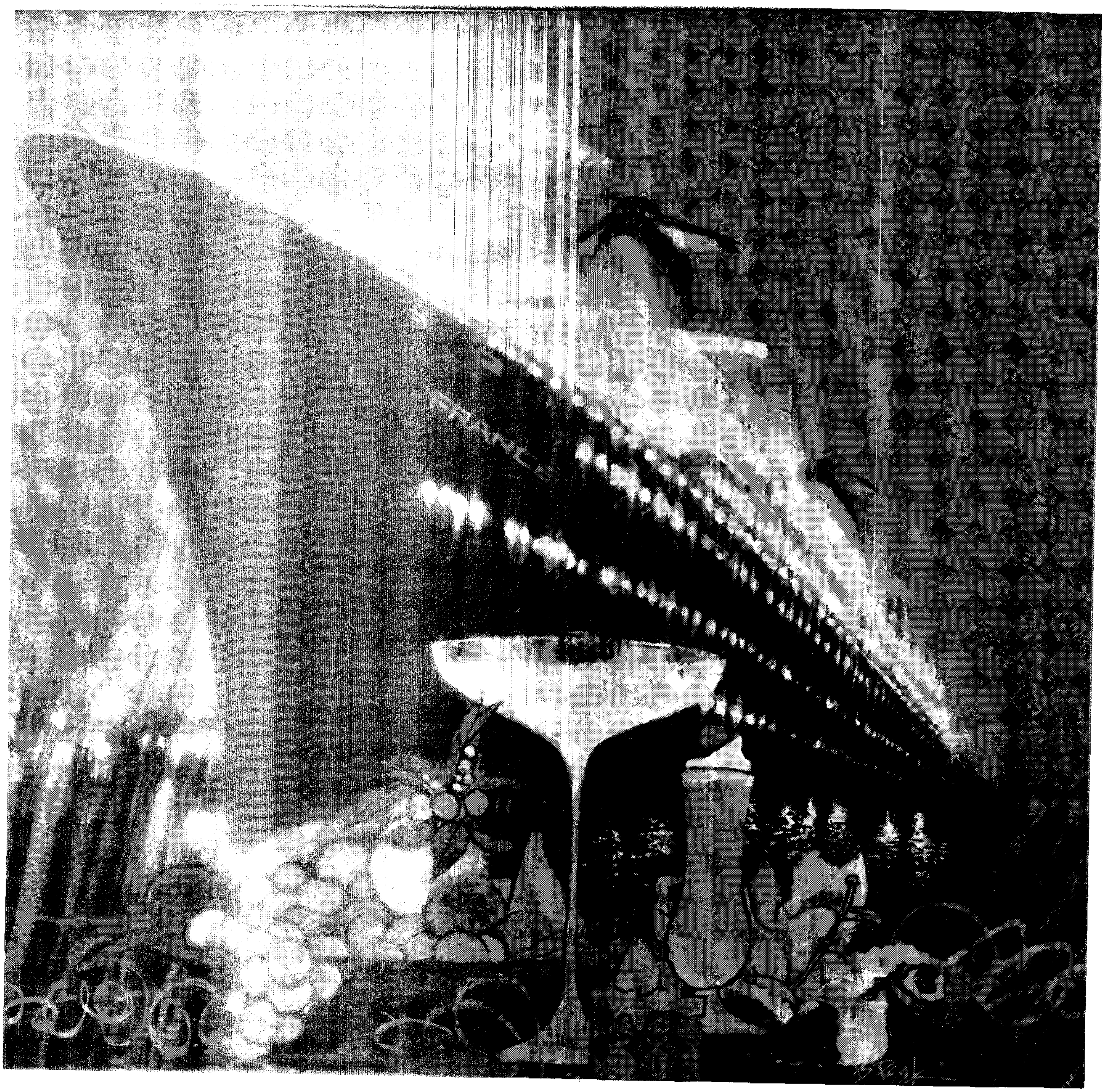

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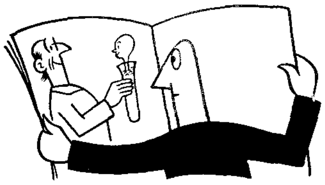
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have long looked upon the genesis of living matter as one of the noblest of riddles, so we were unprepared for the sense of letdown we experienced on reading in the *Times* recently that the president of the American Chemical Society, Dr. Charles C. Price, had exhorted the government to make the synthetic creation of life a national goal. Far from exhilarating us, the news left us wondering whether the goal itself wasn't synthetic, for Dr. Price's espousal of the creation-of-life project—which might employ half the country's chemists and biologists for twenty years—was at least as much concerned with salesmanship, it seemed to us, as with high intellectual enterprise. To our layman's ear, his words held a now familiar ring of scientific sell, the gradual effect of which, in our opinion, has been to make one research undertaking sound no more important, or unimportant, than another. Such sells, we have observed, almost invariably begin with an invocation of man's quest for knowledge and then, with scarcely a pause, go on to imply that the ancient quest is on the verge of paying off handsomely if only a particular course (the seller's) is adopted. In Dr. Price's case, one gained the impression that the discovery of the origins of life—an epochal discovery—would lead straight, and anticlimactically, to a bonanza of synthetic fibres, foods, and drugs whose like no one had ever dreamed of. Perhaps this may come to pass, but the approach nevertheless remains, in our view, an effort to fit the strivings of the mind into a package deal; by this standard, it is reasonable to picture General Electric underwriting an elaborate study of elementary particles in order to develop a new toaster.

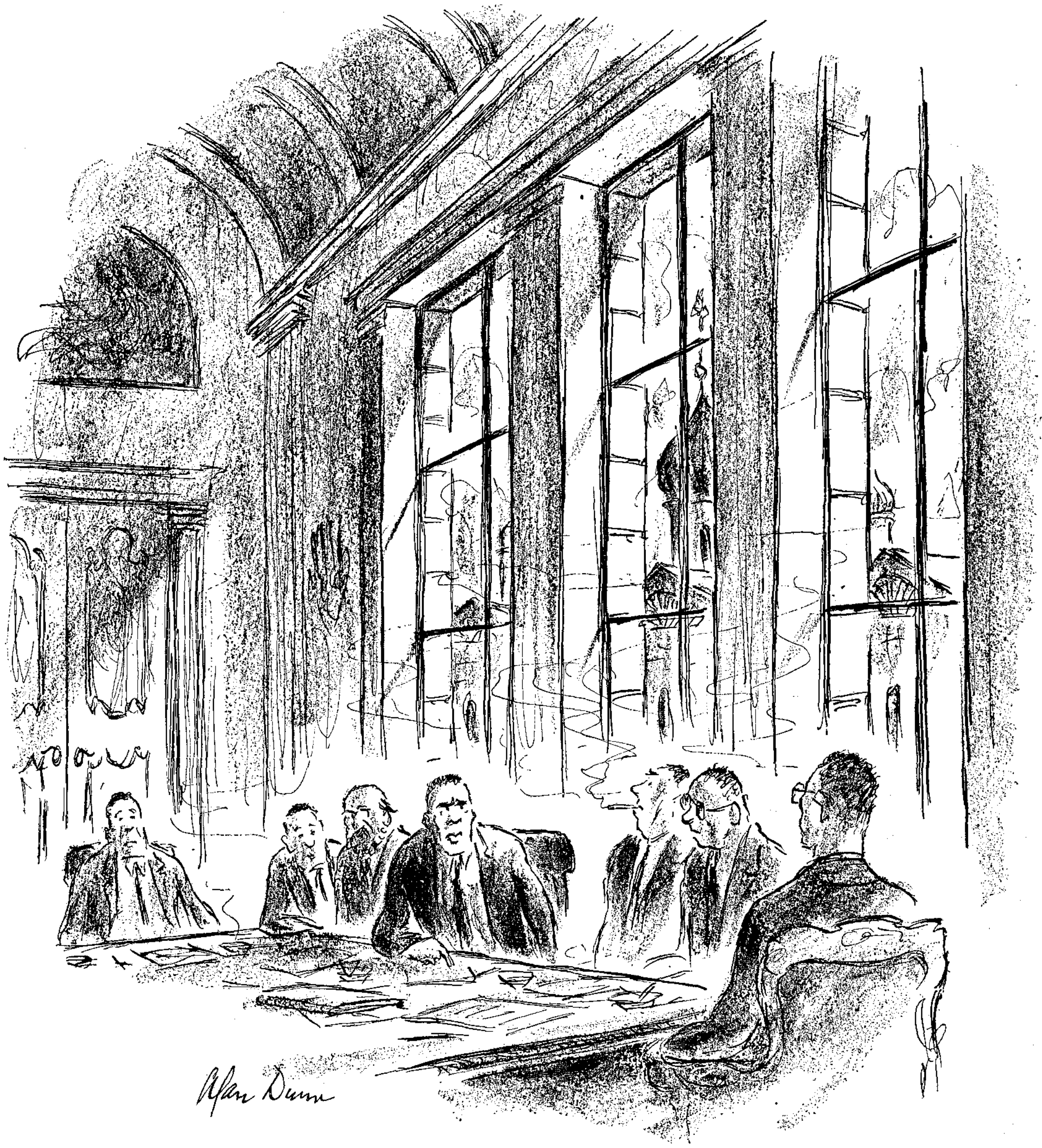


Another of our observations is that it has apparently become a fixed principle for scientists, in making their presentations, to ignore the thought that anything but unmitigated blessings could conceivably flow from the research they are advocating. (We wonder whether bombs would be mentioned nowadays if the harnessing of nuclear energy were being promoted.) It should be noted, however, that Dr. Price did say at one point—a touch competitively, perhaps—that the success of his project could result in "political, social, biological, and economic consequences [that] would dwarf those of either atomic energy or the space program." There was no intimation whether he considered this good or bad, nor did he express his faith, or lack of it, in the ability of living matter to cope with consequences of such unprecedented complexity. The important thing, we gathered, was to get on with the show, which is an attitude that is widely understood, even if most people, as we think, do not instinctively associate it with so learned a profession as science. Speaking for ourself, the attitude does little to heighten our interest in how the human race and other forms of life came into being; in fact, if it does anything, it induces a slight hesitancy on our part to find out more about the species than we already know.

Godard Est Godard

EXTÉRIEUR: Philharmonic Hall. End-of-summer twilight. Long shot reveals people hurrying toward Hall, across open plaza with fountain—singles and couples. Closeup of poster near fountain reading, "3RD NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL." Closeups of singles and couples hanging around fountain, eying each other carefully, nervously, grimly. Many girls alone, wearing tight-fitting pants. Many young men alone, wearing tight-fitting pants. Some sloppy, intellectual-looking types regarding everybody else with hatred. Some Festivalgoers greeting each other with exaggerated exuberance, false friendliness, and making references to Cannes, Berlin, and Venice. Twilight deepens. Taxi draws up to curb. Slightly built man in his mid-thirties gets out of taxi in leisurely way and pays driver, taking a loose bill from his pocket. He is wearing a dark suit, white shirt, knit tie, moccasins, and horn-rimmed glasses with slightly tinted lenses. His face is completely immobile as he calmly takes his time about examining change he gets from taxi-driver. His face in closeup reveals eyes, behind glasses, likewise devoid of expression. Hand-held camera follows young man as he moves away from curb, walking toward Philharmonic Hall, paying no attention to other Festivalgoers, many of whom stare at him and start talking, in an effort to be overheard by him: "Jean-Luc Godard . . . Jean-Luc Godard . . . Jean-Luc Godard . . . 'Breathless' . . . Brilliant technique . . . 'Vivre Sa Vie' . . . Genius . . . Golden Bear Award . . . Innovator . . . Sexual liberation . . . 'Une Femme Est une Femme' . . . Anna Karina . . . Jean-Paul Belmondo . . . *Cahiers du Cinéma* . . . 'The Married Woman' . . . Jean-Luc Godard . . . Jean-Luc Godard . . . Jean-Luc Godard."

Intérieur: The lobby of Philharmonic Hall. Hand-held camera goes through revolving door with young man. We see his image multiplied by glass in revolving door. Camera plays for a while with other images seen in glass of revolving door, then reveals distorted image, in glass of revolving door,



"Stone their Embassy, burn their flag, arrest their citizens. O.K. But cancel 'Hello, Dolly!' We never should have done that!"

• •

that emerges as a derby-hatted dwarf clutching copy of *Cahiers du Cinéma*. Camera plays a while longer with revolving door, now seen upside down. Festivalgoers seen upside down. Finally, hand-held camera hurries to catch up to young man, showing him from rear. Camera somewhat shaky, but no matter. All part of technique. Camera shows Festivalgoers pawing over movie-literature table set up in lobby. Copies of *Films in Review*, *Films & Filming*, *Film Quarterly*. Derby-hatted dwarf reading *Films in Review*. Ready now for inside jokes. Closeup of montage of scenes from films "Breathless," "My Life to Live," "The Married Woman," and "Contempt." Cut to closeup of the married woman's nude back from "The Married Woman." Cut to closeup of a woman's hand, rings on fingers, paging through *Films in Review* on lobby table. Closeup of woman's forefinger and thumb turning page showing sexy scene from "My Life to Live" to reveal page showing sexy scene from "Breathless." Camera shows literature-examiners quickly turning from literature and following young man. Dwarf runs after him, *his* face immobile, too. Hand-held camera accompanies young man up escalator, focusses on his face, still immobile, his eyes showing nothing, nothing at all, in the way of reaction to what is around him. Camera shoots young man on escalator from a few steps above him, showing faces of young men and women below him regarding him with adoration. Then camera shoots from a few steps below him on escalator, showing heads turned down toward him, regarding him with what looks from this angle like even more profound adoration. Camera zooms in on metal steps of escalator, showing feet of Festivalgoers. Lots of sandals. Black boots. Courrèges-type white boots. Space shoes. A woman's bare feet. The young man's moccasins. The woman's bare feet move in on the moccasins. One bare foot brushes one moccasin. Cut to young man's face. Immobile. Still cool. Sound now gets louder and louder. The click-click-click of the escalator, which had started as barely audible, now becomes louder and more insistent. Very metallic.

Intérieur: The seats in the Hall. Young man is not to be seen. Camera, still hand-held, moves jumpily along rows of seats. Faces upturned. Very little buzzing. Several middle-aged and elderly ladies in each row, among grim-faced pants-wearers. Some obvious celebrities in audience. One young woman wearing transparent black lace tights and matching top, escorted by foppish young man. All they do is look, look, look. Many young men in audience wearing sweaters instead of shirts and jackets.

Intérieur: The stage. The Hall becomes dark. Long shot from rear of Hall shows darkness blacking out backs of heads of audience. Now shown as black silhouettes—all the same—looking up at stage, at rectangular white screen. Then total blackness. Spotlight on stage. Man walks into spotlight, announces the opening of the Third New York Film Festival, says he is happy that the Festival will open with the showing of "Alphaville," directed by Jean-Luc Godard. Man says that Jean-Luc Godard is with them tonight in person. "Jean-Luc . . . Godard!" he announces. Young man whom hand-held camera has been following steps into spotlight. Big ovation from audience. Prolonged. Devoted. Strong.

Godard's "Alphaville" is projected on screen, and as it starts, camera zooms back from stage. Over blurring heads of audience, still applauding enthusiastically, we at last see title of *this* movie:

GODARD EST GODARD

Now, after credits, movie finally gets going.

Intérieur: Godard's hotel room. The

young director, wearing same suit and tie but this time a shirt with stripes, is sitting on sofa, sipping tea with cream and eating buttered toast. He is wearing the moccasins. He is wearing the tinted glasses. He is watching a television set, which is turned on with picture but without sound. The picture is of one of those afternoon-game shows ceremoniously conducted by an overly cheerful m.c. Closeup of Godard's face; the upper half, over the rim of the teacup, reveals absolutely no expression in the eyes behind the glasses as he watches the m.c. Seated on a straight-backed chair, her back to the window, and facing Godard, is a very serious-looking woman, a French Film Office aide, dressed seriously in a black dress. She converses with Godard in English.

Woman: This evening you are scheduled to participate in a panel discussion at the Film Festival.

Godard (*without changing his expression or looking away from the television screen*): Yes. (*He speaks in a soft voice, without expression.*)

Woman: The panel discussions are called "Film '65." Some of the topics are "Do We Need a New Film Criticism?," "Style, Content, and the Plotless Film," "Film and the Good Society." They are being held in a new auditorium near Philharmonic Hall, at Lincoln Center. There will be film critics seated with you on the panel. Perhaps you have heard of these film critics? Parker Tyler? Pauline Kael? Andrew Sarris? Hollis Alpert? (*She pauses after each name, and after each pause Godard nods affirmatively at the television set.*) There will be a young American director, James Ivory, on the panel, and the moderator will be Arthur Knight. He used to be a full-time film critic, but now he has graduated to a job as a kind of professor in California.

Godard: I have heard there are many such professors of films in California now. Why do they not make Adolfas Mekas a professor of films in California? I saw his picture "Hallelujah the Hills." It is a marvellous picture.

Woman: Yes, it would be nice if they made Adolfas Mekas a professor, the way Arthur Knight is a professor. (*Her face goes as blank as Godard's.*) You do not mind appearing in a panel discussion with our film critics?

Godard: I am used to doing it. There is a television program in France called "The Mask and the Pen." It is taped, in the afternoon, in a theatre. Mostly old ladies are in the audience. We discuss Eisenstein. Or they ask me questions about my movies. On the panel are the French critics: Georges Sadoul; Claude Mauriac, of *Figaro Littéraire;* Pierre Marcabru and Jean-Louis Bory, of *Arts.* The critics like to talk about the meaning of my movies. I go each time I make a movie. The more I'm getting older, the more I'm getting interested in what people have to say about my movies. Also, it makes publicity for each new movie. Of the ten movies I have made these past seven years, only three made money—"Breathless," "My Life to Live," and "The Married Woman."

Woman: Yesterday, at the Festival, do you remember the young man who was wearing blue jeans who asked you for your autograph? I forgot to tell you he is a student at the University of Minnesota. He told me your autograph brings ten dollars there.

Godard: Yes. I have heard the kids in America say about "Breathless" that it was for the first time they are seeing their own life in a picture. It is of their own kind.

Woman: But do you really want to know what people in the audiences say about your pictures?

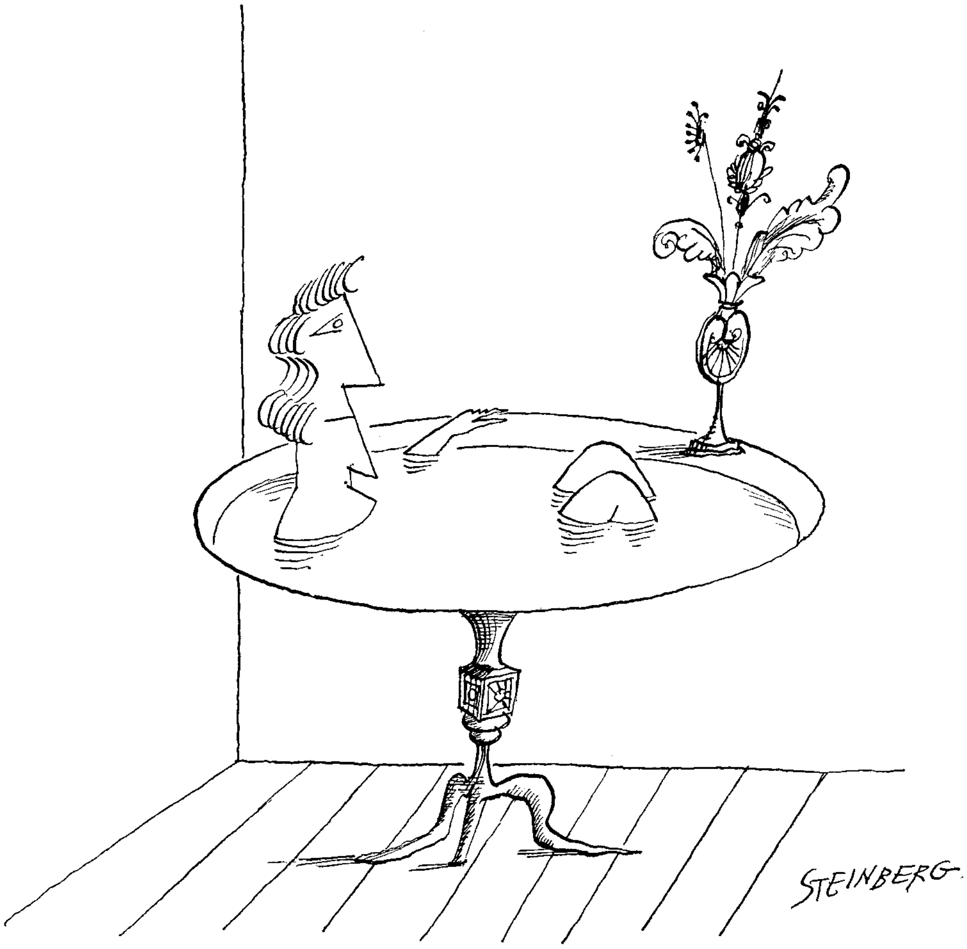
Godard (*coolly and tonelessly, after taking a sip of tea*): In my pictures now, I am more and more improvising, and so I don't always know what I have done in the picture. But if I shot a tree, and if people are telling me it's a tree, then I know it's a tree. My new picture, "Pierrot le Fou," got rather bad reviews at the Venice Film Festival. Afterward, I showed the picture to François Truffaut.

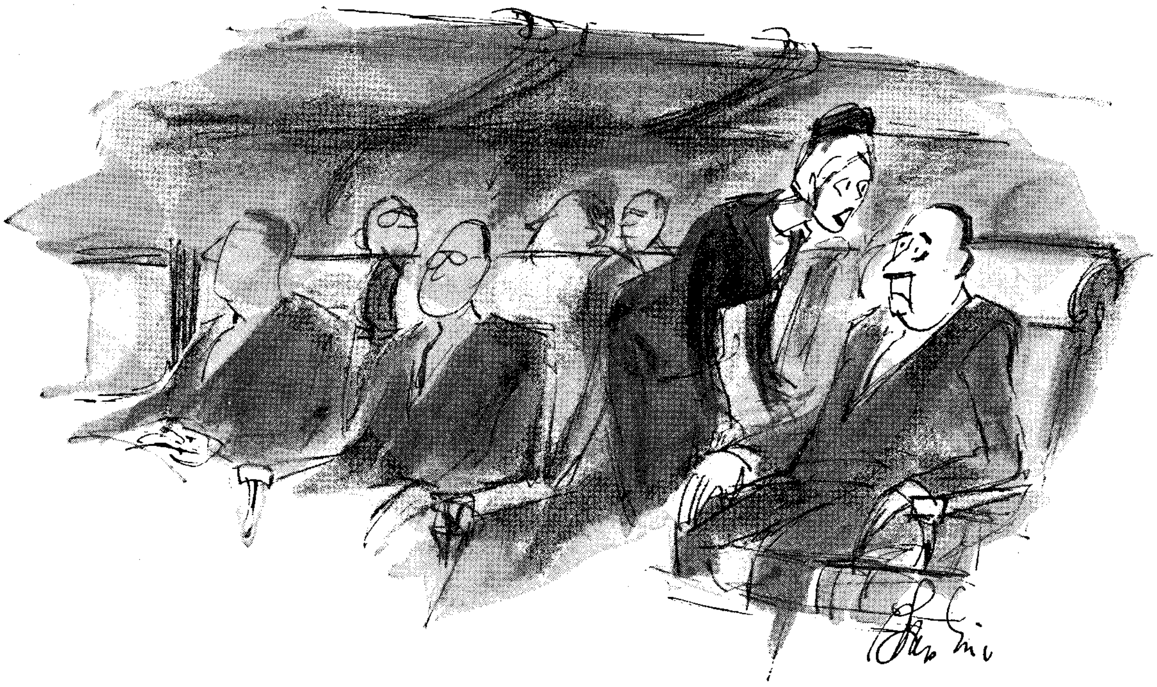
Woman: Your closest friend. From your *Cahiers du Cinéma* days.

Godard (*with a small smile*): I don't know if we're friends, but we're very close. He said it's a startling film, and he said, "I hope everybody doesn't start to make movies like this, because then I'll have to give up making movies."

Woman: But Truffaut wrote *me* that the picture was superb. He said it reaches new heights of improvisation.

Godard: I'm not sure. I might have gone too far in working by instinct. I'm happy I'm still a critic. I still write for *Cahiers du Cinéma.* I will always be a critic. I will never stop being a critic. Next month, I go to Sweden to prepare my next picture, based on two de Maupassant short stories—"Paul's Mistress" and "The Signal." I'm doing the adaptations myself. The picture will be produced by the Svensk Film Industri, which has produced all the Ingmar Bergman pictures since 1957. While I am in Sweden, I will interview





"I really don't have any favorites, sir. I like all of you the same."

• •

Ingmar Bergman for *Cahiers du Cinéma.*

WOMAN: How do you feel about making a new picture?

GODARD: I feel in danger each time when I am going to make a picture. I never feel safe while making the picture. When I get into the editing room to edit my picture, then I feel safe at last. I always feel safe there.

WOMAN: Do you see many movies?

GODARD: I go to the movies at least ten times a week. I like to go to movies. I like to see people *move.* (*Camera has been cutting back and forth in closeup from Godard's face to the woman's. Now it pans briefly to the television screen, which is still silent. Over the picture of contestants on the television screen we hear Godard's voice continuing.*) I saw "Darling" last night. It is a very bad picture. It is a Vicki Baum story, a Daphne du Maurier story, a very bad picture. If a picture is a bad picture, I go to sleep watching it. There are three types of bad pictures: one, pictures like "Darling," which don't affect me at all; two, like "Zorba the Greek," which exasperate me; and, three, like many French films that depress me so much I don't feel like making films anymore. These are mostly French films, because I still go to see American films like a tourist. Although I must include "What's New Pussycat?" among the films in the third category. It is a bad picture. It is like such a bad picture that one wonders if it is not good.

WOMAN: How many categories do you have for good pictures? (*Camera zooms in for closeup of Godard.*)

GODARD: Each good picture has its own category. (*He puts down his teacup, takes a box of cigars from the table, puts a cigar in his mouth, and lights it. The cigar is small and has a pale-yellow paper covering. He puffs at the cigar and then takes it from his mouth. He blows out the smoke without putting effort into it.*)

Intérieur: The auditorium. Godard is seated onstage, behind a table. To his right are Pauline Kael and Parker Tyler. To his left are Arthur Knight, James Ivory, Andrew Sarris, and Hollis Alpert. The atmosphere of a college talkfest. No sound at all. We see the mouths moving in what looks like serious, grim, pedantic discussion. Mouths in closeup. Pan from one mouth to the next. Get all the mouths confused with each other. A couple of tongues. A few sets of teeth. There is a burst of sound suddenly—Donald Duck, playing-the-tape-backward gabble. Then silence again. Fast cuts—closeup of Godard looking coolly to his right, of a mouth moving in gabble, of Godard looking coolly to his left, of another mouth, looking just like first mouth, moving in gabble. Cut to closeup of dwarf sitting in front row. His mouth moves in time, silently, with other mouths. Cut to woman in black, in audience. Her mouth looks just like first mouth. She has her head held high. She looks at Godard with shining pride. Cut to closeup of Godard's face looking down at audience. His face shows no expression at all.

Intérieur: The rear of the auditorium. Last row. Two seats in near corner occupied by young couple, kissing coolly. They are seen from rear, profiles of heads in full-screen closeup. Young man's hair is long, straggly. He wears black turtleneck sweater. Girl's hair is cut in what used to be called Buster Brown style back in Carl Laemmle days. She wears black turtleneck sweater.

GIRL (*withdrawing mouth from boy's mouth and speaking in a monotone*): If Arthur Knight can be a California movie professor, then Andrew Sarris should be a California movie professor.

BOY (*studying her face and putting both of his hands over her Buster Brown bangs*): That is true. Andrew Sarris is as much a professor as Arthur Knight is a professor. (*He puts his mouth on hers.*)

Intérieur: The lobby of the auditorium. Panel discussion has ended. Audience is filing out of auditorium. Woman in black waits for Godard. He joins her.

WOMAN: Well, was it like "The Mask and the Pen"?

GODARD (*in the soft, expressionless voice*): The same. Quite the same.

FIN

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LABEL observed on a cardboard box in a State Department office in Washington:

DO IT YOURSELF KIT

Furnished in accordance with the policy decision to decentralize to the various bureaus and offices the function of picture hanging.

Contents of box: picture wire, wire cutter, picture hooks.

Preem

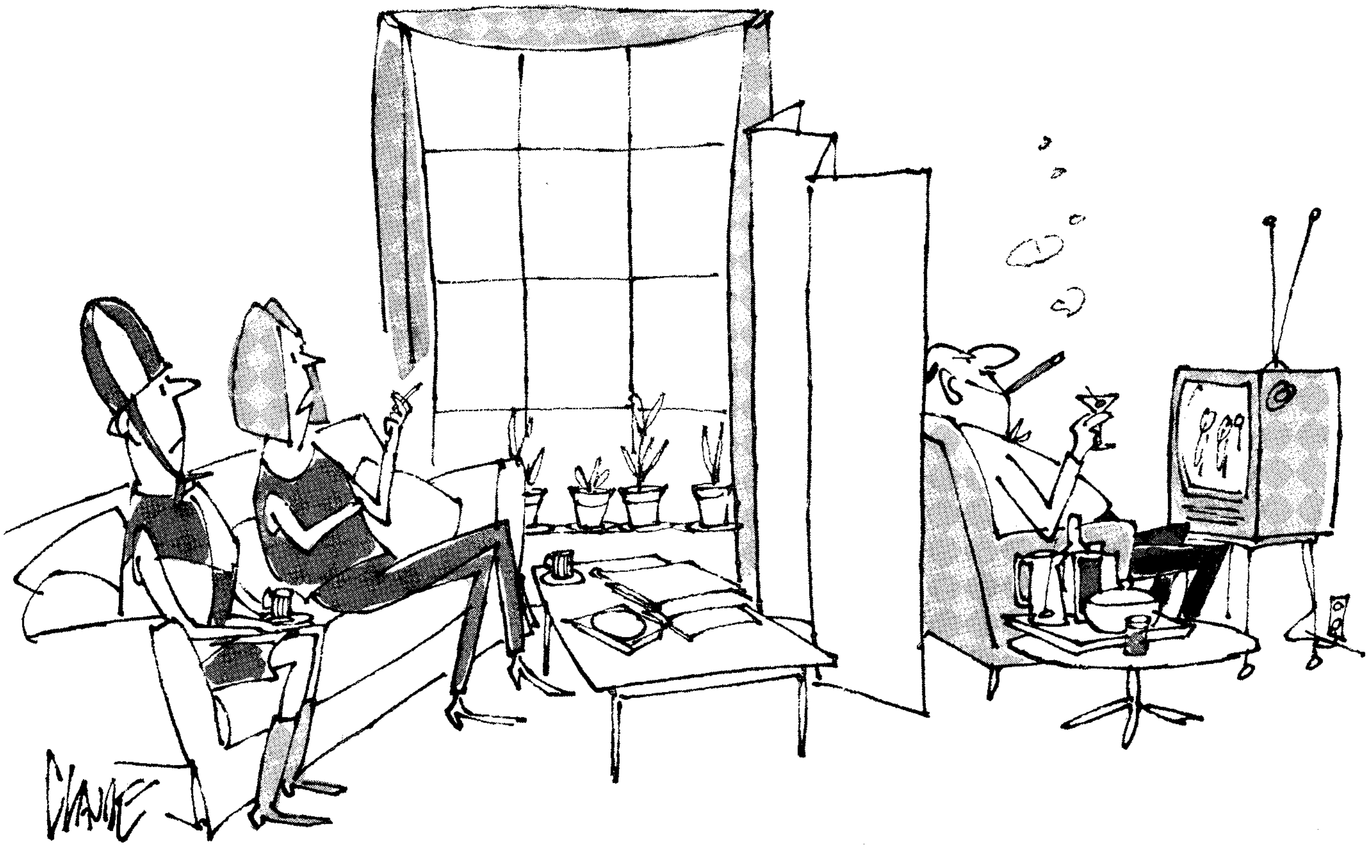
LAST week, unwilling to face the melancholy fact that the old Metropolitan Opera House was starting its final season, we gave our opening-night tickets to Les, our Broadway-oriented office boy, and received, next morning, the following report:

" 'Faust' is a musty tuner with little

pop appeal, but since vehicle served as house opener for 1883 sked, management dittoed for '65 preem (sentimental reasons), and there was no letup at the wicket; with plenty of glitter and celebs adding stimulus, it was a capacity gate, and house grossed a sock 113 Gs. Monster traffic jam on B'way at 7:40 P.M. Jumped out at 41st St. near Opera House, long a top local outlet for foreign musical imports, and shoved through crowd. Wore white pleated shirt with convertible cuffs, spread collar, tuck-under tie; midnight-blue tuxedo with slow-roll lapel; straight-tip patent-leather pumps w/silk bows. Looked great. Waved to fans, entered lobby. Blaze of lights. Swells everywhere. Swells jamming the stairs, leaning over the railings, watching other swells. Bon-voyage effect—farewell to S.S. Metropolitan. Buzzer sounded; nobody moved. 'Mrs. Kennedy is here,' said lady. 'Which one?' said another lady. Wrong one, it turned out. Buzzer again, and this time meant business. Trotted up to Grand Tier. Nice view, no obstruction. Capacity house. Mental rave for architect. Wow! Period décor. Lots of detail. Chandeliers, pillars, gold. Makes Lincoln Center look like Cinema II. Floodlights standing on apron of stage pointing at audience. Celebs visible: Rocky & Happy, V.-P. Hubert Humphrey, Leonard Lyons, Mrs. W. Guest, etc. Real dish enters orchestra wearing huge feathered hat. Thunderous ovation. Girl leaves hat on. Man comes out onstage (can't see who it is, owing to glare from lights, but must be Rudolf Bing, Met's A. & R. man), announces that since this is preem of final season, audience and house will be filmed for fut. generations. But first: Nat'l Anthem. We all sing-along, then sit, and cameras grind. Smile, look pleasant, in case we're included in archives. Show kicked off late. Overture to 'Faust.' Big-band sound, many tooters. Score reputed to have many faves, but not to me. Curtain up. Crotchety old scientist in medieval bathrobe. Skull on desk. Faust feeling blue. Devil arrives. Greeny-red black suit, cool beard, hat with feather. Makes deal. Old Faust whips off bathrobe and—presto!—is young Italian tenor. Vigorous. Cast demonstrates fine pipes. Show begins to fall off, interest-wise. Doze. Curtain calls woke me up. Big hand for thrush who handled ballads. Intermission. What a mess! Back to seat. Second Act. Show has bad case of Second Act Trouble; script needs tinkering. Doze. Dream that Faust is Rudolf Bing and Devil is John D. Rockefeller III, and Faust sells his soul for a handsome new multi-million-dollar laboratory at Lincoln Center. Awoke. Intermission. Hope Hampton being posed on stairs by photogs. Third Act. Forty winks, and woke up in middle of an orgy (onstage). 'Last Days of Pompeii' motif. Skin saga with flesh-color suits on girls. Tepid nudie, bringing scattered boos from crowd. One man's orgy another man's poison. More orgy, more boos. Some applause. Curtain falls. Cheers and clapping. Hurried downstairs, took one last look at grand old place through open door of one of the Diamond Horseshoe boxes. Magnificent, magical, irreplaceable. Farewell, Queen Victoria! Hello, Philip Johnson! Ankled to Times Square. Had cup of custard at Hector's, and home."

Cure

SEVERAL years ago, a woman of our acquaintance bought an ornate eight-day mantel clock, which was, as she put it, "chronically slow." The cost of many attempts to repair it finally exceeded the purchase price, and it seemed that the only thing to do was to donate it to the Goodwill Industries, whose agents were coming to pick up a carton of other articles in a few days. Having crammed the clock upside down in the carton, she put the whole matter out of her mind until the day of the collection, when curiosity caused her to check the clock. It showed the correct time. She quickly retrieved it from the carton and replaced it on the mantel, and it has shown the correct time ever since.



"He's a little In group all by himself."

FOUR SIDES OF ONE STORY

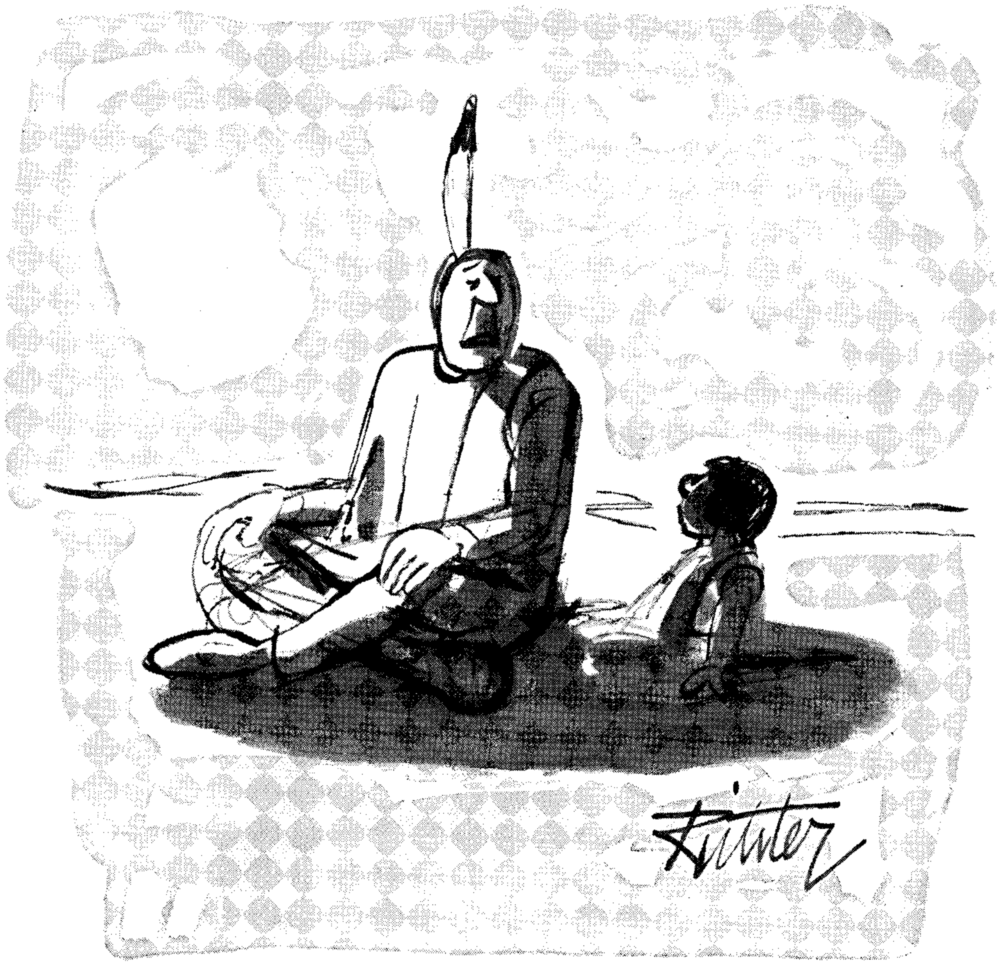
TRISTAN

My Love:

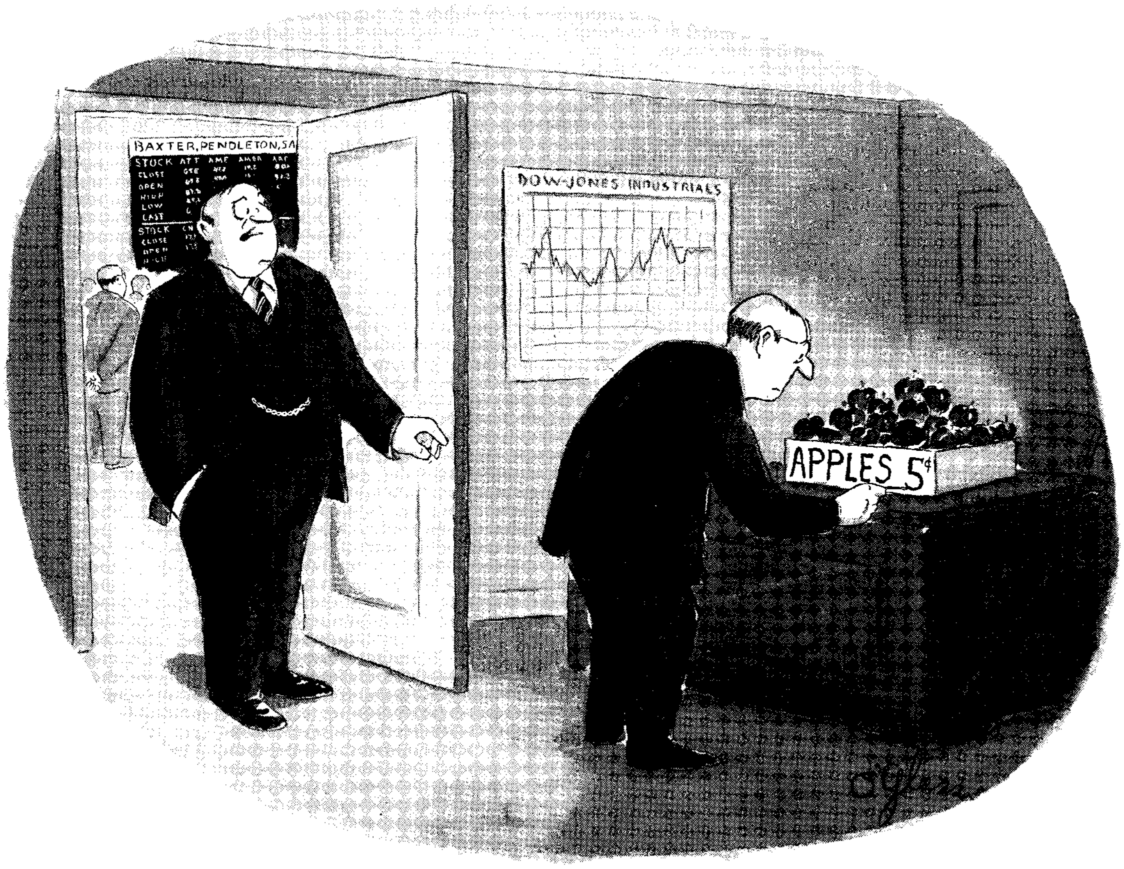
Forgive me, I seem to be on a boat. The shock of leaving you numbed me rather nicely to the usual humiliations of boarding—why is it that in a pier shed everyone, no matter how well-born and self-confident, looks like a Central European immigrant, and is treated accordingly?—and even though we are now two days out to sea, and I can repose, technically, in your utter inaccessibility, I still am unable to focus on my fellow-passengers, though for a split second of, as it were, absent-minded sanity, I did prophetically perceive, through a chink in my obsession, that the waiter, having sized me up as one of the helpless solitaries of the world, would give me arrogant service and expect in exchange, at journey's end, an apologetically huge tip. No matter. The next instant, I unfolded the napkin, and your sigh, shaped exactly like a dove, the blue tint of its throat visibly clouding for a moment the flame of the candle on the table, escaped; and I was plunged back into the moist murmurs, the eclipsed whispers, the vows instantly hissingly retracted, the exchanged sweats, of our love.

The boat shakes. The vibration is incessant and ubiquitous; it has sniffed me out even here, in the writing room, a dark nook staffed by a dour young Turinese steward and stocked, to qualify as a library, with tattered copies of Paris *Match* and, behind glass, seventeen gorgeously bound and impeccably unread volumes of D'Annunzio, in of course Italian. So that the tremor in my handwriting is a purely motor affair, and the occasional splotches you may consider droplets of venturesome spray. As a matter of fact, there is a goodly roll, though we have headed into sunny latitudes. When they try to fill the swimming pool, the water thrashes and pitches so hysterically that I peek over the edge expecting to see a captured mermaid. In the bar, the bottles tinkle like some immensely dainty Swiss gadget, and the Daiquiris come to you aquiver, little circlets of agitation spinning back and forth between the center and the rim. The first day, having forgotten, in my landlocked days with you, the feel of an ocean voyage, I was standing in the cabin-class lobby, waiting to try to buy my way toward a higher deck and if possible a porthole, when, without any visible change in the disposition of furniture, lighting fixtures, potted palms, or polylingual bulletin board, the floor like a great flat magnet suddenly rendered my blood heavy—extraordinarily heavy. There were people around me, and their facial expressions did not alter by one millimetre. It was quite comic, for as the ship rolled back the other way my blood absolutely *swung* upward in my veins—do you remember how your arm feels in the first instant after a bruise?—and it seemed imminent that I, and, if I, all these dead-panned others too, would lift like helium balloons and be bumpingly pasted to the ceiling, from which the ship's staff would have to rescue us, irritably, with broom handles. The vision passed. The ship rolled again. My blood went heavy again. It seemed that you were near.

Iseult. I must write your name. Iseult. I am bleeding to death. Certainly I feel bloodless, or, more precisely, diluted, diluted by half, since everything around me—the white ropes, the ingenious little magnetic catches that keep the doors from swinging, the charmingly tessellated triangular shower stall in my cabin, the luxurious and pampered textures on every side—I seem to see, or touch, or smile over, with you, which means, since you are not here, that I only half-see, only half-exist. I keep thinking what a pity all this luxury is wasted on me, Tristan the Austere, the Perpetually Grieving, the Orphaned, the Homeless. The very pen I am writing this with is an old-fashioned dip, or nib, pen, whose flexibility irresistibly invites flourishes that sit up wet and bluely gleaming for minutes before finally deigning to dry. The holder is some sort of polished Asiatic wood. Teak? Ebony? You would know. It was enchanting for me, how you knew the names of surfaces, how you had the innocence to stroke a pelt and not flinch from the panicked little quick-eyed death beneath; for me, who have always been on the verge of becoming a vegetarian, which Mark, I know, would say was a form of death wish (I can't describe to you how stupid that man seems to me; unfairly enough, even what tiny truth there is in him seems backed by this immense capital—these armies, this downright kingdom—of stupidity, so that even when he says something intelligent it affects me like Gospel quoted in support of social injustice. This parenthesis has gotten out of all control. If it seems ugly to you, blame it on jealousy. I am



"*We don't celebrate Columbus Day.*"



"If you know something, Wilson, out with it!"

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not sure, however, if I hate your husband because he—if only legally—possesses you, or if, more subtly, because he senses my own fear of just such legal possession, which gives him, for all his grossness, his grotesque patronization and prattling, a curious moral hold over me which I cannot, writhe as I will, break. End parenthesis).

An especially, almost maliciously, prolonged roll of the boat just slid the ink bottle, unspilled, the width of my cubbyhole and gave me the choice of fixing my eyes on the horizon or beginning to be seasick.

Where was I?

For me it was wonderful to become a partner in your response to textures. Your shallowness, as my wife calls it—and like everything she says, there is something in it which, at the least, gives dismissal pause—broke a new dimension into my hitherto inadequately superficial world. Now, adrift in this luxurious island universe, where music plays like a constant headache, I see everything half through your eyes, conduct circular conversations with you in my head, and rest my hand on the wiped mahogany of the bar as if the tremor beneath the surface is you, a mermaid rising. What are our conversations about? I make, my mind tediously sifting the rubble of the emotional landslide, small discoveries about us that I hasten to convey to you, who are never quite as impressed by them as I thought you would be. Yesterday, for example, at about 3:30 P.M., when the sallow sun suddenly ceased to justify sitting in a deck chair, I discovered, in the act of folding the blanket, that I had never, in my heart, taken your sufferings as seriously as my own. That you were unhappy, I knew. I could diagram the mechanics of the bind you were in, could trace the vivacious contours and taste the bright flat colors of your plight—indeed I could picture your torment so clearly that I felt I was feeling it with you. But no, there was a final kind of credence I denied your pain, that cheated it of dimension and weight, and for this I belatedly apologized. In my head you accepted the apology with a laugh, and then wished to go on and discuss the practical aspects of our elopement. Two hours later, pinning a quivering Daiquiri to the bar with my fingers, I rather jerkily formulated this comforting thought: however else I failed you, I never pretended to feel other than love for you, I never in any way offered to restrict, or control, the love you felt for me. Whatever sacrifices you offered to make, whatever risks you determined to run, whatever agony you volunteered to undergo for me, I permitted. In the limitless extent of my willingness to accept your love, I was the perfect lover. Another man, seeing you flail and lacerate yourself so mercilessly, might have out of timid squeamishness (calling it pity) pretended to turn his back, and saved your skin at the price of your dignity. But I, whether merely hypnotized or actually suicidal, steadfastly kept my face turned toward the blaze between us, though my eyes watered, my nose peeled, and my eyebrows disappeared in twin whiffs of smoke. It took all the peculiar strength of my egotism not to flinch and flaw the purity of your generous fury. No? For several hours I discussed this with you, or rather vented exhaustive rewordings upon your silent phantom, whose comprehension effortlessly widened, like ringing water, to include every elaboration.

Then, at last weary, brushing my teeth while the shower curtains moved back and forth beside me like two sluggish, rustling pendulums, I received, as if it were a revelation absolutely gravitational in importance, the syllogism that (major premise) however much we have suffered because of each other, it is quite out of the question for me to blame you for my pain, though strictly speaking you were the cause; and, since (minor premise) you and I as lovers were mirrors and always felt the same, therefore (conclusion) this must also be the case with you. Ergo, my mind is at peace. That is, it is a paradoxical ethical situation to be repeatedly wounded by someone *because he or she is beloved.* Those small incidentals within my adoration, those crumbs of Mark's influence that I could never digest, those cinders from past flames unswept from your corners, the flecks of mediocrity, glimpses of callousness, even moments of physical repulsiveness—it was never these that hurt me. It was your *perfection* that destroyed me, demented my logical workings, unmanned my healthy honor, bled me white. But I bear no grudge. And thus know that you bear none; and this knowledge, in the midst of my restless misery, gives me ease. As if what I wish to possess forever is not your presence but your good opinion.

I was rather disturbed to learn, from Brangien, just before I left, that you are seeing a psychiatrist. I cannot believe there is anything abnormal or curable about our predicament. We are in love. The only way out of it is marriage, or some sufficiently pungent piece of overexposure equivalent to marriage. I am prepared to devote my life to avoiding this death. As you were brave in creating our love, so I must be brave in preserving it. My body aches for the fatal surfeit of you. It creaks under the denial like a strained ship. A hundred times a day I consider casting myself loose from this implacable liner and giving myself to the waves on the implausible chance that I might again drift to you as once I drifted, pustular, harping, and all but lifeless, into Whitehaven. But I who slew the Morholt slay this Hydra of yearning again and again. My ship plows on, bleeding a straight wake of aquamarine, heading Heaven knows where, but away, away from the realms of compromise and muddle wherein our love, like a composted flower, would be returned to the stupid earth. Yes, had we met as innocents, we could have indulged our love and let it run its natural course of passion, consummation, satiety, contentment, boredom, betrayal. But, being guilty, we can seize instead a purity that will pass without interruption through death itself. Do you remember how, by the river, staking your life on a technicality, you seized the white-hot iron, took nine steps, and showed all Cornwall your cold clean palms? It is from you that I take my example. Do you remember in the Isak Dinesen book I gave you the story in which God is described as He who says No? By saying No to our love we become, you and I, gods. I feel this is blasphemy and yet I write it.

The distance between us increases. Bells ring. The Turinese steward is locking up the bookcase. I miss you. I am true to you. Let us live, forever apart, as a shame to the world where everything is lost save what we ourselves deny.

T.

THE RIVER

The lifeguard's whistle organized our swimming
Around the anchored raft at summer camp,
Saving us from the tricky channel current.
When he blew it, we gave in to the system,
Each raising his buddy's hand in the sudden quiet
To be reckoned, officially, among the living.
Half a pair meant someone might have drowned
Or, more likely, not checking out, gone back
To his cabin where no one made him buddy,
Where, if he wished, he could desert the raft,
The restricting whistle, all practiced safety,
And, dreaming the channel's bottom, sound
That deep cut, the rocks' dark hollows, and the cold.

I have been back once, when no one was there,
And poked around in the empty cabins
Boarded against vandals as if something valuable
Were left to steal, where no one was dreaming.
Yet, as if in a dream, I saw a name
The same as mine printed in faded chalk
On a wall, and I took a dented canteen
With a torn case from a nail rusted with rain.
It lay on the beach with my clothes while I went swimming
Where the channel cuts deep across from the steady raft,
Without a buddy. In over my head,
I finned to the bottom, expelling breath
Until the cold pressure cracked in my ears,
Then fought that pressure upward with my arms
And shot, like a dolphin, high
Into the weightless air
Over and over again, each time higher,
Until I could use the bottom as a springboard.
However high I went, there was always bottom.

After, I took the canteen to the springs
Which feed the river, and filled it.
It hangs now on a nail in my room,
And when the season's dry and the city liquid
Tastes too much of metal and the system
That pumps it to my taps,
I drink that water, and find it cool and clear.

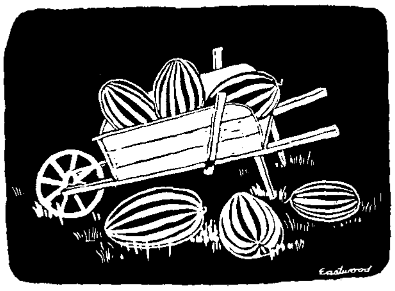
—DABNEY STUART

• •

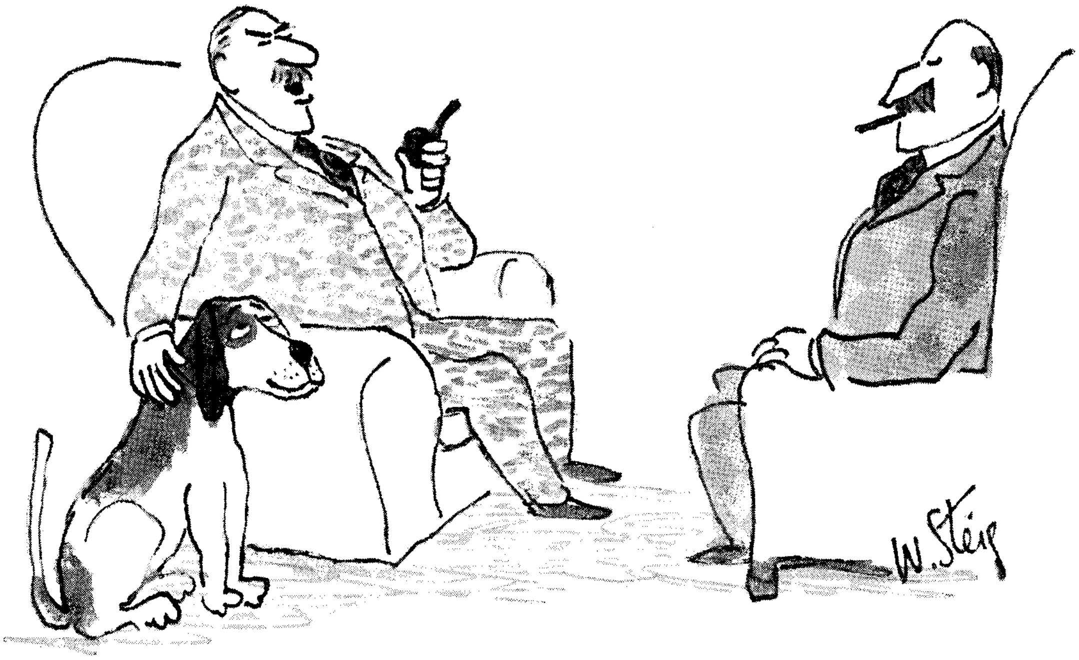
ISEULT OF THE WHITE HANDS

DEAR KAHERDIN:

Sorry not to have written before. This way of life we've all been living doesn't conduce to much spare time. I haven't read a book or magazine in weeks. Now the brats are asleep (I think), the dishes are chugging away in the washer, and here I sit with my fifth glass of Noilly Prat for the day. You were the only one he ever confided in, so I tell you. He's left me again. On the other hand, he's also left her. What do you make of it? She is taking it, from appearances, fairly well. She was at a castle do Saturday night and seemed much the same, only thinner. Mark kept a heavy eye on her all evening. At least she has *him;* all I seem to have is a house, a brother, a bank account, and a ghost. The night before he sailed, he explained to me, with great tenderness, etc., that he married me as a kind of pun. That the thing that drew him to me was my having her name. It was all—seven years, three children—a kind of Freudian slip, and he was really charmingly boyish as he begged to be excused. He even made me laugh about it.



If I had any dignity I'd be dead or insane. I don't know if I love him or what love is or even if I want to find out. I tried to tell him that if he loved her and couldn't help it he should leave me and go to her, and not torment us both indefinitely. I've never much liked her, which oddly enough offends him, but I really do sympathize with what he must have put her through. But he seems to think there's something so beautiful about hanging between us that he won't let go with either hand. He's rapidly going from the sublime to the ridiculous. Mark, who in his bullying way wants to be sensible and fair, had his lawyer on the move, and I was al-



"Best damn dog I ever had."

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most looking forward to six weeks on a ranch somewhere. But no. After spending the whole summer climbing fences, faking appointments, etc., anything that looks like real action terrifies him and he gets on a boat. And through it all, making life a hell for everybody concerned, including the children, he wears this saintly pained look and insists he's trying to do the right thing. What was really annihilating wasn't his abuse of me, but his kindness.

I've mentally fiddled with your invitation to come back to Carhaix, but there seems no point. The children are in school, I have friends here, life goes on. I've explained his absence as a business trip, which everybody accepts and nobody believes. The local men are both a comfort and a menace—I guess it's their being a menace that makes them a comfort. My virtue is reasonably safe. It all comes back to me, this business of managing suitors, keeping each at the proper distance, not too close and not too far, trying to remember exactly what has been said to each. Mark's eye, for that matter, was heavy on *me* for a few moments at the party. It's essentially disgusting. But nothing else is keeping my ego afloat.

I could never get out of him what she had that I didn't. If you know, as a man, don't tell me, please. But I can't see that it was our looks, or brains, or even in bed. The better I was in bed, the worse it made him. He took it as a reproach, and used to tell me I was beautiful as if it were some cruel joke I had played on him. The harder I tried, the more I became a kind of distasteful parody. But of what? She is really too shallow and silly even for me to hate. Maybe that's it. I feel I'm dropped, *bump*, as one drops any solid object, but she, she is sought in her abandonment. His heart rebounds from shapeless surfaces—the sky, the forest roof, the sea—and gives him back a terror which is her form. The worst of it is, I sympathize. I'm even jealous of his misery. At least it's a kind of pointed misery. His version is that they drank from the same cup. It has nothing to do with our merits but she loves him and I don't. I just think I do. But if I don't love him, I've never loved anything. Do you think this is so? You've known me since I was born, and I'm frightened of your answer. I'm frightened. At night I take one of the children into bed with me and hold him/her for hours. My eyelids won't close, it scalds when I shut them. I never knew what jealousy was. It's an endlessly hungry thing. It really just consumes and churns and I can't focus on anything. I remember how I used to read a newspaper and care and it seems like another person. In the day I can manage, and on the nights when I go out, but in the evenings when I'm alone, there is an hour, right now, when everything is so hollow there is no limit to how low I can go. I didn't mean to put this into a letter. I wanted to be cheerful, and brave, and funny about it. You have your own life. My love to your family. The physical health here is oddly good. Please, *please* don't say anything to Mother and Daddy. They wouldn't understand and their worrying would just confuse me. I'm really all right, except right now. My fundamental impression I think is of the incredible wastefulness of being alive.

Love,
ISEULT

ISEULT THE FAIR
(UNSENT)

TRISTAN:

Tristan
Tristan Tristan
flowers—books—

Your letter confused and dismayed me—I showed it to Mark—he is thinking of suing you again—pathetic—his attempts to make himself matter. Between words I listen for his knock on the door—if he knew what I was writing he would kick me out—and he's right.

my king brought low
forgive? ? ? ?
an easy word for you

I wanted to grow fat in your arms and sleep—you ravished me with absences—enlarged our love at our expense—tore me every time we parted—I have lost 12 pounds and live on pills—I dismay myself.

Your wife looks well.

Trist
Mr.
Mrs.

the flowers are dead and the books hidden and heavy winter here—his knock on the door—

Kill You. I must kill you in my heart—shut you out—don't knock even if I listen. Return to your wife—try—honestly try with her. She hates me but I love her for the sorrow I have brought her—no—I hate her because she would not admit what everybody could see—she had given you up. I had earned you.

the pen in my hand
the whiteness of the paper
a draft on my ankles the stone floor—the sounds of the castle—your step?

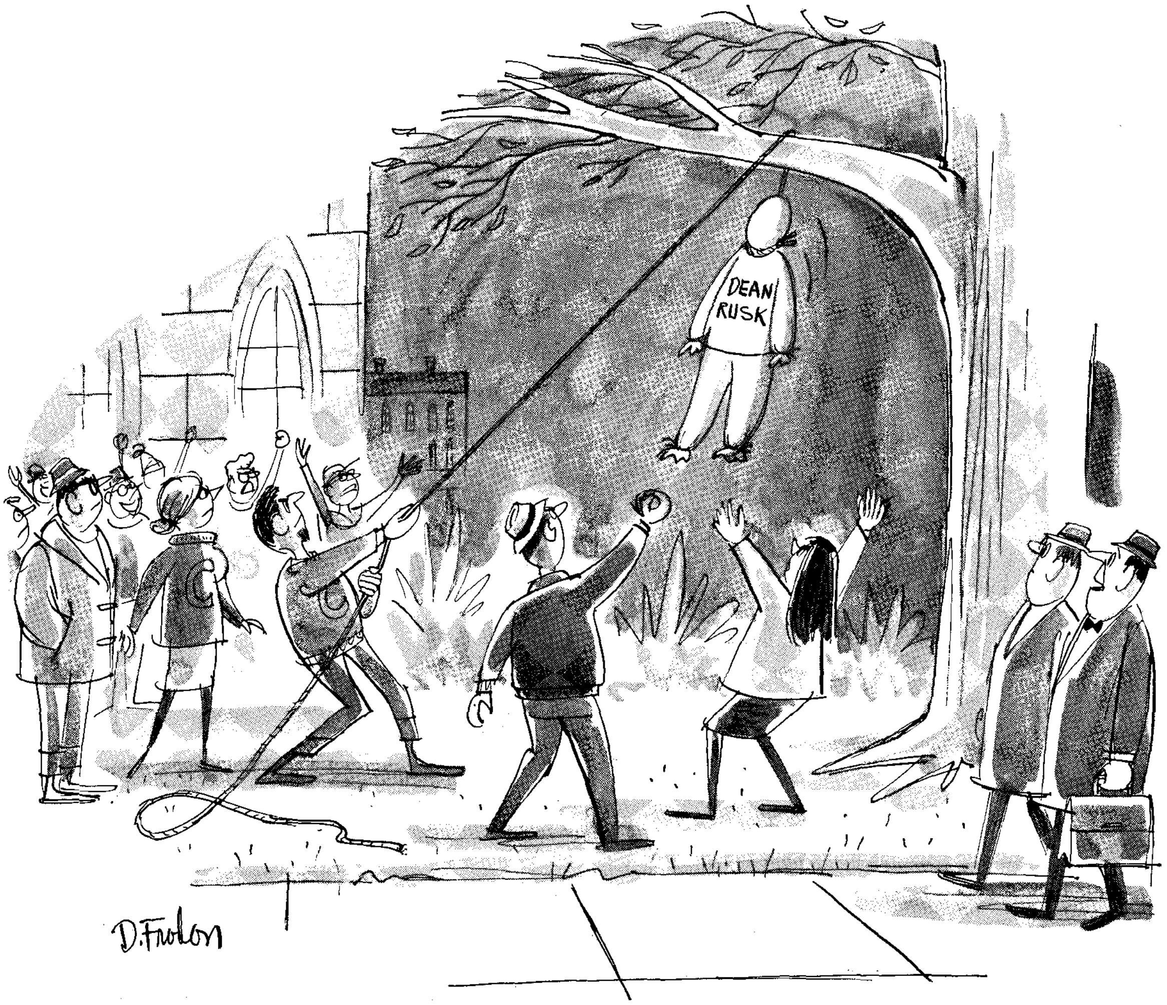
Beware of Mark—he is strong—pathetic—my king brought low—he protects me. I am teaching myself to love him.

I would have loved the boat.

Love is too painful.

If the narcissi you planted come up next spring I will dig them out.

What a funny thing to write—I



"It's encouraging to see they're interested in what's going on off campus."

• •

can't tell if this is a letter to you or not—I dismay myself—Mark thinks I should be committed—he is more mature than you and I

do you remember the flowers and the books you gave me?

For my sake end it—your knock *never* comes—the winter here is heavy—children sledding—the mountains are sharp through the window—I have a scratchy throat—Mark says psychosomatic—I hear you laugh.

Tr

Please return—nothing matters

KING MARK

My dear Denoalen:

Your advice has been followed with exemplary success. Confronted with the actuality of marriage, the young man bolted even sooner than we had anticipated. The Queen is accordingly disillusioned and satisfactorily tractable.

Therefore I think that the several legal proceedings against them both may be for the time being halted at this time. I by no means, however, wish to waive all possibility of further legal action. I am in possession of an interminable, impudent, and incriminating letter written by the confessed lover subsequent to his defection. If you desire, I will forward it to you for photostatic reproduction as a safeguard.

In the case that, through some event or events unforeseen, the matter were after all to come to court, I agree wholeheartedly that their plea of having accidentally partaken of a magic potion will not stand up. Yet your strong suggestion that execution should be the punishment for both does not seem to me to allow for what possible extenuating circumstances there are. It is indisputable, for example, that throughout the affair Tristan continued to manifest, in battle, perfect loyalty to me, and prowess quite in keeping with the standards he had set in the days prior to his supposed enchantment. Also, their twin protestations of affection for me, despite their brazen and neurotic pursuance of physical union, did not ring entirely hollow. It was, after all, Tristan's feat (i.e., slaying the dragon of Whitehaven) that brought her to Tintagel; and, while of course this is in no sense a legally defensible claim, I can appreciate that, in immature and excitable minds, it might serve as a shadow of a claim. It will do us both good, as fair-minded Englishmen, to remember that we are dealing here with a woman of Irish blood and a man whose upbringing was entirely Continental. In addition, there is the Queen herself as a political property to consider. Alive, she adorns my court. The populace is fond of her. Further, the long peace between Ireland and Cornwall which our marriage has assured should not be rashly jeopardized.

Weighing all these factors, then, and not excluding the private dispositions of my heart, I have settled on a course of action more moderate than that which you now advise. Tristan's banishment we may assume to be permanent. Return will result in recapture, trial, and death. The Queen will remain by my side. Her long sojourn in the Wood of Morois has without doubt heightened her appreciation of the material advantages she enjoys in my palace. My power and compassion have been manifested to her, and she is essentially too rational to resist their imperative appeal. As long as her present distracted state obtains, I am compelling her to submit to psychoanalysis. If her distraction persists without improvement, I will have her committed. I am confident this will not be necessary. On the remote chance that the "magic potion" is more than a fable, I have instructed my alchemists to develop an antidote. I am fully in control of matters at last.

All the best,
(*Dictated but not signed*)
Mark: Rex

—John Updike

THE STATUES TAKEN DOWN

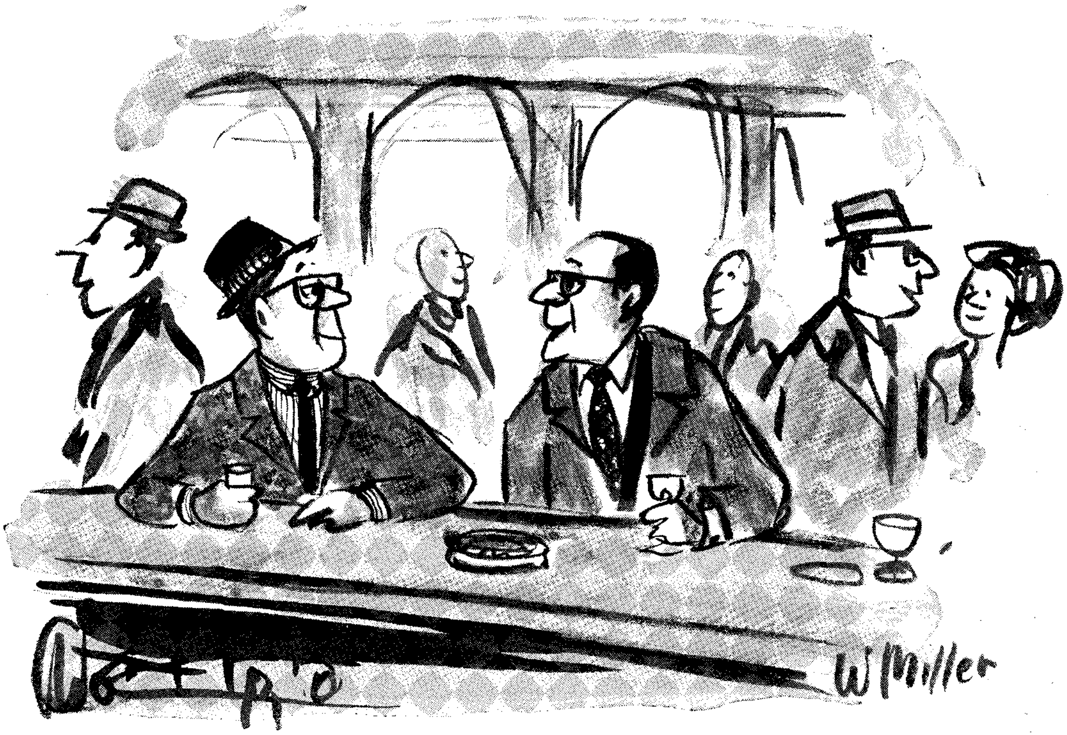
CRAWLEY turned his two younger children loose day after day in the Palais-Royal gardens, because he thought it would keep them amused, but they were not brought up to spend a whole afternoon sitting on iron chairs. They had not, as Crawley imagined children must have, any kind of secret language or code. It was convenient for him to imagine they were close and inviolate and that he, as an adult, was excluded, but all Hal and Dorothy had in common was their coloring, which was fair, and houses lived in—they lived with their grandmother in Dutchess County, or in New York City with their mother when she could have them—and journeys shared, and the American tongue. Their accent made them sound alien, for Crawley's older children, by another wife, were English, like their father.

"The first time I met your mother," said Crawley, as if speaking to children who had no connection with that particular person, "I was flat on my back in the American Hospital and she very efficiently and almost patiently—you know how nurses are always in a hurry—drew quite a lot of blood from my arm, perhaps to measure the degree of alcohol. I had been brought in after a fistfight. She looked like the Holbein portrait of Lady Parker, with that sweet mouth and almost lashless blue eyes, and the hair parted in the center, and a flat coif around the back of the head, and I had not yet heard her speak. I said, 'I love you, and will you marry me?' She smiled and went away, and the next day she came again, and I said, 'My name is George Crawley, I love you, will you marry me?' She smiled, and measured the blood she had taken against the light, but still did not speak. I said, 'I am divorced, but even if you are a Catholic there is no impediment, for I was never married in church.' She said then, in a soft voice, 'I am almost engaged to the doctor I've been working with in Malaya.' 'Is he still in the East?' said I. 'No,' she said, 'I am talking about the American doctor *in Malaya*.' And what do you think she was saying?" He looked from one face to the other and was looking not at his own children but at images of Victorian children in repose, between reprimands, safely over whatever they had been deprived of that morning in the way of food or comfort and considering the safest way of avoiding an unknown offense. They were Victorian in expression, in watchful calm. The girl's rather thin blond hair was held by a red band. The boy wore a shirt with a big sign of the zodiac printed on it. "What she was saying," Crawley rushed on, aware now that he was telling these children about their mother, "was 'the doctor in my lab.' " He hurried the end, though it was a story that had made many other people laugh. The children thought it was a reasonable mistake for George to have made, for he was slightly hard of hearing.

Crawley spoke a peculiar sort of English, full of idioms translated literally from French—he had lived in France such a long time. He said of a lodger now staying in his flat, "I took him on as a favor to a friend. Actually, I don't like his head," meaning "There is something about him I dislike." He did not know how funny he sounded. He had a nose broken like a boxer's, and a head of thick, curly gray hair. He did not look like their last memory of him, which was three years old, or their mother's description, which was not physical but only that he was a poet. He did not resemble his pictures. He seemed heavier, softer. He said he hoped the lodger would find another place to stay. He said this quite loudly, but without petulance. He might go on saying it the whole summer long. As for the lodger, he closed doors silently and laid the telephone back on its cradle as if it might explode. The trace of his presence was humble, such as a nylon shirt dripping at the kitchen window, or a hairbrush he kept (it seemed its permanent abode) on the edge of the tub. This brush, backed by some transparent and thumbprinted plastic material, its jagged and gleaming bristles faintly coated with oil and a web of fine hair, told Dorothy, the elder of the children, that George suffered from a kind of blindness. He saw only what he wanted to; otherwise, he would surely have told the lodger to keep his personal stuff in a drawer. The children believed that the lodger did not like them. This was of no consequence. They were not dependent on their charm, and understood claims of a practical nature, outside the domain of love. The lodger was only a pale eye, a hostile and melancholy nose glimpsed when he opened his door an inch or two—it sometimes happened that he was wanted on the telephone. He seemed a failed adult, therefore a kind of weed. Had he been where nature meant him to be, growing in plant form, by a dusty path, and not here, where he was not desired and not expected—had he been, say, a dandelion clock, the girl's summer skirt could have brushed off his head and she would never have noticed the harm.

Dorothy could remember three summers in Paris, Hal only two. This year, so as to have room for them, their father had sublet a sunless, high-ceilinged place that smelled like a pet shop. The lodger, in some complicated way, had come with the flat, which, in turn, was the property of a girl named Natasha. At first it was cold—so cold that Dor-

"By George, I'm going to do it! I'm going to have all my old wide ties narrowed today!"



"Oh, you handle commercial bugging devices? I'm in riot-control equipment myself."

• •

othy wore a sweater under a raincoat and Hal walked with his head pulled down, as if the act of shortening his neck would keep him warm. The blooming of the city, of the chestnut trees in particular, was four to six weeks late. They saw the legendary trees, round as sponges, covered with little green lettuce leaves. A frost, said Hal, would finish them off. Then all at once it was a true summer, with a wilderness of leaves, and that was something Dorothy remembered. She confused plane and linden and chestnut, though one of them had flowers, for she did not know trees at home, except for birches and elms. Dust blew up in their faces when they entered the closed park of the Palais-Royal. It was smaller than the space retained in their minds. It would continue to shrink; perhaps they would come back grown and find it the size of a drying sheet. A red chestnut tree, as they approached it, became pink; from underneath, the flowers were pink as floss. They trod on fallen petals, which from a distance were again red. Venturing out and farther, they saw great flapping flags on high, cold, imposing standards.

"Those are for some Negro king," said Dorothy, the elder, the informed. "Father told me."

"Which king?" said the boy, not wishing to say he had never seen one. He invented eyes, robes, a coronet, and sticking-out ears.

"It means an important visitor," said Dorothy. "When they have an important visitor here, they call him a Negro king." She smoothed her hair as she explained, developing conscious, feminine conceit. Had she been older, she would have asked now for a cigarette and held it just so for the flame. She did not know whether she ought to say "Father told me" or "George" or something more foreign-sounding. "George" thought he was the center of the universe and that the planets, highly polished and lighted from within, circled round him, chanting his praises. But "your father" was also generous and impulsive and unreliable and famous—this last they had only recently been told, by their mother. If true, then why the lodger? Why no cleaning woman, and why furniture sagging or cigarette-burned or mended with glue? Some piece of information about him had been overlooked or misunderstood. Quite often they were handed information they could not use and did not understand. For example, their grandmother kept geraniums in her kitchen in large Crisco tins, and said it was because the depression had marked her.

In the Palais-Royal, Hal played soccer with an unknown boy until a guard put a stop to it. He bought ice cream on a stick, an egg puzzle of polished wood that came apart and could not be put together, comic books he could not enjoy because they were in French, and a bracelet of make-believe jade for his mother. And then he kicked Dorothy's chair and said, "What'll we do?" Dorothy read a green-backed pornographic novel she had found on the bathroom window sill. It was smug and precise, and full of what she took to be the wrong information. She knew and had known for some years that you do not have babies by kissing, but the private anarchy here described could not be truthful, either. When she saw couples kissing, perfectly still, pressed together under the late-blooming trees, she reverted to an earlier, childish belief, and thought they were in danger.

The Palais-Royal became too small; she moved with Hal to the Tuileries, and there, for the first time, she read her father's poems. One of them told how a swallow in a narrow street, skimming too low, migrating, was caught in a net. Crawley, when he saw Dorothy carrying the book, and opened it to that page, was heedless or unknowing enough to say, "That was your mother." If Dorothy had seen swallows, she had not recognized them; she could not imagine a street so narrow that a net would reach across it, or a bird too clumsy to fly up and away. A pigeon, perhaps, if it had been wounded first. Even the pigeons—she saw many of them here—could scatter like gunfire. Her mother was not a bird that waddled or went off in some foolish direction. If she had been a bird, she would have walked on long legs, though she was not like a picture of a stork, or bright as a postcard flamingo. The pigeons' neck feathers were iridescent, their square tail feathers like lopped-off fans. . . .

Hal said, "What'll we do, Dottie? Are we just going to hang around here?" If you sat on an iron chair, you had to pay for it. She found a cinema for him, a place that showed nothing but horror movies. The sign outside said "Festival du Vampire" and also that no one under sixteen would be admitted, but this rule did not appear to be enforced. She abandoned him there; he was to meet her later in the park. Hours later she was shocked—drawn awake, in a sense—by a darkening across the sky, as if black wool were being combed out in great streaks. It coincided with the rushing movement she had already observed at a certain hour, when people fled home. They did not get up and go quietly, they ran away. She looked at lovers again, and then at entwined statues. (Hal was seeing the vampire festival the third time through, eating chocolate in the dark to give him energy so that he could bear his emotions.) The intimation of danger here, in the park, the sudden rush of the clouds, made her think sentimentally of her father, alone and possibly lonely. The wind, rising, was heavy and hot. She was fed up with Hal, with his weight as a brother. He would have to find his own way home.

Closing her book, she saw that the lovers and the children around her had been replaced by idle men, and that she was watched from benches and chairs and from behind trees. Her spine was stiff from the iron chair. The lovers, the children, the mothers, the grandmothers had disappeared, leaving the entwined and emotional statues and these silent men. It was as though animals had crept out of their cages and were afraid to do more than stare. It was not yet night. With theatrical precision, thunder shuddered in the air. She got up and walked away, the last girl in the park. Hal, in communion with American vampires, was certainly safe. He might be on his way home, or here, hoping to find her.

Nothing she wanted to know, either about her sudden fear or her sudden cruelty—the way she wanted to be rid of Hal—had been explained in her father's poems. The sound of the lodger stealthily closing doors, the dwindling thunder, the whisper of traffic as she approached the Rue de Rivoli—these indications that she could at least *hear*—were no help to her; they were fugitive, suggestive sounds, like the clues to her father's past. They were as close, and as evocative, and as general as his early life with their mother, or his life with someone else. Other people moved behind walls of gossip. Dorothy could look at pictures; she could read George's diaries, for he had let them be printed. It was hard to believe he had ever had a secret. He told of lying in bed with a sister-in-law while his wife lay with a newly born son in a nursing home not far away. Dorothy could have questioned anyone, even the lodger; George would never have thought it a betrayal. He lied only sometimes, suiting a fancy.

Because she knew that Hal trusted her and that she had left the park on a pretext of fear—no, perhaps she had been frightened; but when she paused, deciding this, it was too late to go back—she seemed to herself inferior and unworthy of the poet's past. He was said to have been courageous. The women he had known had been brave, too, though some had been other things—beautiful, multilingual, insane, alcoholic, notorious, discussed. All but her own mother, the one he had called Lady Someone in a picture, and a swallow in a poem. She had been the most useful wife, because she had nursed him. But when George talked about women he said, "That was a real woman," as though anyone else was only pretending. He said "Natasha," or "Portia," or "Felicia"—real women had names that ended in "a." The names evoked, for his daughter, their large breasts and abundant hair, their repeated pregnancies, and their chain-smoking. They had been photographed when the camera was askew or the light bleak, when their hair was lank after rain, when their babies half slipped off their corduroy laps like parcels on a bus. She imagined them not as they had sat for false cameras but as they must have been in life. She was from a thinner generation, a generation of stick figures. Figures from his time seemed twice the size of life. "Is it true," her father asked, as if she should know, "that they are taking down the statues in the Tuileries and replacing them with Maillols?" She did not know, and he did not bestir himself to see. "They were wild and romantic," he said, "and the Maillols are going to look damned silly with pigeons on their heads."

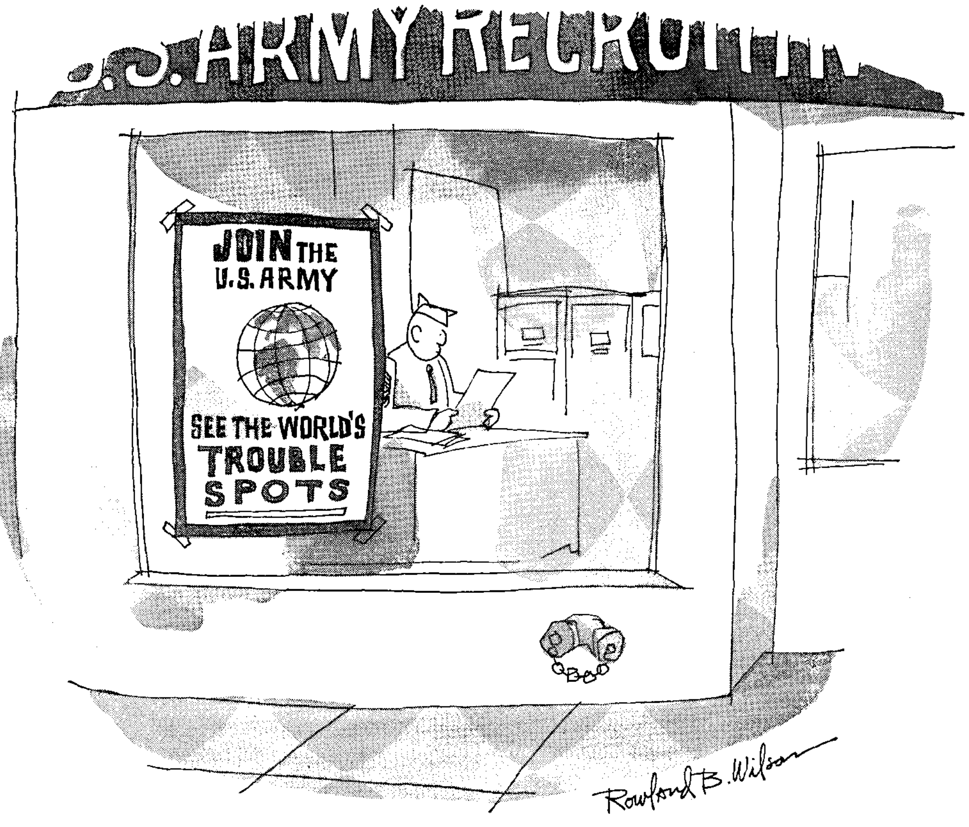
THE children met Natasha close to the end of their stay. Her arms were thin as a starved child's. Her black sweater and checked skirt, her black stockings and pixie shoes made her seem a child from an institution. She had invented her own uniform. She removed the cotton scarf that protected her from the driving August rain, and a great puff of dyed hair rose like a fan. Pencilled brows arched, clownlike, on a high, bald brow. She had somehow found a puddle to walk in—around her shoes water collected. Elf-sized lakes were created, and then, because of the inclination of the ancient floor, a pair of rivers. She had not come to stay but only to visit. The lodger had departed under circumstances that had been kept from Hal until now, and from Dorothy until yesterday: he had shot himself in the courtyard of the Palais de Justice and, still alive, had been taken to a hospital.

"Two forces hung over him for most of his childhood," said Natasha.

"His mother and father, like everyone," said George.

"No, George. Hitler and Stalin." Then she said, staring, "Oh, these are the *nurse's* children," and George stared, too, as if children, unless legends, with warm, wild, and legendary mothers, confounded him. He lit his pipe with watery old-man sounds.

"Don't exaggerate," he said to Natasha. "Don't exaggerate." This was new, this repeating everything as if other people were slightly deaf. Natasha sat in her chair and seemed to be cowering. He had said of her, to Dorothy, "She is a remarkable woman, with



considerable charm. She has a rackety sort of life." The story had been notorious once: George had persuaded Natasha to elope from Moscow, and then he had left her and gone to live with the Austrian translator of his poems. He blurred the story in the telling, having perhaps forgotten much of it. Dorothy knew one thing—the swallow had rushed away from him. That put her outside the legend and outside his generation, in a way. When he talked of his generation, he said it was well tempered, and Dorothy thought, Kind, he means—they were kind. He confused the living and the dead, or seemed to. When Dorothy started saying "generation," he stopped her and said, "You have none. We were a well-tempered crowd."

Speaking of the lodger, Natasha said, "He knows he is dying. He knows I have called his father in Moscow. He knows his father cannot get a visa. Well, this has been the worst day of my life. I feel close to death."

"You aren't," said George. "He is."

"He cannot lift his head from the pillow. If you would help me, George, if you would accept some of the responsibility."

"Accept!" cried the man, and with a blunt gesture took in the boy and the girl. "I ask for it, I *assume* it, when it is mine. *You* brought him out of Russia."

"Well, the only thing to be done . . . I suppose I should take him some soap."

"Yes, yes, take him some soap," said George, but without vehemence now. He looked at Dorothy as if he had her between himself and death in a public hospital. He mentioned the things his loyal daughter would bring him when the time came: "Soap, a razor, rubbing alcohol, and a toothbrush."

"That is what I decided," said Natasha. "That was what I had decided before I came to see you. I thought it was the only thing to do—take him some soap."

"You shouldn't forget this," said the children's father. "It is more important than you think." Dorothy, playing at being mistress of the house, emptied Natasha's ashtray. Hal stolidly tried to put together the egg puzzle he had bought in the early days, at the Palais-Royal. He had all the pieces, nothing was missing, but still could not make it whole. Dorothy pulled everything she knew apart and started from the beginning. My mother looked like Lady Something in a Holbein. George was a swallow. My mother was the net.

—Mavis Gallant

DEAR ELIZABETH*

Yes, I'd like a pair of *Bicos de Lacre*—
meaning beaks of "lacquer" or "sealing wax"?
(the words are the same in Portuguese)
". . . about 3 inches long including the tail,
red bills and narrow bright red masks . . ."
You say the male has a sort of "drooping
mandarin-mustache—one black stripe"—

otherwise the sexes are alike. "Tiny but
plump, shading from brown and gray on top
to pale beige, white, and a rose red spot
on the belly"—their feathers, you tell
me, incredibly beautiful "alternating
lights and darks like nearly invisible
wave-marks on a sandflat at low tide,

and with a pattern so fine one must put on
reading glasses to appreciate it properly."
Well, do they sing? If so, I expect their
note is extreme. Not something one hears,
but must watch the cat's ears to detect.
And their nest, that's "smaller than a fist,
with a doorway in the side just wide enough

for each to get into to sleep." They must
be very delicate, not easy to keep. Still,
on the back porch on Perry St., here, I'd
build them a little Brazil. I'd save every
shred and splinter of New York sunshine
and work through the winter to weave them
a bed. A double, exactly their size,

with a roof like the Ark, making sure to
leave an entrance in the side. I'd set it
in among the morning-glories where the
gold-headed flies, small as needles' eyes,
are plentiful. Although "their egg is apt
to be barely as big as a baked bean . . ."
It rarely hatches in captivity, you mean—

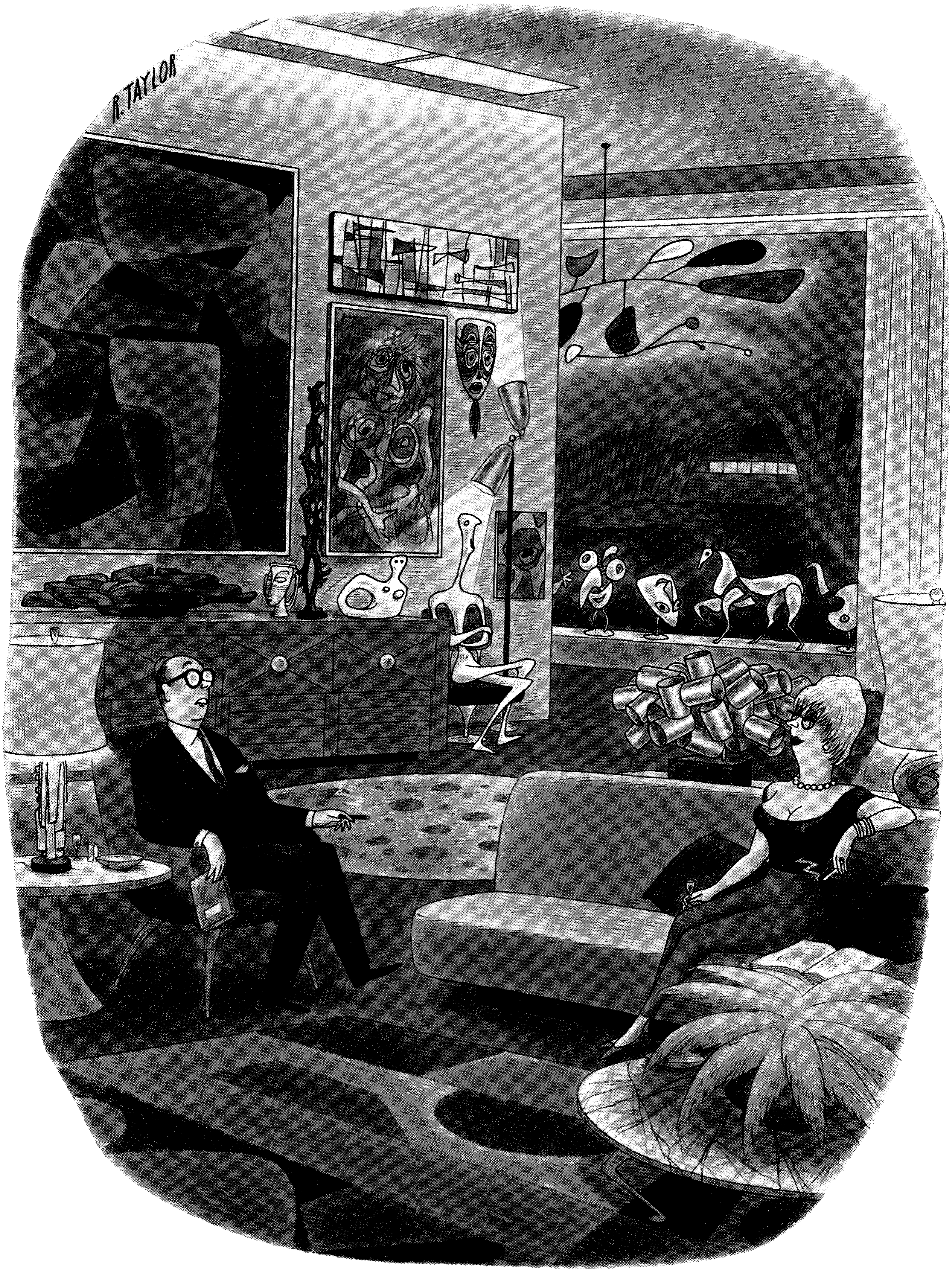
but we could hope! In today's letter you
write, "The *Bicos de Lacre* are adorable as
ever—so tiny, neat, and taking baths
constantly in this heat, in about ¼ inch
of water—then returning to their *filthy*
little nest to lay another egg—which
never hatches." But here it might! And it

doesn't matter that "their voice is weak,
they have no song." I can see them as I
write—on their perch on my porch. "From
the front they look like a pair of half-
ripe strawberries"—except for that stripe.
"At night the cage looks empty" just as
you say. I have "a moment's fright"—

then see the straw nest moving softly.
Yes, dear Elizabeth, if you would be so
kind, I'd like a pair of *Bicos de Lacre*—
especially as in your P.S. you confess,
"I already have two unwed female wild
canaries, for which I must find husbands
in order to have a little song around here."

—May Swenson

*A reply to Elizabeth Bishop in Brazil.



"The old place doesn't seem the same since the kids left."

ANNALS OF CRIME

IN COLD BLOOD

III—ANSWERS

(EDITOR'S NOTE: ALL QUOTATIONS IN THIS ARTICLE ARE TAKEN EITHER FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS OR FROM CONVERSATIONS, TRANSCRIBED VERBATIM, BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND THE PRINCIPALS.)

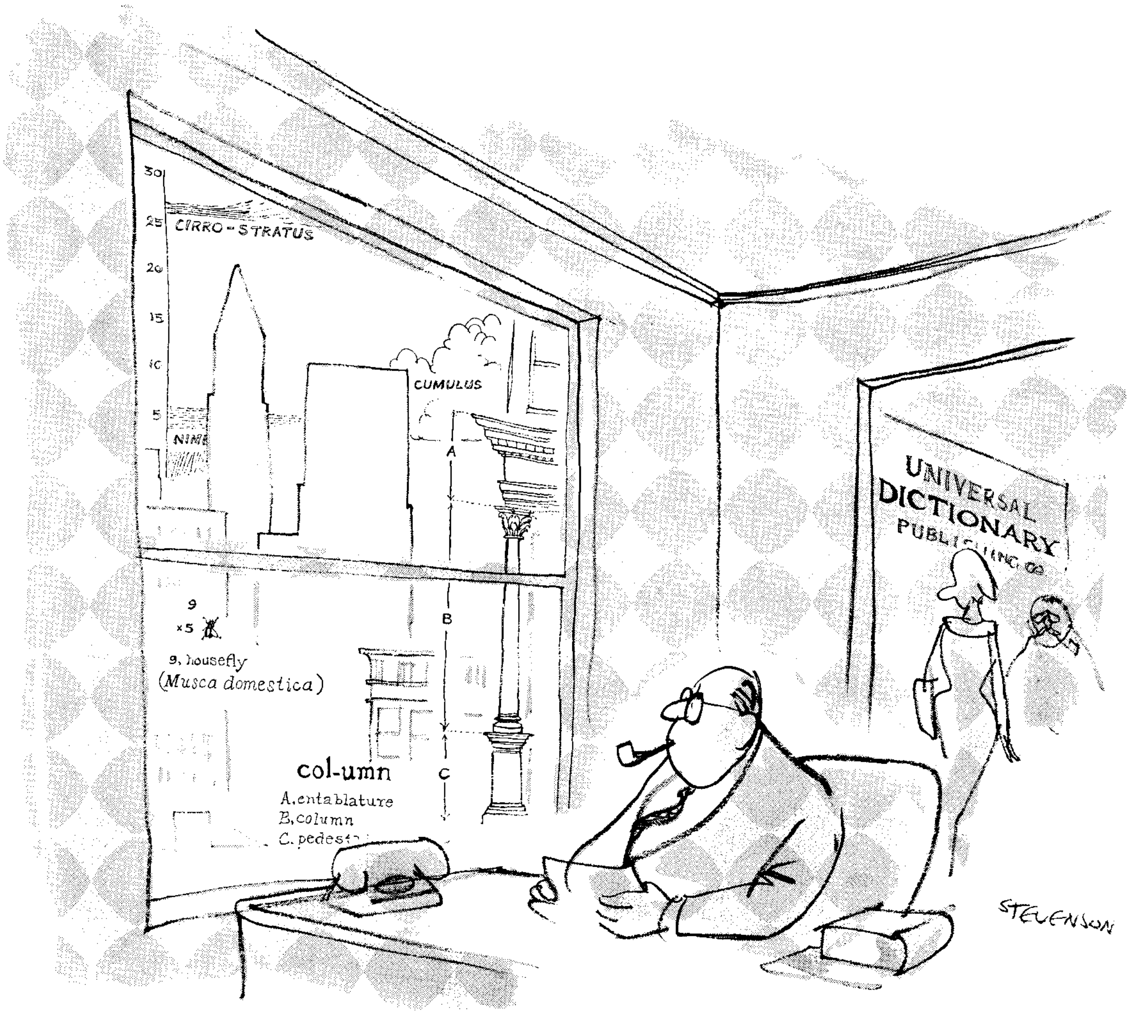
THE young man's name was Floyd Wells, and he was short and nearly chinless. He had attempted several careers, as soldier, ranch hand, mechanic, thief, the last of which had earned him a sentence of three to five years in Kansas State Penitentiary, at Lansing, Kansas. On the evening of Tuesday, November 17, 1959, he was lying in his cell with a pair of radio earphones clamped to his head. He was listening to a news broadcast, but the announcer's voice and the drabness of the day's events ("Chancellor Konrad Adenauer arrived in London today for talks with Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. . . . President Eisenhower put in seventy minutes going over space problems and the budget for space exploration with Dr. T. Keith Glennan") were luring him toward sleep. His drowsiness instantly vanished when he heard: "Officers investigating the tragic slaying of four members of the Herbert W. Clutter family have appealed to the public for any information which might aid in solving this baffling crime. Clutter, his wife, and their two teen-age children were found murdered in their farm home near Garden City early last Sunday morning. Each had been bound, gagged, and shot through the head with a 12-gauge shotgun. Investigating officials admit they can discover no motive for the crime, termed by Logan Sanford, Director of the Kansas Bureau of Investigation, as the most vicious in the history of Kansas. Clutter, a prominent wheatgrower and former Eisenhower appointee to the Federal Farm Credit Board . . ."

Wells was stunned. As he was eventually to describe his reaction, he "didn't hardly believe it." Yet he had good reason to, for not only had he known the murdered family, he knew very well who had murdered them.

It had begun a long time ago—eleven years ago, in the autumn of 1948, when Wells was nineteen. He was "sort of drifting around the country, taking jobs as they came," as he recalled it. "One way and another, I found myself out there in western Kansas. Near the Colorado border. I was hunting work, and, asking round, I heard maybe they could use a hand over to River Valley Farm—that's how he called his place, Mr. Clutter did. Sure enough, he put me on. I stayed there I guess a year—all that winter, anyway—and when I left, it was just 'cause I was feeling kind of footy. Wanted to move on. Not account of any quarrel with Mr. Clutter. He treated me fine, same as he treated everybody that worked for him; like, if you was a little short before payday, he'd always hand you a ten or a five. He paid good wages, and if you deserved it he was quick to give you a bonus. The fact is, I liked Mr. Clutter much as any man I ever met. The whole family. Mrs. Clutter and the four kids. When I knew them, the youngest two, the ones that got killed—Nancy and the little boy what wore glasses—they were only babies, maybe five or six years old. The other two—one was called Beverly, the other girl I don't remember her name—they were already in high school. A nice family, *real* nice. I never forgot them. When I left there, it was sometime in 1949. I got married, I got divorced, the Army took me, other stuff happened, time went by, you might say, and in 1959—June, 1959, ten years since I last seen Mr. Clutter—I got sent to Lansing. Because of breaking into this appliance store. Electrical appliances. What I had in mind was, I wanted to get hold of some electrical lawnmowers. Not to sell. I was going to start a lawnmower rental service. That way, see, I'd have had my own permanent little business. Course, nothing come of it. 'Cept I drew a three-to-five. If I hadn't, then I never would have met Dick. And maybe Mr. Clutter wouldn't be in his grave. But there you are. There it is. I come to meet Dick.

GLADS
MUMS
FOR SALE

"He was the first fellow I celled with. We celled together I guess a month. June and part of July. He was just finishing a three-to-five—due for parole in August. He talked a lot about what he planned to do when he got out. Said he thought he might go to Nevada, one of them missile-base towns, buy hisself a uniform, and pass hisself off as a Air Force officer. So he could hang out a regular wash line of hot paper. That was one idea he told me. (Never thought much of it myself. He was smart, I don't deny, but he didn't *look* the part. Like no Air Force officer.) Other times, he mentioned this friend of his. Perry. A half-Indian fellow he used to cell with. And the big deals him and Perry might pull when they got together again. I never met him—Perry. Never saw him. He'd already left Lansing. Was out on parole. But Dick always said if the chance of a real big score came up, he could rely on Perry Smith to go partners. I don't exactly recall how Mr. Clutter first got mentioned. It must have been when we were discussing jobs, different kinds of work we'd done. Dick, he was a trained car mechanic, and mostly that was the work he'd done. Only, once he'd had a job driving a hospital ambulance. He was full of brag about that. About nurses. And all what he'd done with them in the back of the ambulance. Anyway, I informed him how I'd worked a year on a considerable wheat spread in western Kansas. For Mr. Clutter. He wanted to know if Mr. Clutter was a wealthy man. Yes, I said. Yes, he was. In fact, I said, Mr. Clutter had once told me that he got rid of ten thousand dollars in one week. I mean, said it sometimes cost him ten thousand dollars a week to run his operation. After that, Dick never stopped asking me about the family. How many was they? What ages would the kids be now? Exactly how did you get to the house? How was it laid out? Did Mr. Clutter keep a safe? I won't deny it—I told him he did. Because I seemed to remember a sort of cabinet, or safe, or *some*thing, right behind the desk in the room Mr. Clutter used as an office. Next thing I knew, Dick was talking about killing Mr. Clutter. Said him and Perry was gonna go out there and rob the



place, and they was gonna kill all witnesses—the Clutters, and anybody else that happened to be around. He described to me a dozen times how he was gonna do it, how him and Perry was gonna tie them people up and gun them down. I told him, 'Dick, you'll never get by with it.' But I can't honestly say I tried to persuade him different. Because I never for a minute believed he meant to carry it out. I thought it was just talk. Like you hear plenty of in Lansing. That's about all you *do* hear: what a fellow's gonna do when he gets out—the holdups and robberies and so forth. It's nothing but brag, mostly. Nobody takes it serious. That's why, when I heard what I heard on the earphones—well, I didn't hardly believe it. Still and all, it happened. Just like Dick said it would."

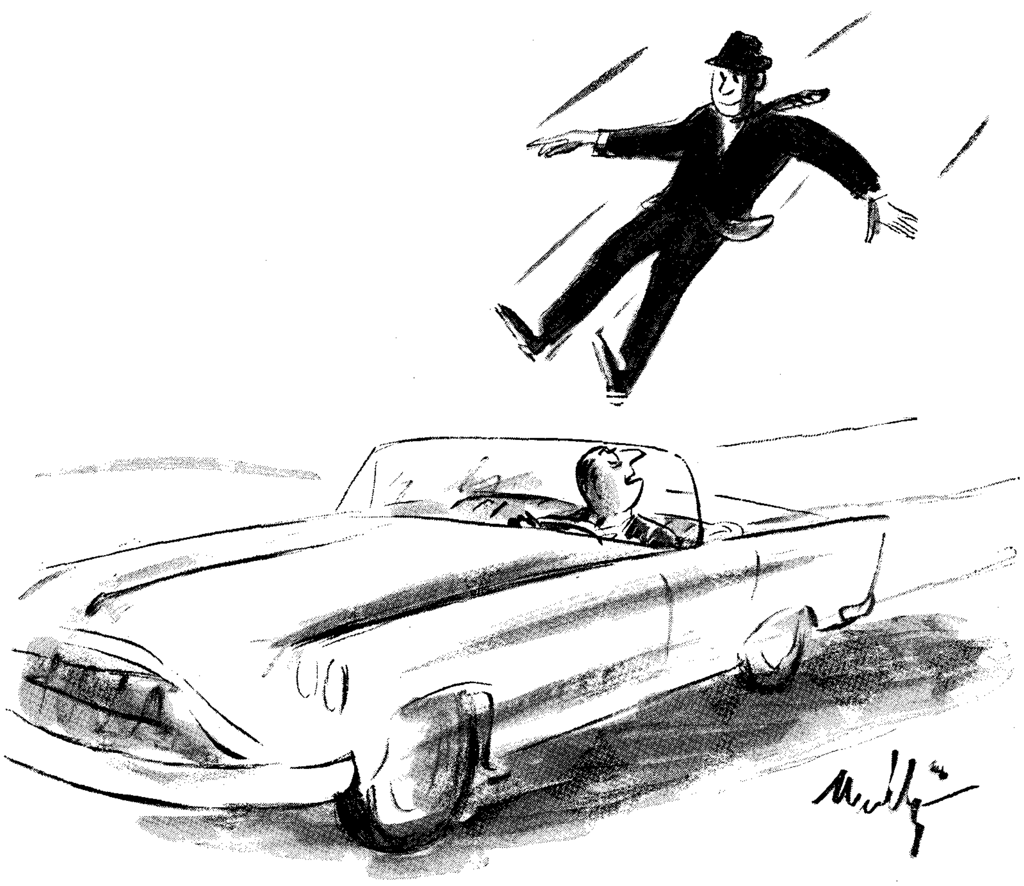
That was Floyd Wells' story, though as yet he was far from telling it. He was afraid to, for if the other prisoners heard of his bearing tales to the warden, then his life, as he put it, "wouldn't be worth a dead coyote." A week passed. He monitored the radio, he followed the newspaper accounts—and in one of them read that a Kansas paper, the Hutchinson *News*, was offering a reward of one thousand dollars for any information leading to the capture and conviction of the person or persons guilty of the Clutter murders. An interesting item; it almost inspired Wells to speak. But he was still too much afraid, and his fear was not solely of the other prisoners. There was also the chance that the authorities might charge him as an accessory to the crime. After all, it was he who had guided Dick to the Clutters' door; certainly it could be claimed that he had been aware of Dick's intentions. However one viewed it, his situation was curious and his excuses were questionable. So he said nothing, and ten more days went by. December replaced November, and those investigating the case remained, according to increasingly brief newspaper reports (radio newscasters had ceased to mention the subject), as bewildered, as virtually clueless, as they had been the morning of the tragic discovery.

But *he* knew. Presently, tortured by a need to "tell somebody," he confided in another prisoner. "A particular friend. A Catholic. Kind of very religious. He asked me, 'Well, what are you gonna do, Floyd?' I said, Well, I didn't rightly know—what did he think I ought to do? Well, he was all for me going to the proper people. Said he didn't think I ought to live with something like that on my mind. And he said I could do it without anybody inside guessing I was the one who told. Said he'd fix it. So the next day he got word to the deputy warden—told him I wanted to be 'called out.' Said if the deputy called me to his office on some pretext or other, maybe I could tell him who killed the Clutters. Sure enough, the deputy sent for me. I was scared, and I thought, Oh, Jesus, they gonna get me for this. But soon as I started talking I stopped being scared. I remembered Mr. Clutter, and how he'd never done me no harm, how at Christmas he'd give me a little purse with fifty dollars in it. I talked to the deputy. Then I told the warden hisself. And while I was still sitting there, right there in Warden Hand's office, he picked up the telephone. . . ."

• •

THE person to whom Warden Hand telephoned was Logan Sanford, Director of the Kansas Bureau of Investigation, an organization with headquarters in the state capital, Topeka. Sanford listened, hung up, issued several orders, then placed a call of his own, to Alvin Dewey, the K.B.I. agent resident in Finney County, Kansas, where the Clutter murders took place, and the man in over-all charge of the case. That evening, when Dewey left his office in the courthouse at Garden City, the county seat, he took home with him a manila envelope.

When Dewey got home, his wife, Marie, was in the kitchen preparing supper. The moment he appeared, she launched into an account of household upsets. The family cat had attacked the cocker spaniel that lived across the street, and now it seemed as if one of the spaniel's eyes might be seriously damaged. And Paul, their nine-year-old, had fallen out of a tree. It was a wonder he was alive. And then their twelve-year-old, Dewey's namesake, had gone into the yard to burn rubbish



"*If you don't mind, this happens to be a privately owned vehicle.*"

and started a blaze that had threatened the neighborhood. Someone—she didn't know who—had actually called the fire department.

While his wife described these unhappy episodes, Dewey poured two cups of coffee. Suddenly, Marie stopped in the middle of a sentence and stared at him. His face was flushed, and she could tell that he was elated. She said, "Alvin. Oh, honey. Is it good news?" Without comment, he gave her the manila envelope. Her hands were wet; she dried them, sat down at the kitchen table, sipped her coffee, opened the envelope, and took out photographs of a blond young man and a dark-haired, dark-skinned young man—police-made "mug shots." A pair of semi-coded dossiers accompanied the photographs. The one for the fair-headed man read:

Hickock, Richard Eugene (WM) Age 28, KBI 97 093; FBI 859 273 A. Address: Edgerton, Kansas. Birthdate 6-6-31. Birthplace: K.C., Kans. Height: 5-10. Weight: 175. Hair: Blond. Eyes: Blue. Build: Stout. Comp: Ruddy. Occup: Car Painter. Crime: Cheat & Defr. & Bad Checks. Paroled: 8-13-59. By: So. K.C.K.

The second of these abbreviated histories applied to the fair-headed man's dark companion:

Smith, Perry Edward (WM) 27-59. Birthplace: Nevada. Height: 5-4. Weight: 156. Hair: D. Brn. Crime: B & E. Arrested: (blank). By: (blank). Disposition: Sent KSP 3-13-56 from Phillips Co. 5-10 yrs. Rec. 3-14-56. Paroled: 7-6-59.

Marie examined the front-view and profile photographs of Smith: an arrogant face, tough, yet not entirely, for there was about it a peculiar refinement; the lips and nose seemed nicely made, and she thought the eyes, with their moist, dreamy expression, rather pretty—rather, in an actorish way, sensitive. Sensitive, and something more—"mean." Though not as mean, as forbiddingly "criminal," as the eyes of Hickock, Richard Eugene. Marie, transfixed by Hickock's eyes, was reminded of a childhood incident—of a bobcat she'd once seen caught in a trap, and of how, though she'd wanted to release it, the cat's eyes, radiant with pain and hatred, had drained her of pity and filled her with terror. "Who are they?" Marie asked.

Dewey told her Floyd Wells' story, and at the end he said, "Funny. The past three weeks, that's the angle we've concentrated on. Tracking down every man ever worked on the Clutter place. Now, the way it's turned out, it just seems like a piece of luck. But a few days more and we would've hit this Wells. Found he was in prison. We would've got the truth then. Hell, yes."

"Maybe it isn't the truth," Marie said. Dewey and the seventeen men assisting him had pursued hundreds of leads to barren destinations, and she hoped to warn him against another disappointment, for she was worried about his health. His state of mind was bad; he was emaciated; and he was smoking sixty cigarettes a day.

"No. Maybe not," Dewey said. "But I have a hunch."

His tone impressed her; she looked again at the faces on the kitchen table. "Think of him," she said, placing a finger against the front-view portrait of the blond young man. "Think of those eyes. Coming toward you." Then she pushed the pictures back into their envelope. "I wish you hadn't shown me."

THAT same evening, another woman, in another kitchen, put aside a sock she was darning, removed a pair of plastic-rimmed spectacles, and, levelling them at a visitor, said, "I hope you find him, Mr. Nye. For his own sake. We have two sons, and he's one of them, our first-born. We love him. But— Oh, I realized. I realized he wouldn't have packed up. Run off. Without a word to anybody—his daddy or his brother. Unless he was in trouble again. What makes him do it? Why?" She glanced across the small, stove-warmed room at a gaunt figure hunched in a rocking chair—Walter Hickock, her husband and the father of Richard Eugene. He was a man with faded, defeated eyes and rough hands; when he spoke, his voice sounded as if it were seldom used.

"Was nothing wrong with my boy, Mr. Nye," Mr. Hickock said. "A outstanding athlete—always on the first team at school. Basketball! Baseball! Football! Dick was always the star player. A pretty good student, too. With A marks in several subjects. History. Mechanical drawing. After he graduated from high school—June, 1949—he wanted to go on to college. Study to be a engineer. But we couldn't do it. Plain didn't have the money. Never have had any money. Our farm here, it's only forty-four acres—we hardly can scratch a living. I guess Dick resented it, not getting to college. The first job he had was with Santa Fe Railway, in Kansas City. Made seventy-five dollars a week. He figured that was enough to get married on, so him and Carol got married. She wasn't but sixteen; he wasn't but nineteen hisself. I never thought nothing good would come of it. Didn't, neither."

Mrs. Hickock, a plump woman with a soft, round face unmarred by a lifetime of dawn-to-dark endeavor, reproached him. "Three precious little boys, our grandchildren—there, that's what came of it. And Carol was a lovely girl. She's not to blame."

Mr. Hickock continued, "Him and Carol rented a good-size house, bought a fancy car—they was in debt all the time. Even though pretty soon Dick was making better money driving a hospital ambulance. Later on, the Markl Buick Company, a big outfit there in Kansas City, they hired him. As a mechanic and car painter. But him and Carol lived too high, kept buying stuff they couldn't nohow afford, and Dick got to writing checks. I still think the reason he started doing stunts such as that was connected with the smashup. Concussed his head in a car smashup. After that, he wasn't the same boy. Gambling, writing bad checks. I never knew him to do them things before. And it was along about then he took up with this other gal. The one he divorced Carol for, and was his second wife."

Mrs. Hickock said, "Dick couldn't help that. You remember how Margaret Edna attracted him."

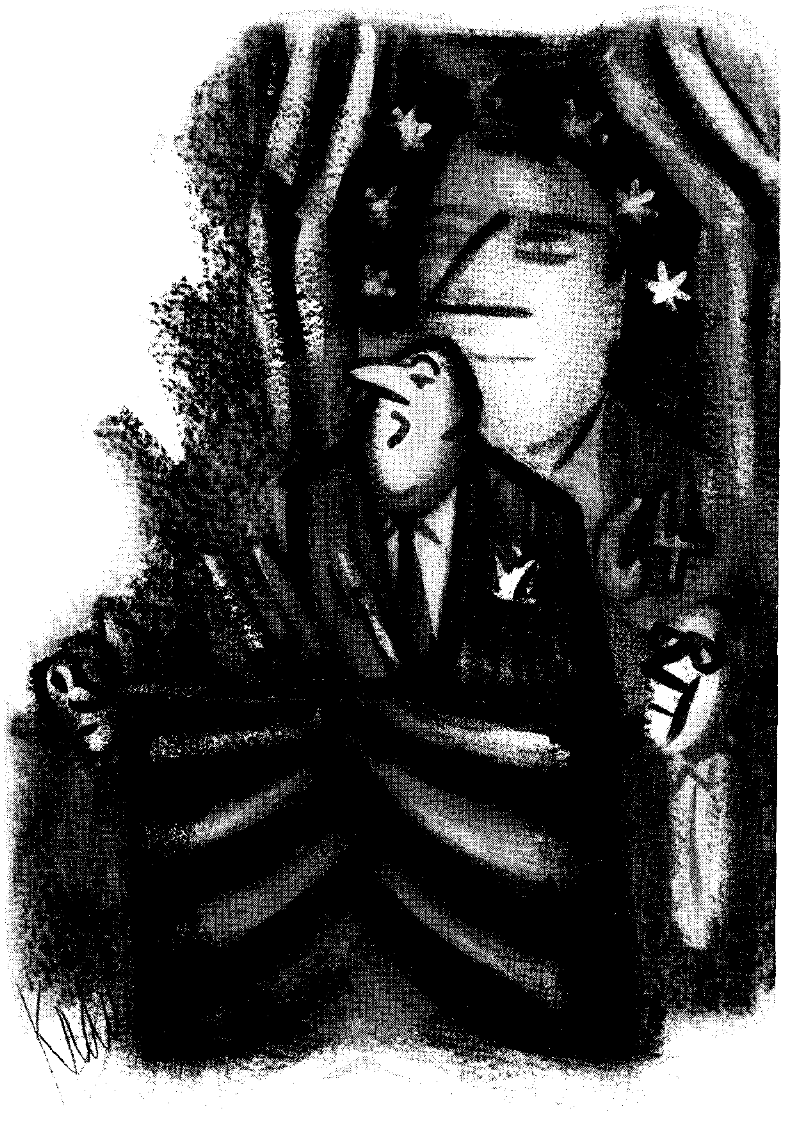
" 'Cause a woman attracts you, does that mean you got to marry her?" Mr. Hickock said. "Well, Mr. Nye, I expect you know as much about it as we do. Why our boy was sent to prison. Locked away seventeen months, and all he done was borrow a hunting rifle. From the house of a neighbor here. He had no idea to steal it, I don't give a damn what nobody says. And that was the ruination of him. When he come out of Lansing, he was a plain stranger to me. You couldn't talk to him. The whole world was against Dick Hickock—that's how he figured. Even the second wife, she left him—filed for divorce while he was in prison. Just the same, lately there, he seemed to be settling down. Working for the Bob Sands Body Shop, over in Olathe. Living here at home with us, getting to bed early, not violating his parole any shape or fashion. I'll tell you, Mr. Nye, I've not got long, I'm with cancer, and Dick knowed that—leastways, he knowed I'm sickly—and not a month ago, right before he took off, he told me, 'Dad, you've been a pretty good old dad to me. I'm not ever gonna do nothing more to hurt you.' He meant it, too. That boy has plenty of good inside him. If ever you seen him on a football field, if ever you seen him play with his children, you wouldn't doubt me. Lord, I wish the Lord could tell me, because I don't know what happened."

His wife said, "I do," resumed her darning, and was forced by tears to stop. "That friend of his. That's what happened."

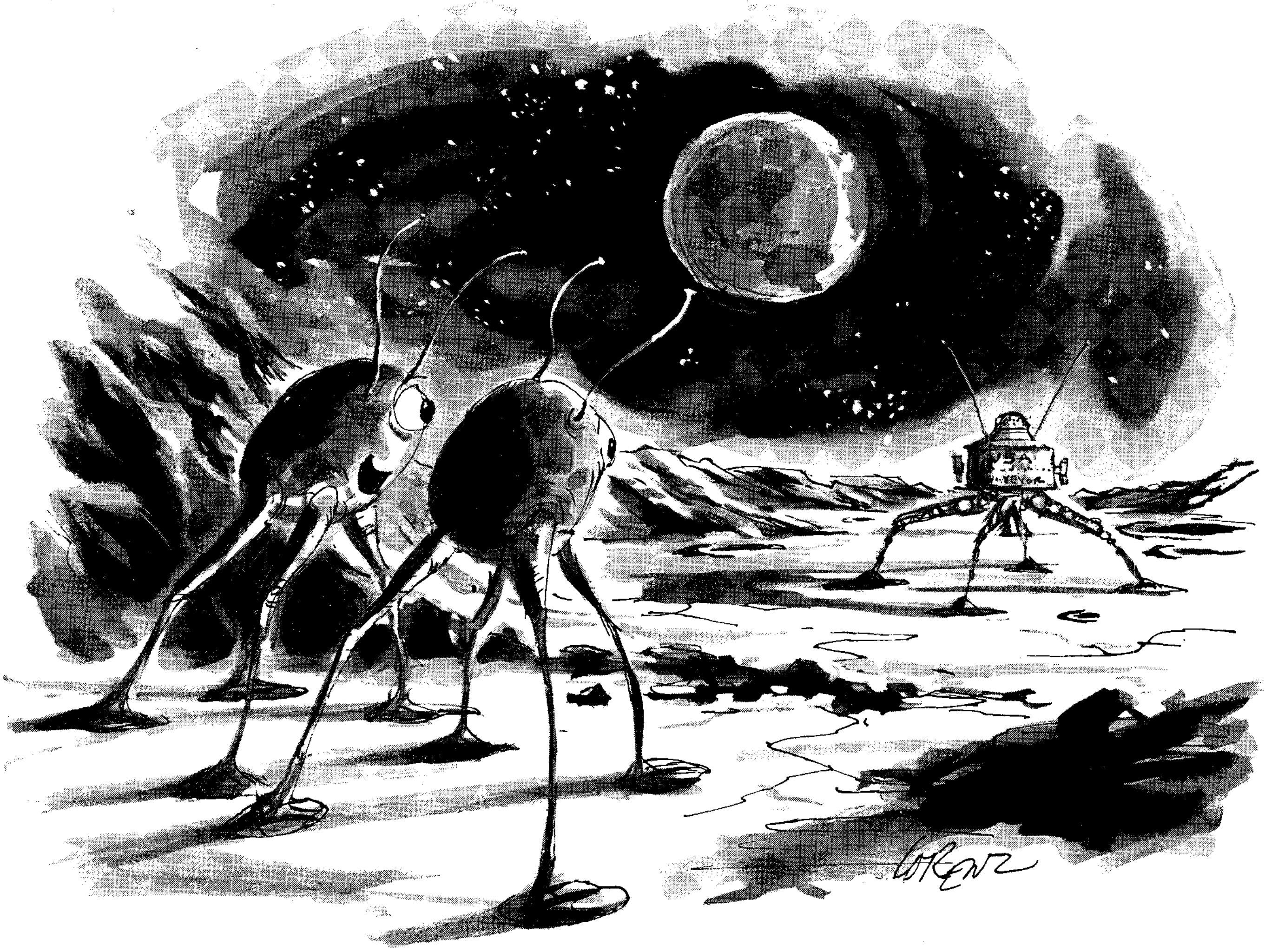
The visitor, K.B.I. Agent Harold Nye, who was one of the principal investigators assigned to the Clutter case, busied himself scribbling in a shorthand notebook—a notebook already well filled with the results of a long day spent probing the accusations of the informer, Floyd Wells. Thus far, the facts ascertained corroborated Wells' story most persuasively. On November 20th, the suspect, Richard Eugene Hickock, had gone on a Kansas City shopping spree during which he had passed not fewer than "seven pieces of hot paper." Nye had called on all the reported victims—salesmen of cameras and of radio and television equipment, the proprietor of a jewelry shop, a clerk in a clothing store—and in each instance the witness, when he was shown photographs of Hickock and Perry Edward Smith, had identified the former as the author of the spurious checks, the latter as his "silent" accomplice. (One deceived salesman said, "He [Hickock] did the work. A very smooth talker, very convincing. The other one—I thought he might be a foreigner, a Mexican maybe—he never opened his mouth.")

Nye had next driven to the suburban village of Olathe, where he interviewed Hickock's last employer, the owner of the Bob Sands Body Shop.

"Yes, he worked here," said Mr. Sands. "From August until— Well, I never saw him after the nineteenth of November, or maybe it was the twentieth. He left without giving me any notice whatever. Just took off—I don't know where to, and neither does his dad. Surprised? Well, yes. Yes, I was. We were on a fairly friendly basis. Dick kind of has a way with him, you know. He can be very likable. Once in a while, he used to come to our house. Fact is, a week before he left, we had some people over, a little party, and Dick brought this friend he had visiting him, a boy from Nevada—Perry Smith was his name. He could play the guitar real nice. He played the guitar and sang some songs, and him and Dick entertained everybody with a weight-lifting act. Perry Smith, he's a little fellow, not much over five feet high, but he could just about pick up a horse. No, they didn't seem



". . . and if elected, I pledge to do my utmost to be all things to all men."



"Why, they're just plain folks, like us!"

• •

nervous, neither one. I'd say they were enjoying themselves. The exact date? Sure I remember. It was the thirteenth. Friday, the thirteenth of November."

From there, Nye steered his car northward along raw country roads. As he neared the Hickock farm, he stopped at several neighboring homesteads, ostensibly to ask directions, actually to make inquiries concerning the suspect. One farmer's wife said, "Dick Hickock! Don't talk to me about Dick Hickock! If ever I met the devil! Steal? Steal the weights off a dead man's eyes! His mother, though, Eunice, she's a fine woman. Heart big as a barn. His daddy, too. Both of them plain, honest people. Dick would've gone to jail more times than you can count, except nobody around here ever wanted to prosecute. Out of respect for his folks."

Dusk had fallen when Nye knocked at the door of Walter Hickock's weather-grayed four-room farmhouse. It was as though some such visit had been expected. Mr. Hickock invited the detective into the kitchen, and Mrs. Hickock offered him coffee. Perhaps, if they had known the true meaning of the caller's presence, the reception tendered him would have been less gracious, more guarded. But they did not know, and during the hours the three sat conversing, the name Clutter was never mentioned, or the word murder. The parents accepted what Nye implied—that parole violation and financial fraud were all that motivated his pursuit of their son.

"Dick brought him [Perry] home one evening, and told us he was a friend just off a bus from Las Vegas, and he wanted to know couldn't he sleep here, stay here awhile," Mrs. Hickock said. "No, sir, I wouldn't have him in the house. One look, and I saw what he was. With his perfume. And his oily hair. It was clear as day where Dick had met him. According to the conditions of his parole, he wasn't supposed to associate with anybody he'd met up there. I warned Dick, but he wouldn't listen. He found a room for his friend at the Hotel Olathe, in Olathe, and after that Dick was with him every spare minute. Once, they went off on a weekend trip. Mr. Nye, certain as I'm sitting here, Perry Smith was the one put him up to writing them checks."

Nye shut his notebook and put his pen in his pocket, and both his hands as well, for his hands were shaking from excitement. "Now, on this weekend trip. Where did they go?"

"Fort Scott," Mr. Hickock said, naming a Kansas town with a military history. "The way I understood it, Perry Smith has a sister lives in Fort Scott. She was supposed to be holding a piece of money belonged to him. Fifteen hundred dollars was the sum mentioned. That was the main reason he'd come to Kansas, to collect this money his sister was holding. So Dick drove him down there to get it. It was only a overnight trip. He was back home a little before noon Sunday. Time for Sunday dinner."

"I see," said Nye. "An overnight trip. Which means they left here sometime Saturday. That would be Saturday, November 14th?"

The old man agreed.

"And returned Sunday, November 15th?"

"Sunday noon."

Nye pondered the mathematics involved, and was encouraged by the conclusion he came to: that within a time span of twenty or twenty-four

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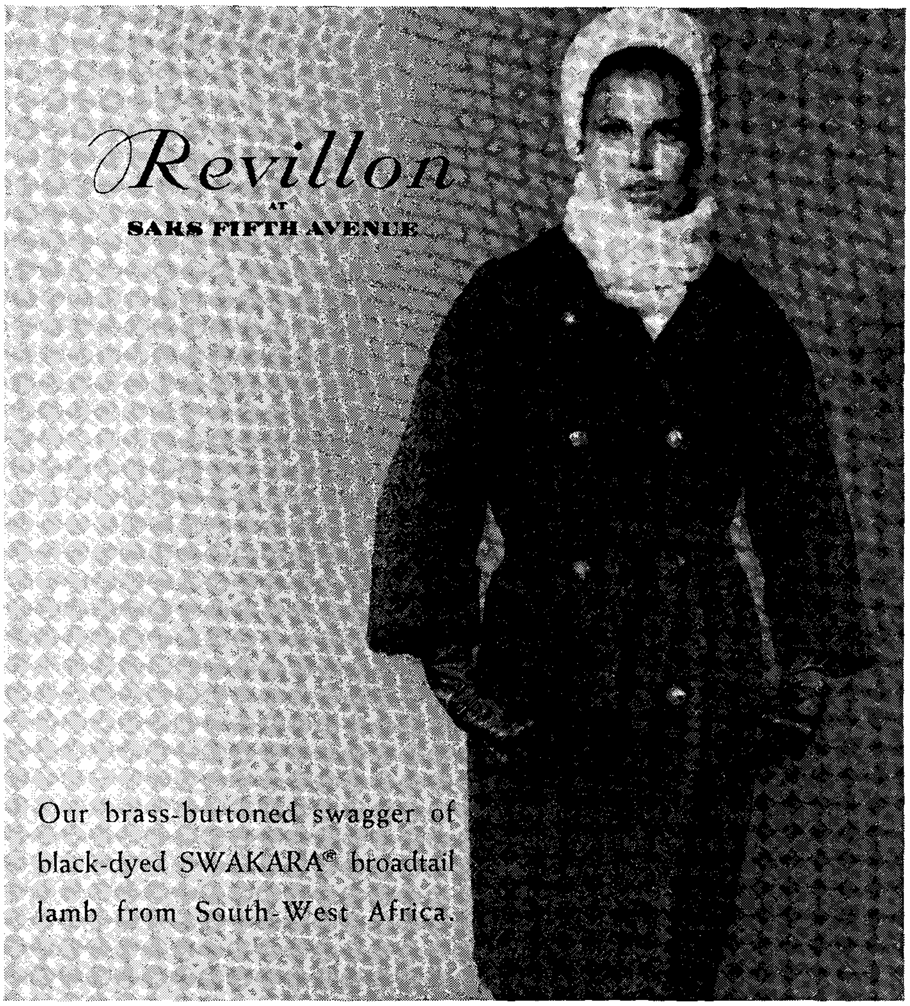

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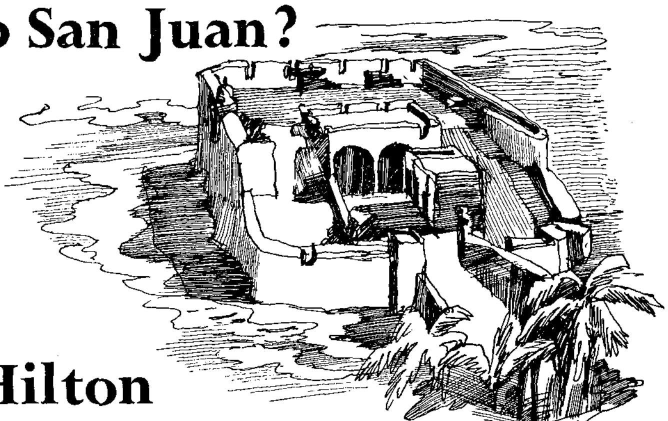

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hours the suspects could have made a round-trip journey of rather more than eight hundred miles, and, in the process, murder four people.

"Now, Mr. Hickock," Nye said. "On Sunday, when your son came home, was he alone? Or was Perry Smith with him?"

"No, he was alone. He said he'd left Perry off at the Hotel Olathe."

Nye, whose normal voice is cuttingly nasal and naturally intimidating, was attempting a subdued timbre, a disarming, throwaway style. "And do you remember—did anything in his manner strike you as unusual? Different?"

"Who?"

"Your son."

"When?"

"When he returned from Fort Scott."

Mr. Hickock ruminated. Then he said, "He seemed the same as ever. Soon as he came in, we sat down to dinner. He was mighty hungry. Started piling his plate before I'd finished the blessing. I remarked on it—said, 'Dick, you're shovelling it in fast as you can work your elbow. Don't you mean to leave nothing for the rest of us?' Course, he's always been a big eater. Pickles. He can eat a whole tub of pickles."

"And after dinner what did he do?"

"Fell asleep," said Mr. Hickock, and appeared to be moderately taken aback by his own reply. "Fell fast asleep. And I guess you could say that was unusual. We'd gathered round to watch a basketball game. On the TV. Me and Dick and our other boy, David. Pretty soon, Dick was snoring like a buzz saw, and I said to his brother, 'Lord, I never thought I'd live to see the day Dick would go to sleep at a basketball game.' Did, though. Slept straight through it. Only woke up long enough to eat some cold supper, and right after went off to bed."

Mrs. Hickock rethreaded her darning needle; her husband rocked his rocker and sucked on an unlit pipe. The detective's trained eyes roamed the scrubbed and humble room. In a corner, a gun stood propped against the wall; he had noticed it before. Rising, reaching for it, he said, "You do much hunting, Mr. Hickock?"

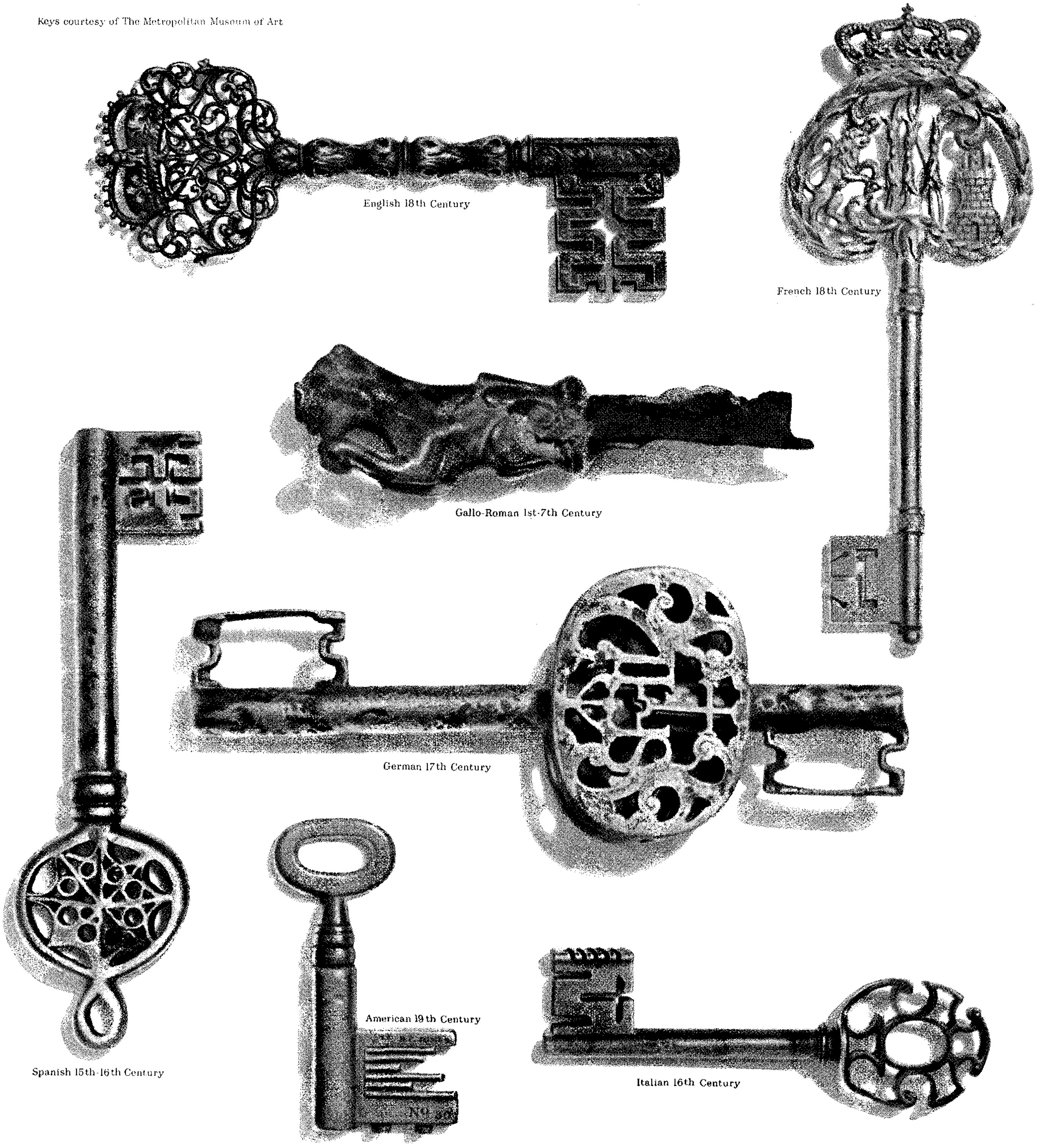
"That's his gun. Dick's. Him and David go out once in a while. After rabbits, mostly."

It was a 12-gauge Savage shotgun, Model 30-D; a delicately etched scene of pheasants in flight ornamented the stock.

"How long has Dick had it?"

The question aroused Mrs. Hick-

Keys courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art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ock. "That gun cost over a hundred dollars. Dick bought it on credit, and now the store won't have it back, even though it's not hardly a month old and only been used the one time—the start of November, when him and David went to Grinnell on a pheasant shoot. He used our names to buy it—his daddy let him—so here we are, liable for the payments, and when you think of Walter, sick as he is, and all the things we need, all we do without . . ." She held her breath, as though trying to halt an attack of hiccups. "Are you sure you won't have a cup of coffee, Mr. Nye? It's no trouble."

The detective leaned the gun against the wall, relinquishing it, although he felt certain it was the weapon that had killed the Clutter family. "Thank you, but it's late, and I have to drive to Topeka," he said, and then, consulting his notebook, "Now, I'll just run through this, see if I have it straight. Perry Smith arrived in Kansas Thursday, the twelfth of November. Your son claimed this person came here to collect a sum of money from a sister residing in Fort Scott. That Saturday, the two drove to Fort Scott, where they remained overnight—I assume in the home of the sister?"

Mr. Hickock said, "No. They never could find her. Seems like she'd moved."

Nye smiled. "Nevertheless, they stayed away overnight. And during the week that followed—that is, from the fifteenth to the twenty-first—Dick continued to see his friend Perry Smith, but otherwise, or as far as you know, he maintained a normal routine: lived at home, and reported to work every day. On the twenty-first, he disappeared, and so did Perry Smith. And since then you've not heard from him? He hasn't written you?"

"He's afraid to," said Mrs. Hickock. "Ashamed and afraid."

"Ashamed?"

"Of what he's done. Of how he's hurt us again. And afraid because he thinks we won't forgive him. Like we always have. And will. You have children, Mr. Nye?"

He nodded.

"Then you know how it is."

"One thing more. Have you any idea, any at all, where your son might have gone?"

"Open a map," said Mr. Hickock. "Point your finger—maybe that's it."

It was late afternoon, and the driver of the car, a middle-aged travelling salesman who shall here be known as Mr. Bell, was quite tired. He longed to

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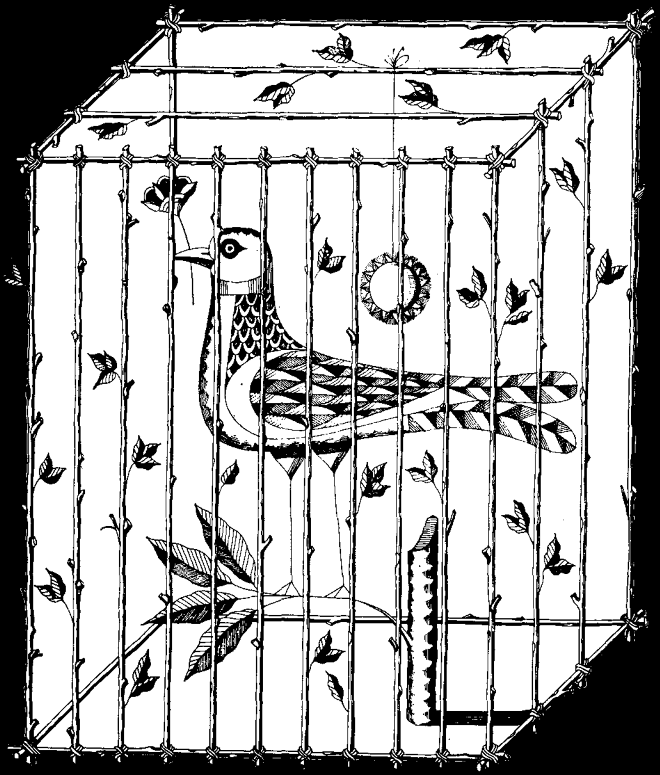

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stop for a short nap. However, he was only a hundred miles from his destination—Omaha, Nebraska, the headquarters of the large meat-packing company for which he worked. A company rule forbade its salesmen to pick up hitchhikers, but Mr. Bell often disobeyed it, particularly if he was bored and drowsy, so when he saw the two young men standing by the side of the road he immediately braked his car.

They looked to him like "O.K. boys." The taller of the two, a wiry type with dirty-blond, crew-cut hair, had an engaging grin and a most polite manner, and his partner, the "runty" one, holding a harmonica in his right hand and, in his left, a swollen straw suitcase, seemed "nice enough," shy but amiable. In any event, Mr. Bell, entirely unaware of his guests' intentions, which included throttling him with a belt and leaving him, robbed of his car, his money, and his life, concealed in a prairie grave, was glad to have company, somebody to talk to and keep him awake until he arrived at Omaha.

He introduced himself, then asked them their names, and the affable young man with whom he was sharing the front seat said his name was Dick. "And that's Perry," he said, winking at Perry, who was seated directly behind the driver.

"I can ride you boys as far as Omaha."

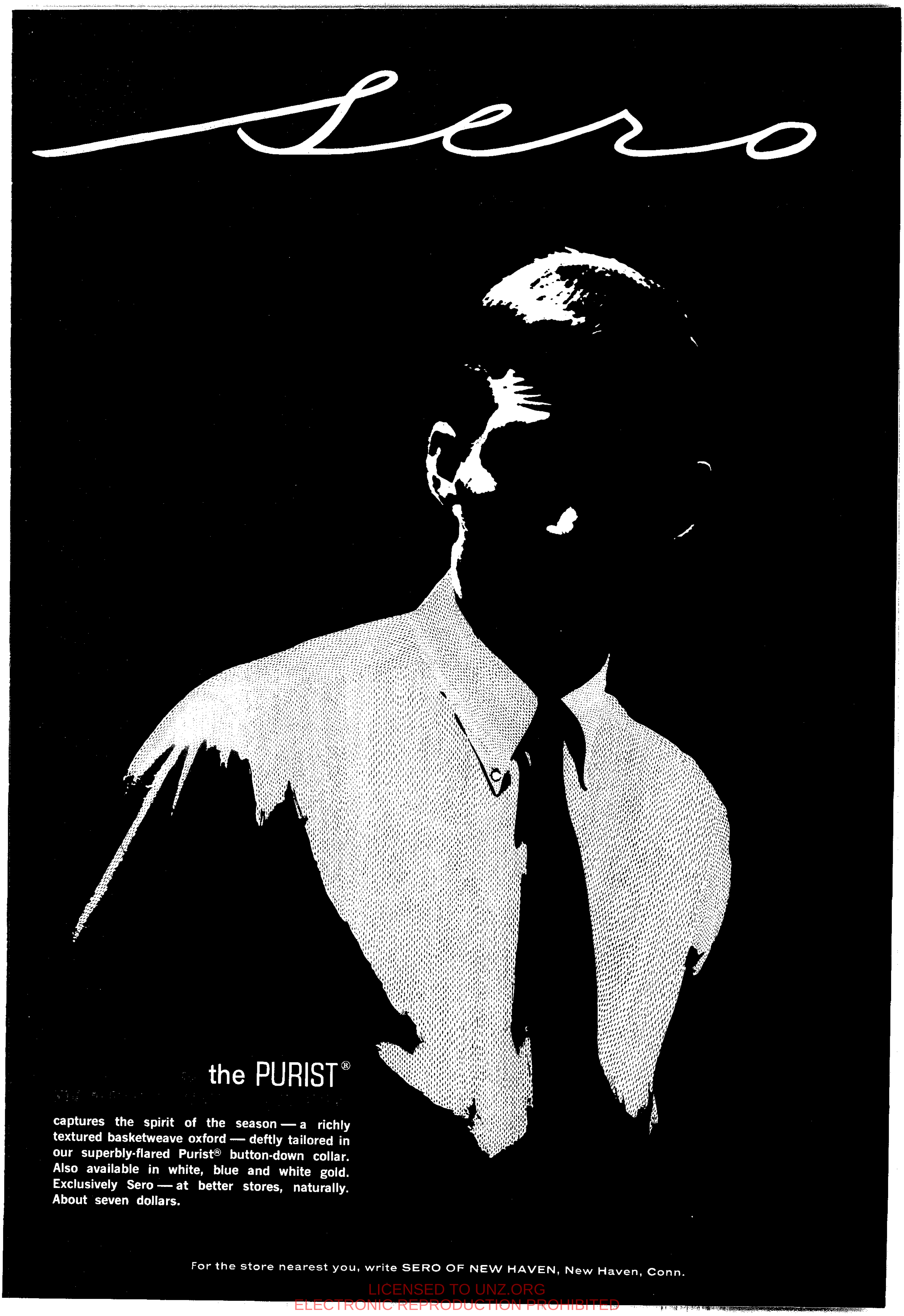
Dick said, "Thank you, sir. Omaha's where we were headed. Hoped we might find some work."

What kind of work were they hunting? The salesman thought perhaps he could help.

Dick said, "I'm a first-class car painter. Mechanic, too. I'm used to making real money. My buddy and me, we just been down in Old Mexico. Our idea was, we wanted to live there. But, hell, they don't pay any wages. Nothing a white man could live off."

Ah, Mexico. Mr. Bell explained that he had honeymooned in Cuernavaca. "We always wanted to go back. But it's hard to move around when you've got five kids."

Perry, as he later recalled, thought, Five kids—well, too bad. And, listening to Dick's conceited chatter, hearing him start to describe his Mexican "amorous conquests," he thought how "queer" it was, "egomaniacal." Imagine going all out to impress a man you were going to kill, a man who wouldn't be alive ten minutes from now—not if the plan he and Dick had devised went smoothly. And why shouldn't it? The setup was ideal—exactly what they had been looking for during the three days it had



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taken them to hitchhike from California to Nevada and across Nevada and Utah and Wyoming into Nebraska. Until now, however, a suitable victim had eluded them. Mr. Bell was the first prosperous-seeming solitary traveller to offer them a lift. Their other hosts had been either truck drivers or soldiers—and, once, a pair of Negro prizefighters driving a lavender Cadillac. But Mr. Bell was perfect. Perry felt inside a pocket of the leather windbreaker he was wearing. The pocket bulged with a bottle of Bayer aspirin and with a jagged, fist-size rock wrapped in a yellow cotton cowboy handkerchief. He unfastened his belt, a Navajo belt, silver-buckled and studded with turquoise beads; he took it off, flexed it, placed it across his knees. He waited. He watched the Nebraska prairie rolling by, and fooled with his harmonica—made up a tune and played it and waited for Dick to pronounce the agreed-upon signal: "Hey, Perry, pass me a match." Whereupon Dick was supposed to seize the steering wheel, while Perry, wielding his handkerchief-wrapped rock, belabored the salesman's head—"opened it up." Later, along some quiet side road, use would be made of the belt with the sky-blue beads.

Meanwhile, Dick and the condemned man were trading dirty jokes. Their laughter irritated Perry; he especially disliked Mr. Bell's outbursts—hearty barks that sounded very much like the laughter of Tex John Smith, Perry's father. The memory of his father's laughter increased his tension; his head hurt, his knees ached. He chewed three aspirin and swallowed them dry. Jesus! He thought he might vomit, or faint; he felt certain he would if Dick delayed "the party" much longer. The light was dimming, the road was straight, with neither house nor human being in view—nothing but land winter-stripped and as sombre as sheet iron. Now was the time, *now*. He stared at Dick, as though to communicate this realization, but a few small signs—a twitching eyelid, a mustache of sweat drops—told him that Dick had already reached the same conclusion.

And yet, when Dick next spoke, it was only to launch another joke. "Here's a riddle. The riddle is: What's the similarity between a trip to the bathroom and a trip to the cemetery?" He grinned. "Give up?"

"Give up."

"When you gotta go, you gotta go!" Mr. Bell barked.

"Hey, Perry, pass me a match."

But, just as Perry raised his hand,

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JE REVIENS PERFUME BY WORTH
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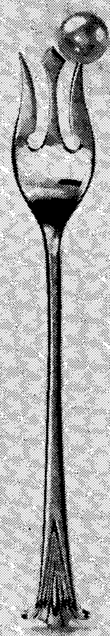

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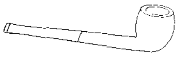
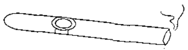
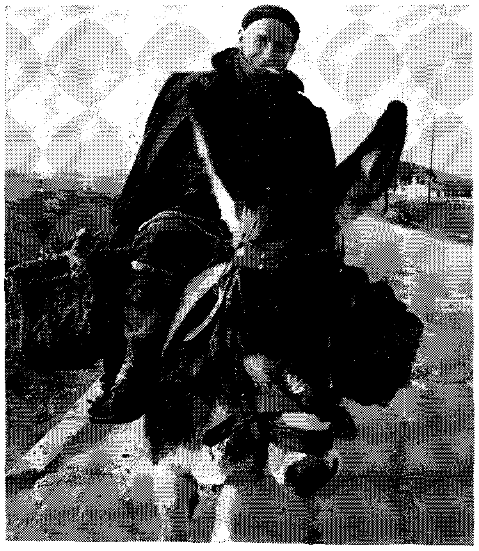
Just as we did here, you start right in speaking. Each lesson is private, and your instructor won’t speak a word of English to you.

He starts right in with “buenos días” and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you’ll soon know the difference between una pipa  and un habano . In fact, within five minutes you’ll be saying a sentence as complicated as “Prefiero la pipa al habano.”



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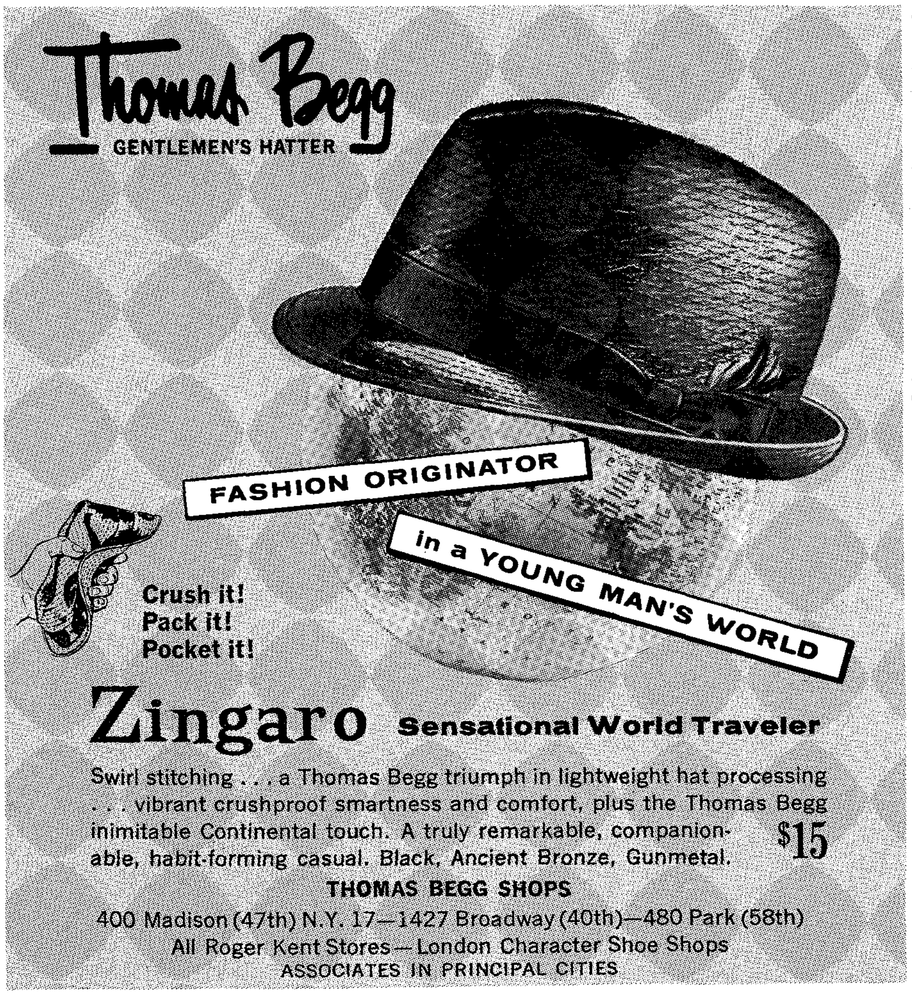

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and the rock was on the verge of descent, something extraordinary occurred—what Perry later called "a goddam miracle." The miracle was the sudden appearance of a third hitchhiker, a Negro soldier, for whom the charitable salesman stopped. "Say, that's pretty cute," he said as his savior ran toward the car. "When you gotta go, you gotta go!"

DECEMBER 16, 1959, Las Vegas, Nevada. Age and weather had removed the first letter and the last—an "R" and an "S"—thereby coining a somewhat ominous word: "OOM." The word, faintly present upon a sun-warped sign, seemed appropriate to the place it publicized, which was, as Harold Nye wrote in his official K.B.I. report, "run-down and shabby, the lowest type of hotel or rooming house." The report continued, "Until a few years ago (according to information supplied by the Las Vegas police), it was one of the biggest cat houses in the West. Then fire destroyed the main building, and the remaining portion was converted into a cheap-rent rooming house." The "lobby" was unfurnished, except for a cactus plant six feet tall and a makeshift reception desk; it was also uninhabited. The detective clapped his hands. Eventually, a voice, female but not very feminine, shouted, "I'm coming," but it was five minutes before the woman appeared. She wore a soiled housecoat and high-heeled gold leather sandals. Curlers pinioned her thinning yellowish hair. Her face was broad, muscular, rouged, powdered. She was carrying a can of Miller's High Life beer; she smelled of beer and tobacco and recently applied nail varnish. She was seventy-four years old but, in Nye's opinion, "looked younger—maybe ten minutes younger." She stared at him—his trim brown suit, his brown snap-brim hat. When he displayed his badge, she was amused; her lips parted, and Nye glimpsed two rows of fake teeth. "Uh-huh. That's what I figured," she said. "O.K. Let's hear it."

He handed her a photograph of Richard Hickock. "Know him?"

A negative grunt.

"Or him?"

She said, "Uh-huh. He's stayed here a coupla times. But he's not here now. Checked out over a month ago. You wanna see the register?"

Nye leaned against the desk and watched the landlady's long and lacquered fingernails search a page of pencil-scribbled names. Las Vegas was the first of three places that his em-

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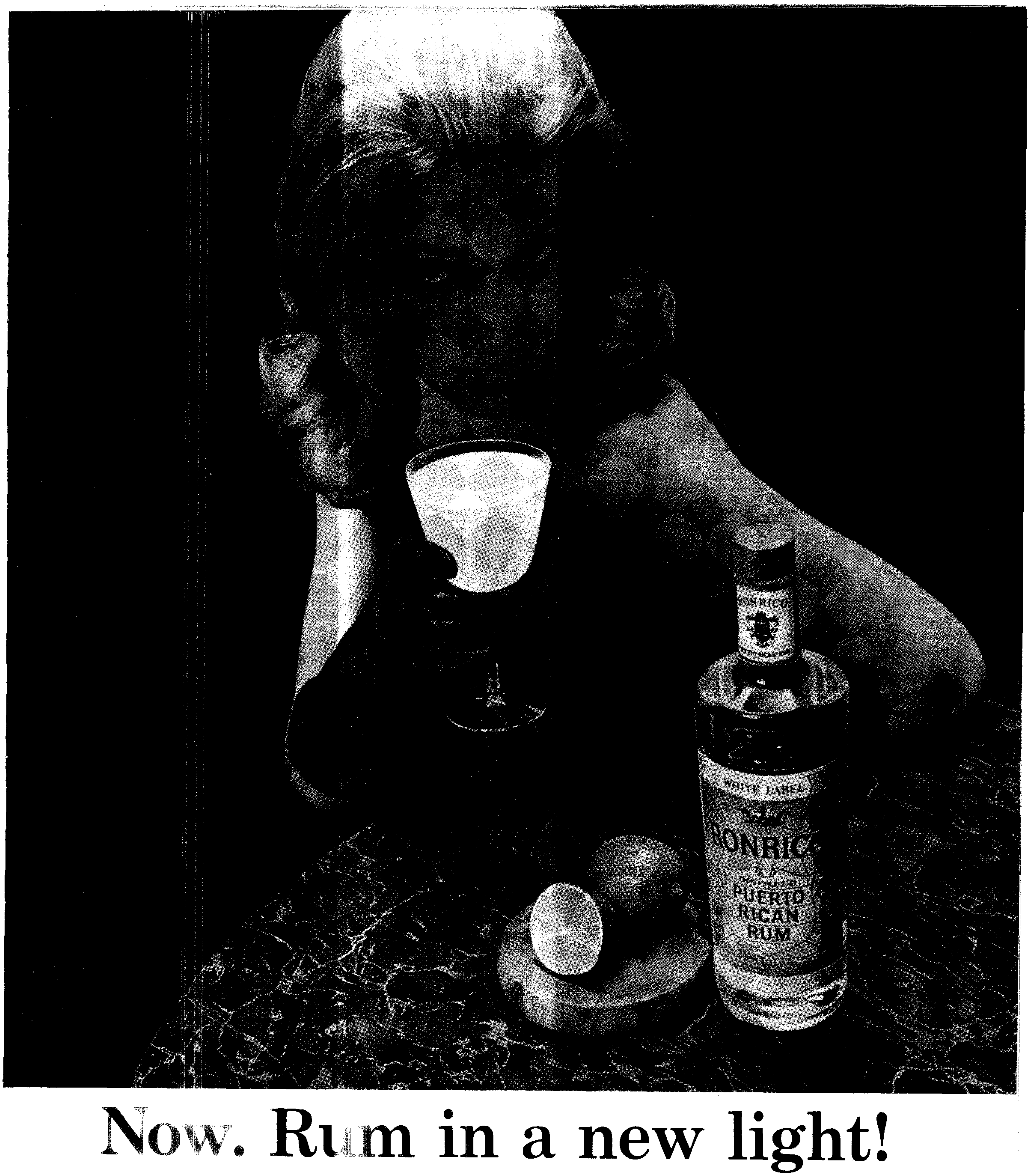
ployers wished him to visit. Each had been chosen because of its connection with the history of Perry Smith. The two others were Reno, where it was thought that Smith's father lived, and San Francisco, the home of Smith's sister, who shall here be known as Mrs. Frederic Johnson. Though Nye planned to interview these relatives, and anyone else who might have knowledge of the suspects' whereabouts, his main objective was to obtain the aid of the local law agencies. On arriving in Las Vegas, for example, he had discussed the Clutter case with Lieutenant B. J. Handlon, chief of the Detective Division of the Las Vegas Police Department. The Lieutenant had then written a memorandum ordering all police personnel to be on the alert for Hickock and Smith: "Wanted in Kansas for parole violation, and said to be driving a 1949 Chevrolet bearing Kansas license JO-58269. These men are probably armed and should be considered dangerous." Also, Handlon had assigned a detective to help Nye "case the pawnbrokers," saying, "Always a pack of them in any gambling town." Together, Nye and the Las Vegas detective checked every pawn ticket issued during the past month. Specifically, Nye hoped to find a Zenith portable radio believed to have been stolen from the Clutter house on the night of the crime, but he had no luck with that. One broker, though, remembered Smith ("He's been in and out of here going on a good ten years"), and was able to produce a ticket for a bearskin rug pawned the first week in November. It was from this ticket that Nye had obtained the address of the rooming house.

"Registered October 30th," the landlady said. "Pulled out November 11th." Nye glanced at Smith's signature. The ornateness of it, the mannered swoops and swirls, surprised him—a reaction that the landlady apparently divined, for she said, "Uh-huh. And you oughta hear him talk. Big, long words coming at you in this kinda lispy, whispery voice. Quite a personality. What you got against him—a nice little punk like that?"

"Parole violation."

"Uh-huh. Came all the way from Kansas on a parole case. Well, I'm just a dizzy blonde. I believe you. But I wouldn't tell that tale to any brunettes." She raised the beer can, emptied it, then thoughtfully rolled the empty can between her veined and freckled hands. "Whatever it is, it ain't nothing big-big. Couldn't be. I never saw the man yet I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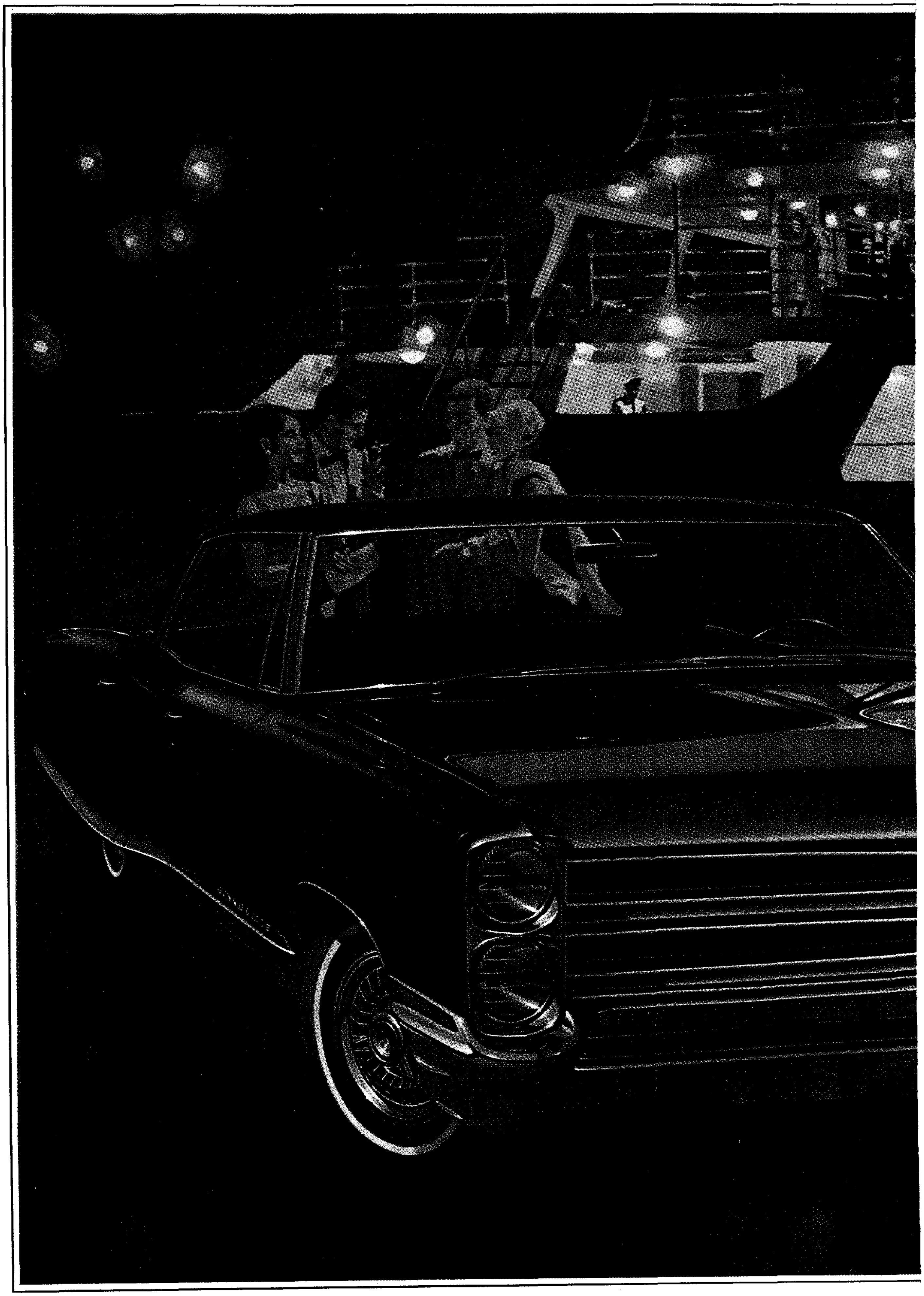

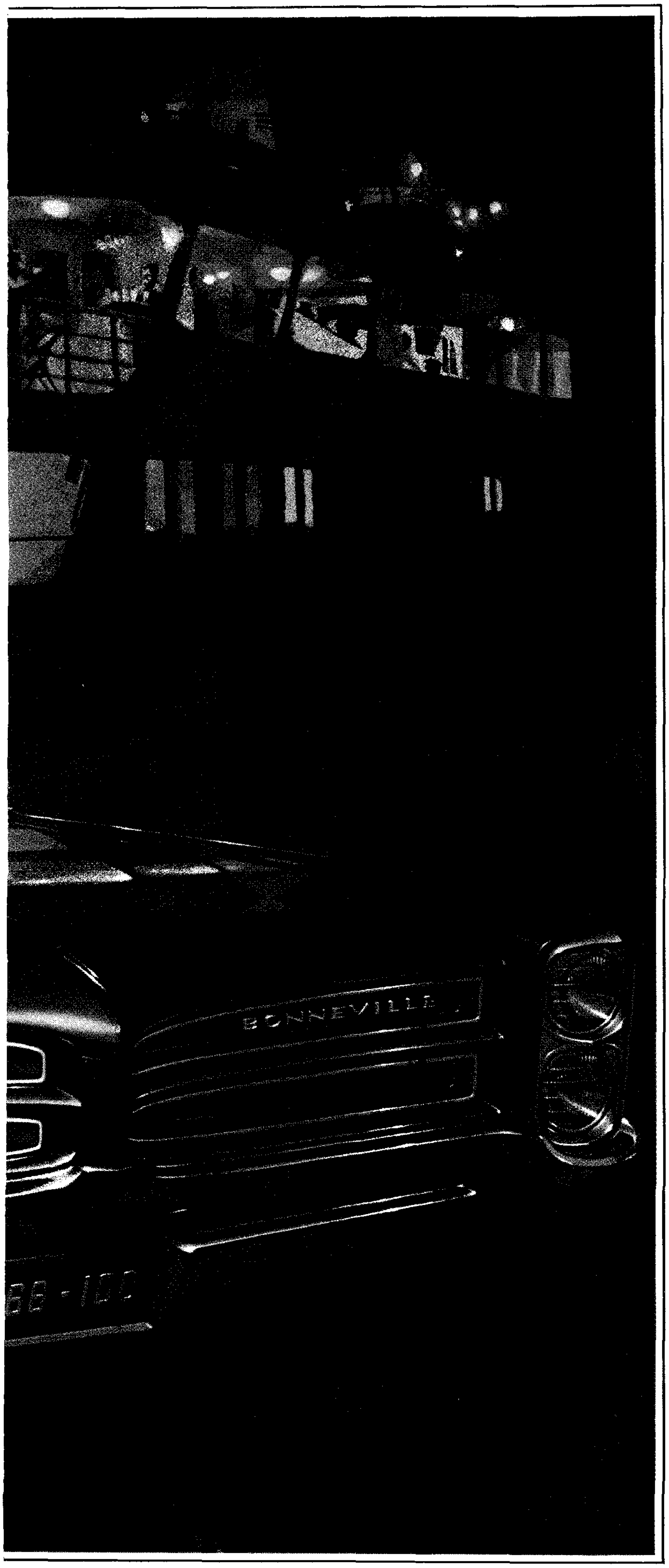

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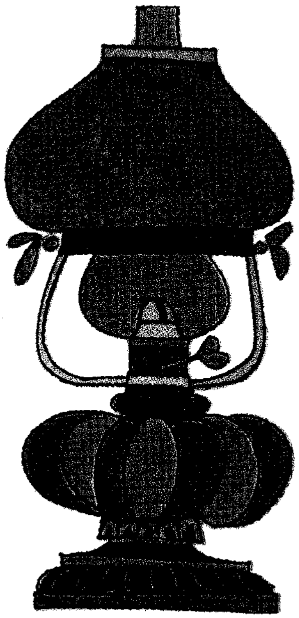

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couldn't gauge his shoe size. This one, he's only a punk. Little punk tried to sweet-talk me out of paying rent the last week he was here." She chuckled, presumably at the absurdity of such an ambition.

The detective asked how much Smith's room had cost him.

"Regular rate. Nine bucks a week. Plus a fifty-cent key deposit. Strictly cash. Strictly in advance."

"While he was here, what did he do with himself? Does he have any friends?" Nye asked.

"You think I keep an eye on every crawly that comes in here?" the landlady retorted. "Bums. Punks. I'm not interested. I got a daughter married big-big." Then she said, "No, he doesn't have any friends. Least, I never noticed him run around with anybody special. This last time he was here, he spent most every day tinkering with his car. Had it parked out front there. An old Ford. Looked like it was made before he was born. He gave it a paint job. Painted the top part black and the rest silver. Then he wrote 'For Sale' on the windshield. One day, I heard a sucker stop and offer him forty bucks—that's forty more than it was worth. But he allowed he couldn't take less than ninety. Said he needed the money for a bus ticket. Just before he left, I heard some colored man bought it."

"He said he needed the money for a bus ticket. But you don't know where it was he wanted to go?"

She pursed her lips, hung a cigarette between them. Meanwhile, her eyes stayed on him. "Play fair. Any money on the table? A reward?" She waited for an answer; when none arrived, she seemed to weigh the probabilities and decide in favor of proceeding. "Because I got the impression wherever he was going he didn't mean to stay long. That he meant to cut back here. Sorta been expecting him to turn up any day." She nodded toward the interior of the establishment. "Come along, and I'll show you why."

Stairs. Gray halls. Nye sniffed the odors, separating one from another: lavatory disinfectant, alcohol, dead cigars. Beyond one door, a drunken tenant wailed and sang as though in the firmest grip of either gladness or grief. "*Boil down, Dutch! Turn it off or out you go!*" the woman yelled. "Here," she said to Nye, leading him into a darkened storage room. She switched on a light. "Over there. That box. He asked would I keep it till he came back."

It was a cardboard box, unwrapped

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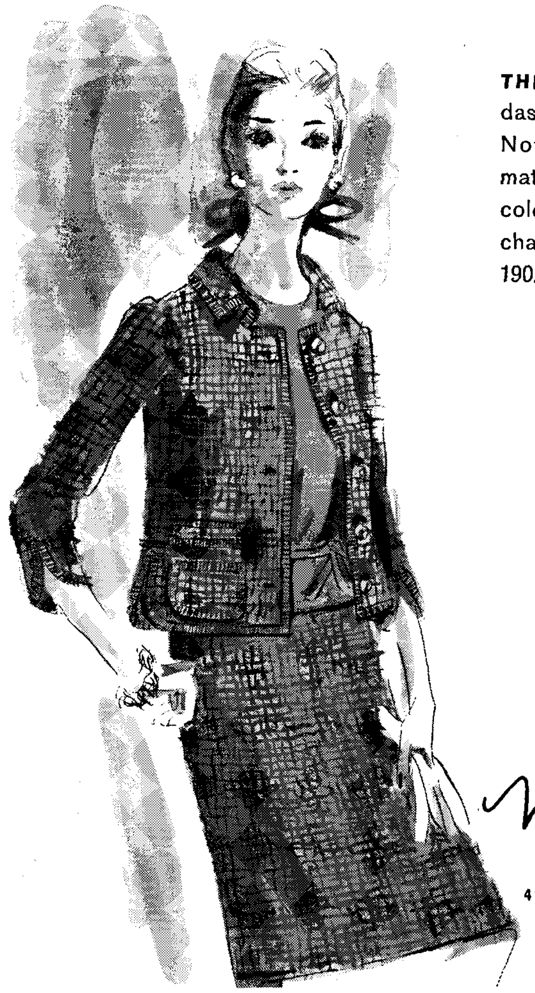

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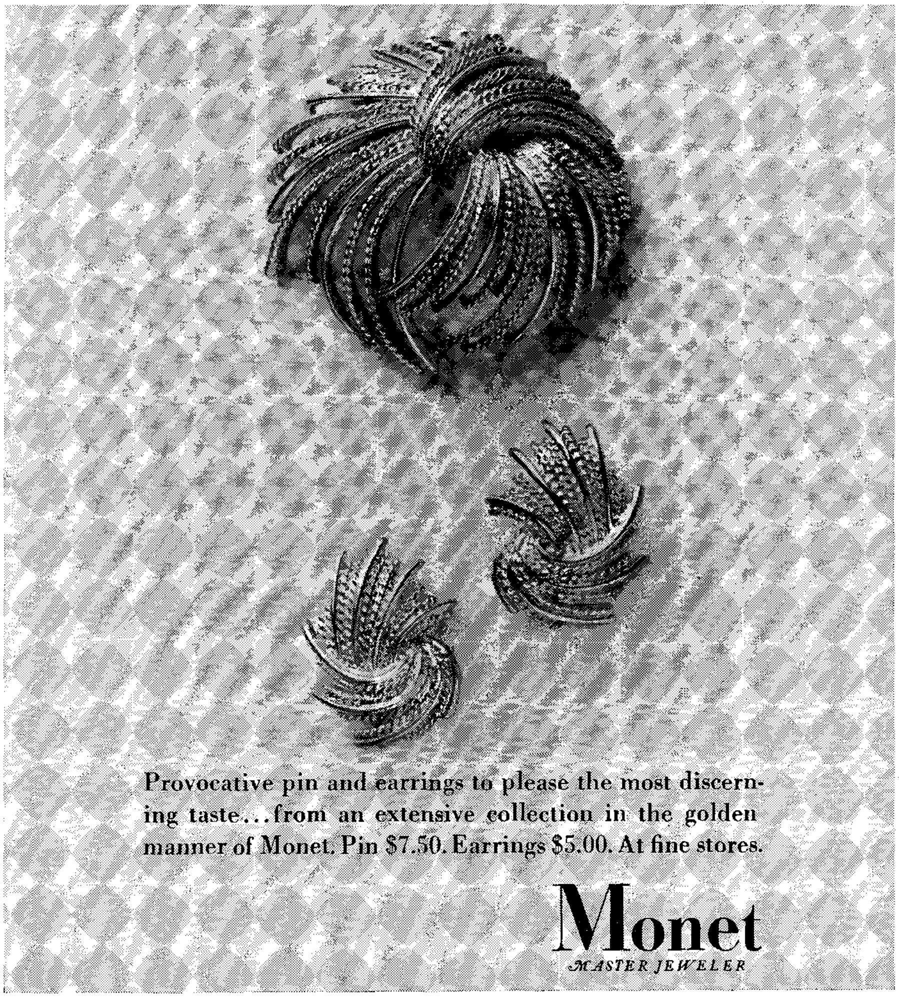

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but tied with cord. A declaration, a warning somewhat in the spirit of an Egyptian curse, was crayoned across the top: "BEWARE! Property of Perry E. Smith! BEWARE!" Nye undid the cord; the knot, he was unhappy to see, was not the same as the half hitch that the killers had used when binding the Clutter family. He parted the flaps. A cockroach emerged, and the woman stepped on it, squashing it under the heel of her gold leather sandal. "Hey!" she said as he carefully extracted and slowly examined Smith's possessions. "The sneak. That's *my* towel." In addition to the towel, the meticulous Nye listed in his notebook: "One dirty pillow, 'Souvenir of Honolulu;' one pink baby blanket; one pair khaki trousers; one aluminum pan with pancake turner." Other oddments included a scrapbook thick with photographs clipped from physical-culture magazines (sweaty studies of weight-lifting weight lifters) and, inside a shoebox, a collection of medicines: rinses and powders employed to combat trench mouth, and also a mystifying amount of aspirin—at least a dozen containers, several of them empty.

"Junk," the landlady said. "Nothing but trash."

True, it was valueless stuff, even to a clue-hungry detective. Still, Nye was glad to have seen it; each item—the palliatives for sore gums, the greasy Honolulu pillow—gave him a clearer impression of the owner and his lonely, mean life.

The next day, in Reno, Nye, preparing his official notes, wrote: "At 9:00 A.M. the reporting agent contacted Mr. Bill Driscoll, chief criminal investigator, Sheriff's Office, Washoe County, Reno, Nevada. After being briefed on the circumstances of this case, Mr. Driscoll was supplied with photographs, fingerprints and warrants for Hickock and Smith. Stops were placed in the files on both these individuals as well as the automobile. At 10:30 A.M. the reporting agent contacted Sgt. Abe Feroah, Detective Division, Police Department, Reno, Nevada. Sgt. Feroah and the reporting agent checked the police files. Neither the name of Smith or Hickock was reflected in the felon registration file. A check of the pawnshop-ticket files failed to reflect any information about the missing radio. A permanent stop was placed in these files in the event the radio is pawned in Reno. The detective handling the pawnshop detail took photographs of Smith and Hickock to each of the pawnshops in town and also made a

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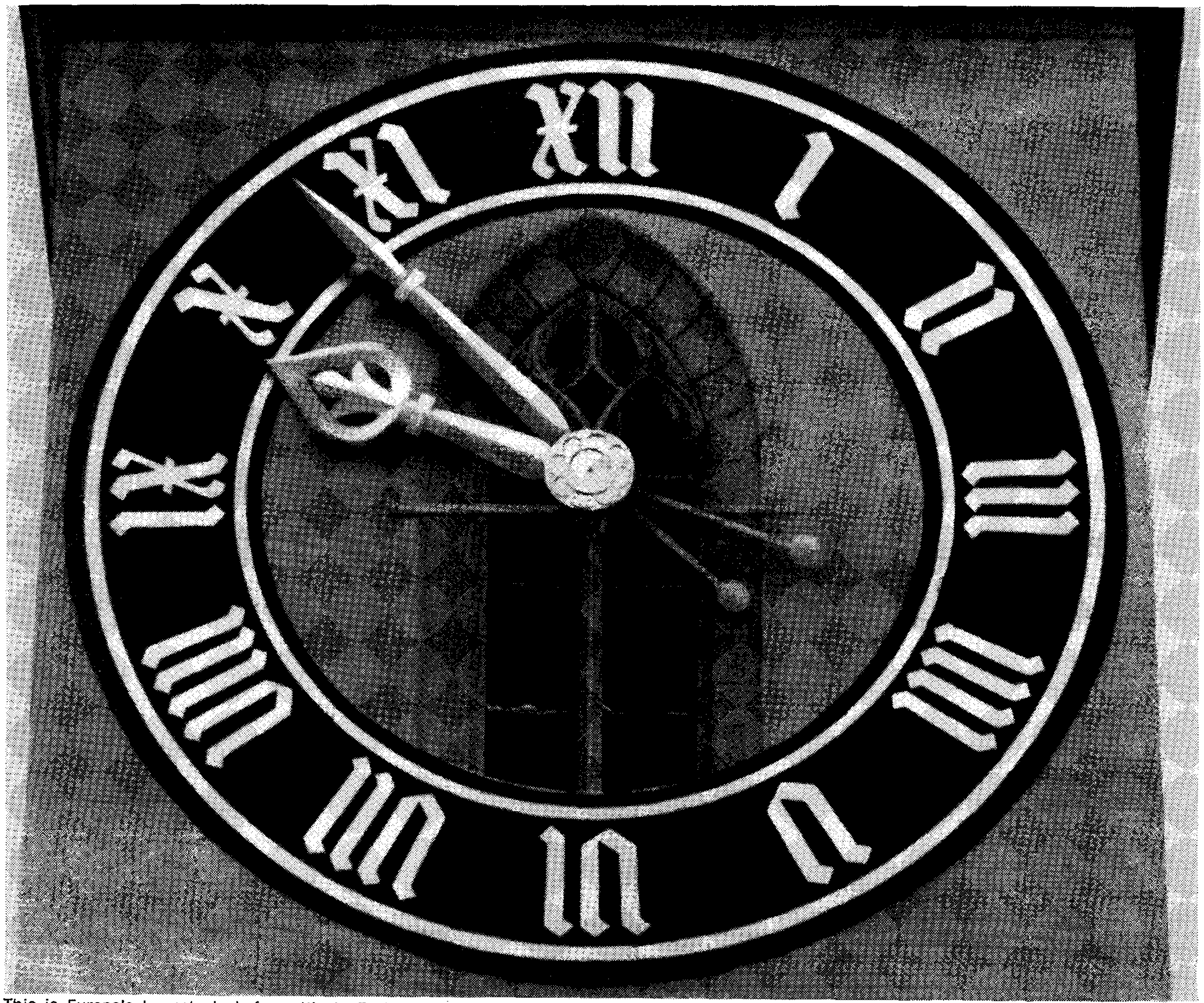

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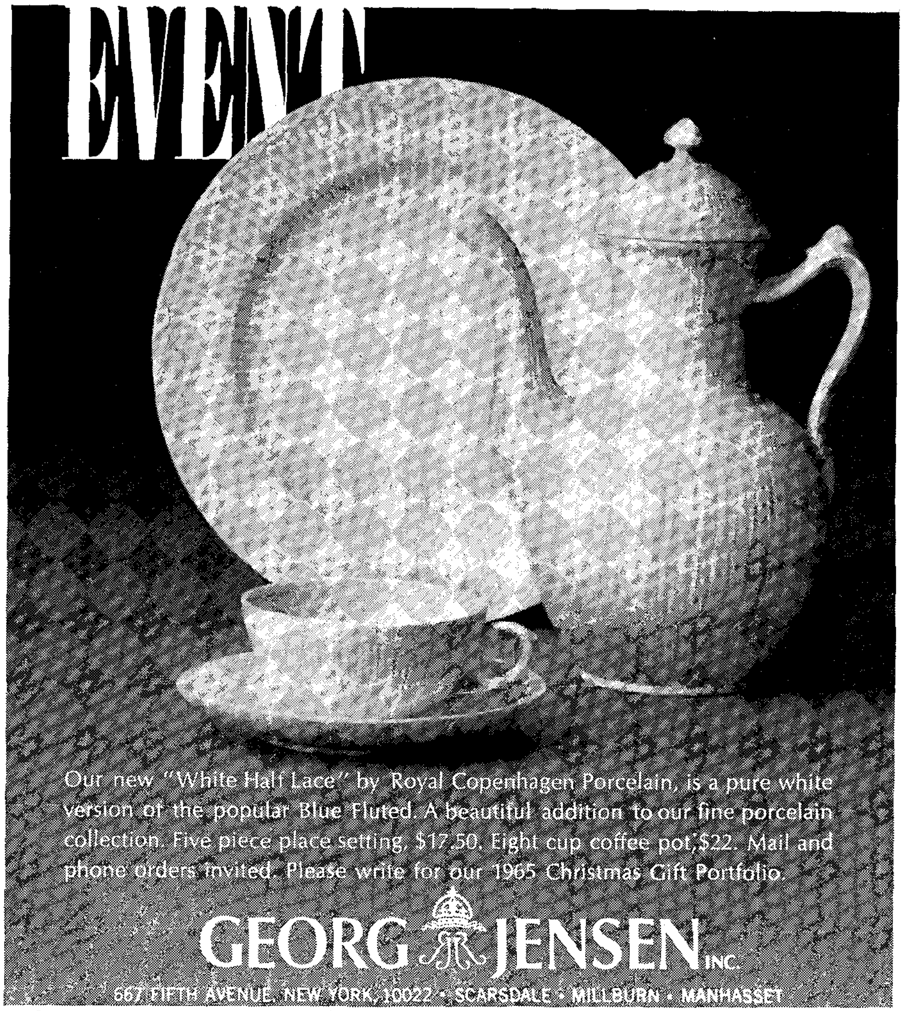

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personal check of each shop for the radio. These pawnshops made an identification of Smith as being familiar, but were unable to furnish any further information."

Thus the morning. That afternoon, Nye set forth in search of Tex John Smith. But at his first stop, the post office, a clerk at the General Delivery window told him he need look no farther—not in Nevada—for "the individual" had left there the previous August and now lived in the vicinity of Circle City, Alaska. That, anyway, was where his mail was being forwarded. "Gosh! Now, there's a tall order," said the clerk in response to Nye's request for a description of the elder Smith. "The guy's out of a book. He calls himself the Lone Wolf. A lot of his mail comes addressed that way—the Lone Wolf. He doesn't receive many letters, no, but bales of catalogues and advertising pamphlets. You'd be surprised the number of people send away for that stuff—just to get some mail, must be. How old? I'd say sixty. Dresses Western—cowboy boots and a big ten-gallon hat. He told me he used to be with the rodeo. I've talked to him quite a bit. He's been in here almost every day the last few years. Once in a while he'd disappear, stay away a month or so—always claimed he'd been off prospecting. One day last August, a young man came here to the window. He said he was looking for his father, Tex John Smith, and did I know where he could find him. He didn't look much like his dad; the Wolf is so thin-lipped and Irish, and this boy looked almost pure Indian—hair black as boot polish, with eyes to match. But next morning in walks the Wolf and confirms it; he told me his son had just got out of the Army and that they were going to Alaska. He's an old Alaska hand. I think he once owned a hotel there, or some kind of hunting lodge. He said he expected to be gone about two years. Nope, never seen him since, him or his boy."

THE Johnson family were recent arrivals in their San Francisco community—a middle-class, middle-income real-estate development high in the hills north of the city. The afternoon of December 18, 1959, young Mrs. Johnson was expecting guests; three women of the neighborhood were coming by for coffee and cake and perhaps a game of cards. The hostess was tense; it would be the first time she had entertained in her new home. Now, while she was listening for the doorbell, she made a final tour, paus-

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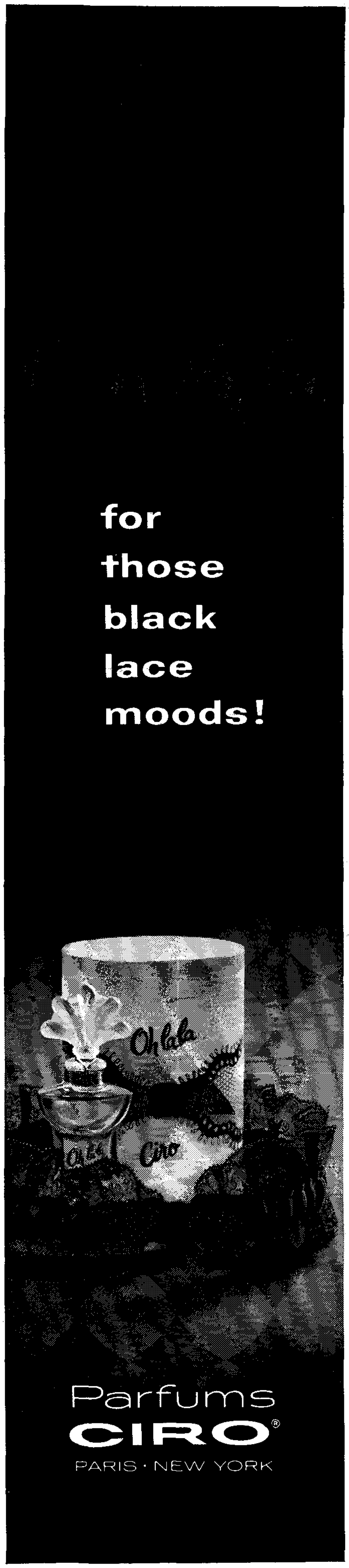

ing to dispose of a speck of lint or alter an arrangement of Christmas poinsettias. The house, like the others on the slanting hillside street, was a conventional suburban ranch house, very pleasant, very commonplace. Mrs. Johnson loved it; she was in love with the redwood panelling, the wall-to-wall carpeting, the picture windows fore and aft, the view that the rear window provided—hills, a valley, then sky and ocean. And she was proud of the small back garden; her husband—by profession an insurance salesman, by inclination a carpenter—had built around it a white picket fence and inside it a house for the family dog, and a sandbox and swings for the children. At the moment, all four—dog, two little boys, and a girl—were playing there under a mild sky; she hoped they would be happy in the garden until the guests had gone. When the doorbell sounded, and she went to the door, she was wearing what she considered her most becoming dress, a yellow knit that hugged her figure and heightened the pale-tea shine of her Cherokee coloring, the blackness of her feather-bobbed hair. She opened the door, prepared to admit three neighbors; instead she discovered two strangers—men who tipped their hats and flipped open badge-studded billfolds. "Mrs. Johnson?" one of them said. "My name is Nye. This is Inspector Guthrie. We're attached to the San Francisco police, and we've just received an inquiry from Kansas concerning your brother, Perry Edward Smith. It seems he hasn't been reporting to his parole officer, and we wondered if you could tell us anything of his present whereabouts."

Mrs. Johnson was not distressed—and definitely not surprised—to learn that the police were once more interested in her brother's activities. What did upset her was the prospect of having guests arrive to find her being questioned by detectives. She said, "No. Nothing. I haven't seen Perry in four years."

"This is a serious matter, Mrs. Johnson," Nye said. "We'd like to talk it over."

Having surrendered, having asked them in and offered them coffee (which was accepted), she said, "I haven't seen Perry in four years. Or heard from him since he was paroled. Last summer, when he came out of prison, he visited my father in Reno. In a letter, my father told me he was returning to Alaska and taking Perry with him. Then he wrote again, I think in September, and he was very angry. He and Perry had quarrelled and separated

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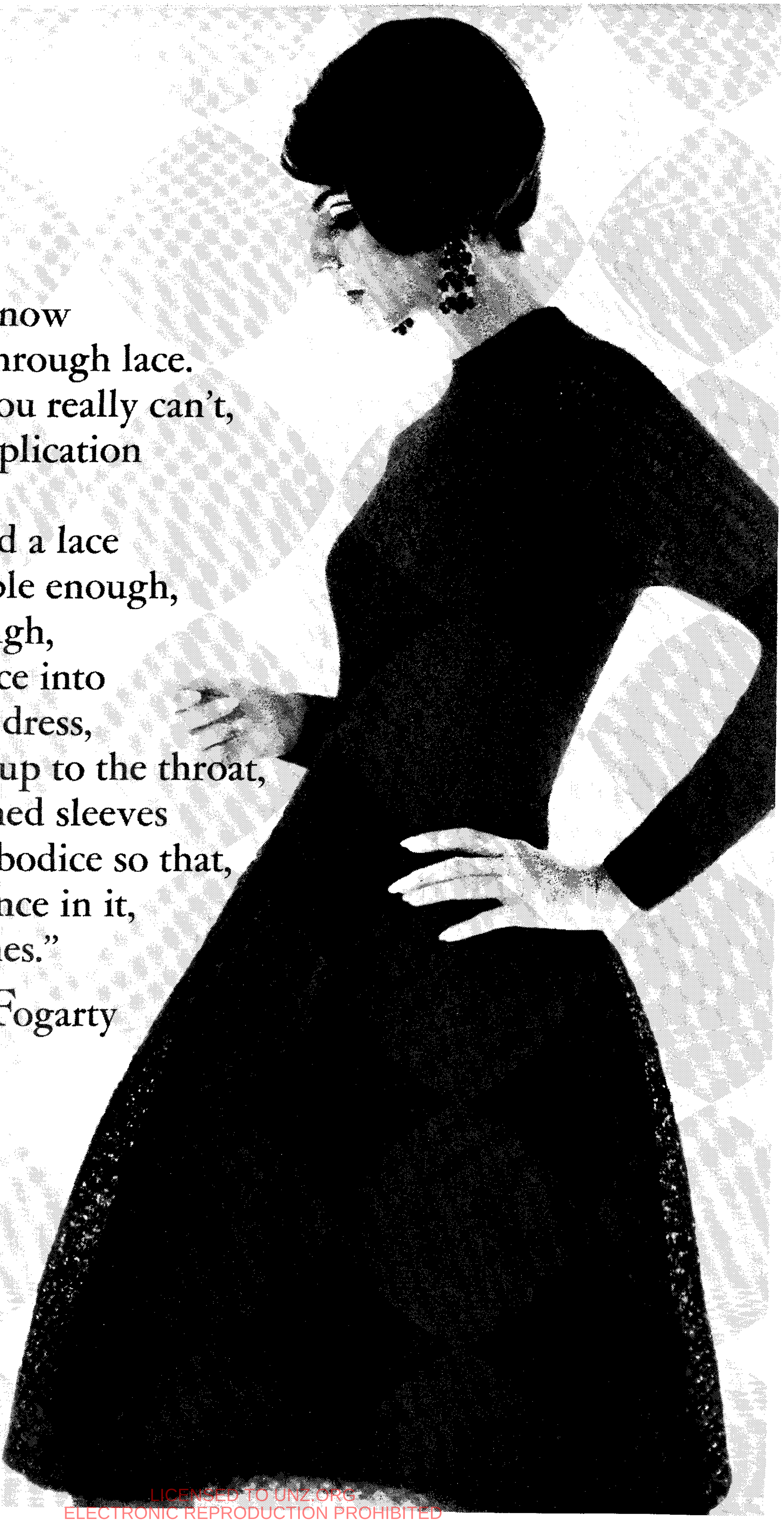

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before they reached the border. Perry turned back; my father went on into Alaska alone."

"And he hasn't written you since?"

"No."

"Then it's possible your brother may have joined him recently. Within the last month."

"I don't know. I don't care."

"On bad terms?"

"With Perry? Yes. I'm afraid of him."

"But while he was in Lansing you wrote him frequently. Or so the Kansas authorities tell us."

It was a duologue. The second man, Inspector Guthrie, seemed content to occupy the sidelines.

"I wanted to help him. I hoped I might change a few of his ideas. Now I know better. The rights of other people mean nothing to Perry. He has no respect for anyone."

"About friends. Do you know of any with whom he might be staying?"

"Joe James," she said, and explained that James was a young Indian logger and fisherman who lived in the forest near Bellingham, Washington. No, she was not personally acquainted with him, but she understood that he and his family were generous people who had often been kind to Perry in the past. The only friend of Perry's she had ever *met* was a young lady who had appeared on the Johnsons' doorstep in June, 1955, bringing with her a letter from Perry in which he introduced her as his wife. "He said he was in trouble, and asked if I would take care of his wife until he could send for her. The girl looked twenty; it turned out she was fourteen. And, of course, she wasn't anyone's wife. But at the time I was taken in. I felt sorry for her, and asked her to stay with us. She did, though not for long. Less than a week. And when she left, she took our suitcases and everything they could hold—most of my clothes and most of my husband's, the silver, even the kitchen clock."

"When this happened, where were you living?"

"Denver."

"Have you ever lived in Fort Scott, Kansas?"

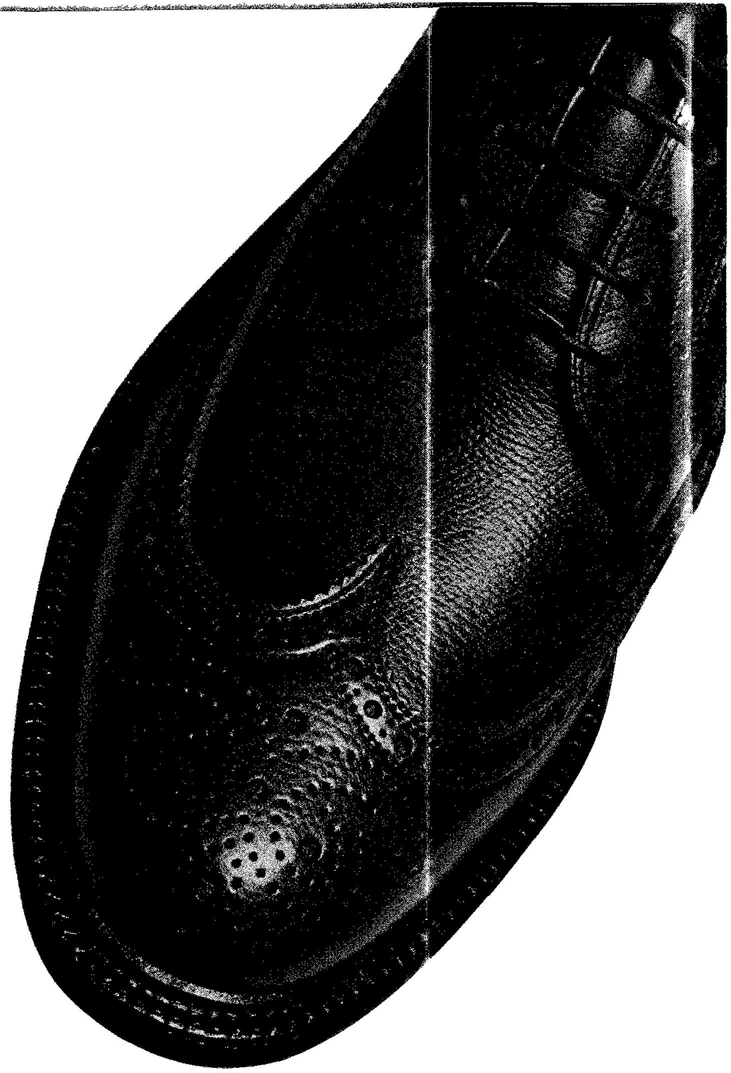
"Never. I've never been to Kansas."

"Have you a sister who lives in Fort Scott?"

"My sister is dead. My only sister."

Nye smiled. He said, "You understand, Mrs. Johnson, we're working on the assumption your brother will contact you. Write or call. Or come to see you."

"I hope not. As a matter of fact, he



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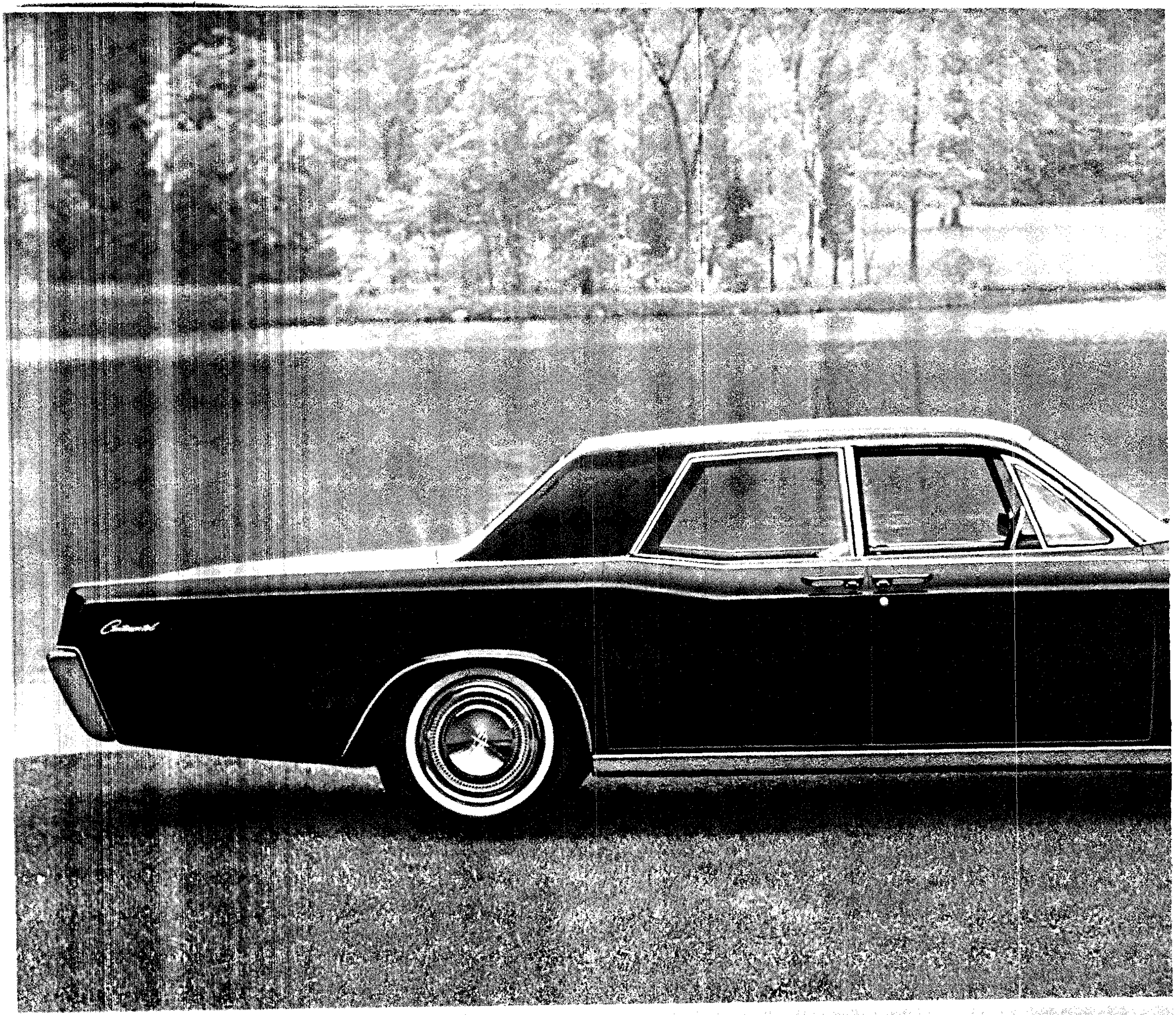
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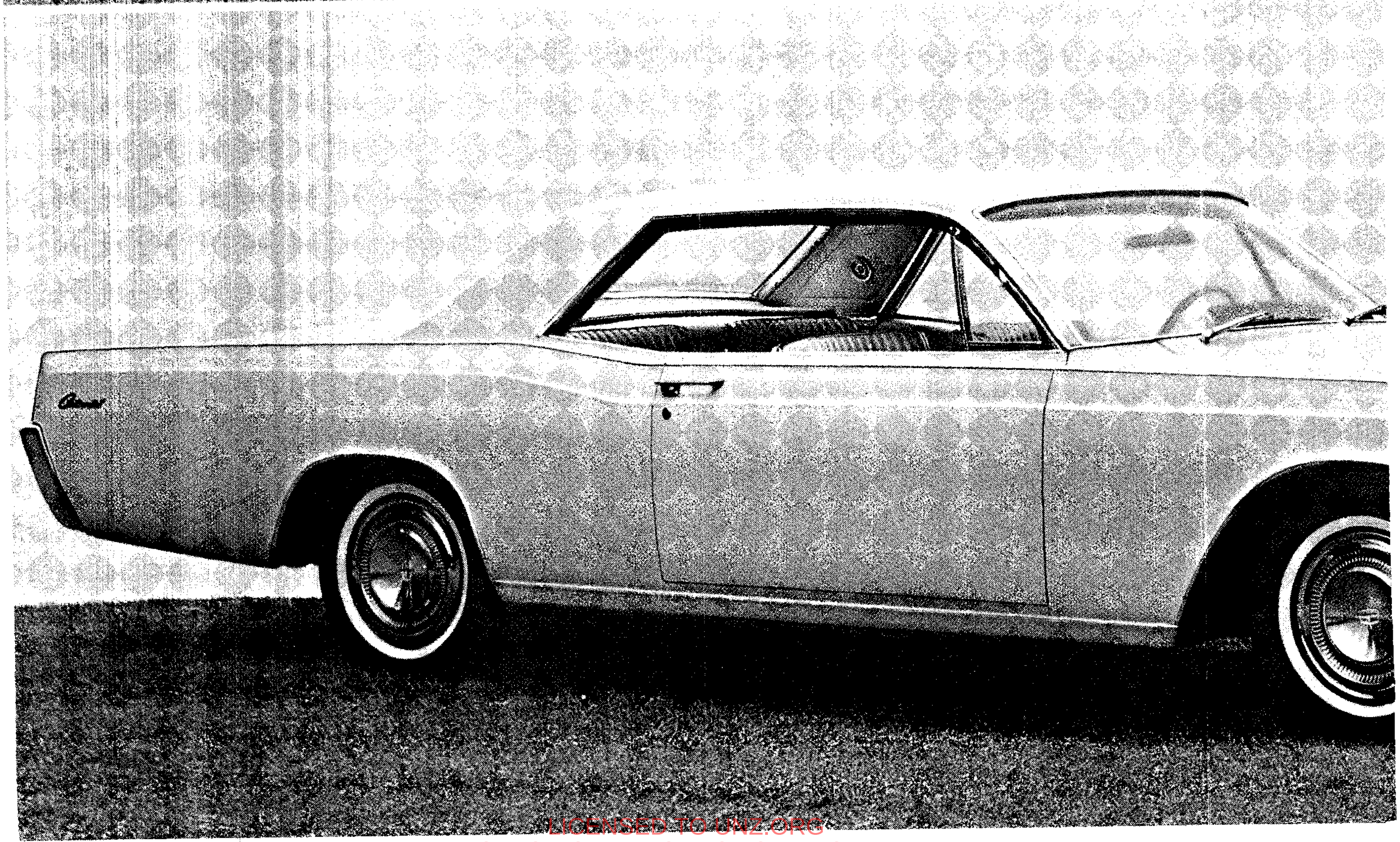
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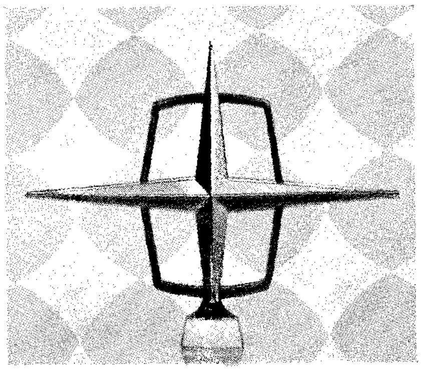

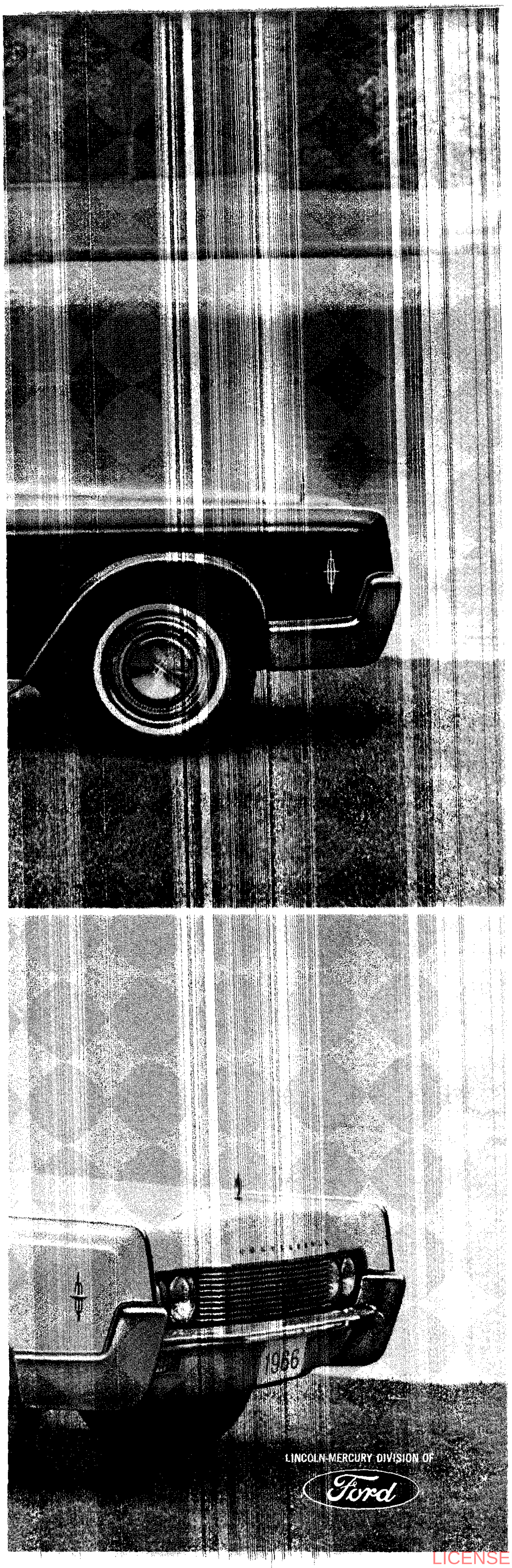

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doesn't know we've moved. He thinks I'm still in Denver. Please, if you do find him, don't give him my address. I'm afraid."

"When you say that, is it because you think he might harm you? Hurt you physically?"

She considered, and, unable to decide, said she didn't know, continuing, "But I'm afraid of him. I always have been. He can *seem* so warmhearted and sympathetic. Gentle. He cries so easily. Sometimes music sets him off, and when he was a little boy he used to cry because he thought a sunset was beautiful. Or the moon. Oh, he can fool you. He can make you feel so sorry for him—"

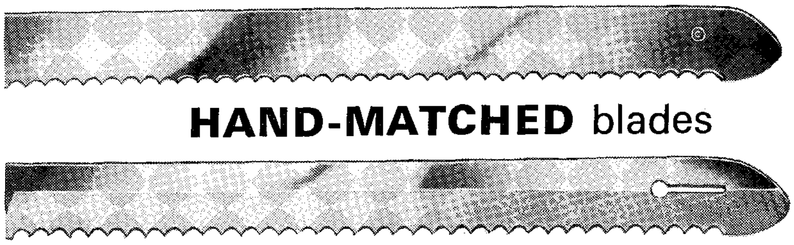
The doorbell rang. Mrs. Johnson's reluctance to answer conveyed her dilemma, and Nye (who later wrote of her, "Throughout the interview she remained composed and most gracious. A person of exceptional character") reached for his brown snap-brim. "Sorry to have troubled you, Mrs. Johnson. But if you hear from Perry we hope you'll have the good sense to call us. Ask for Inspector Guthrie."

After the departure of the detectives, the composure that had impressed Nye faltered; a familiar despair impended. She fought it, delayed its full impact until the party was done and the guests had gone, until she'd fed the children and bathed them and heard their prayers. Then the mood, like the evening ocean fog now clouding the street lamps, closed round her. She had said she was afraid of Perry, and she was, but was it simply Perry she feared, or was it a configuration of which he was part—the terrible destinies that seemed promised the four children of Florence Buckskin and Tex John Smith? The eldest, the brother she loved, had shot himself; Fern had fallen out of a window, or jumped; and Perry was committed to violence, a criminal. So, in a sense, she was the only survivor. But what tormented her was the thought that in time she, too, would be overwhelmed: go mad, or contract an incurable illness, or in a fire lose all she valued—home, husband, children.

Her husband was away on a business trip, and usually, when she was alone, she never thought of having a drink. Tonight, she fixed a strong one, then lay down on the living-room couch, a picture album propped against her knees.

A photograph of her father dominated the first page—a studio portrait taken in 1922, the year of his marriage to the young Indian rodeo rider Miss

The electric knife with the



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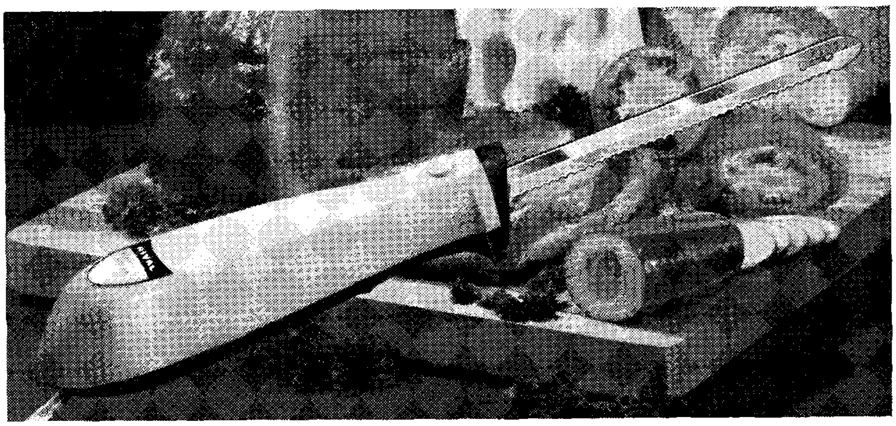

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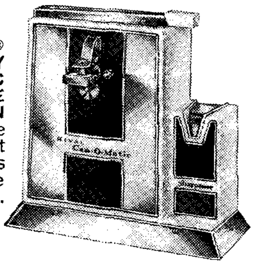

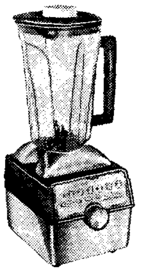

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Florence Buckskin. It was a photograph that invariably transfixed the daughter of the subject. Because of it, she could understand why, when essentially they were so mismatched, her mother had married him. The young man in the picture exuded virile allure. Everything—the cocky tilt of his ginger-haired head, the squint in his left eye (as though he were sighting a target), the tiny cowboy scarf knotted round his throat—was abundantly attractive. On the whole, Mrs. Johnson's attitude toward her father was ambivalent, but one aspect of him she had always respected—his fortitude. She well knew how eccentric he seemed to others; he seemed so to her, for that matter. All the same, he was "a real man." He did things—did them easily. He could make a tree fall precisely where he wished. He could skin a bear, repair a watch, build a house, bake a cake, darn a sock, or catch a trout with a bent pin and a piece of string. Once, he had survived a winter alone in the Alaskan wilderness.

Alone—that, in Mrs. Johnson's opinion, was how such men should live. Wives, children, a timid life are not for them.

She turned over some pages of childhood snapshots—pictures made in Utah and Nevada and Idaho and Oregon. The rodeo careers of "Tex & Flo" were finished, and the family, living in an old truck, roamed the country hunting work—a hard thing to find in 1933. "Tex John Smith Family picking berries in Oregon, 1933"—thus the caption under a snapshot of four barefooted children wearing overalls and cranky, uniformly fatigued expressions. Berries, stale bread soaked in sweet condensed milk—such fodder was often all they had to eat. Barbara Johnson remembered that once the family had lived for days on rotten bananas, and that, as a result, Perry had got colic—had screamed all night, while Bobo, as Barbara was called, wept for fear he was dying.

Bobo was three years older than Perry, and she adored him; he was her only toy—a doll she scrubbed and combed and kissed and sometimes spanked. Here was a picture of the two together bathing naked in a diamond-watered Colorado creek, the brother, a pot-bellied, sun-blackened cupid, clutching his sister's hand and giggling, as though the tumbling stream contained ghostly tickling fingers. In another snapshot (Mrs. Johnson was unsure, but she thought probably it was made at a remote Nevada ranch where the fam-

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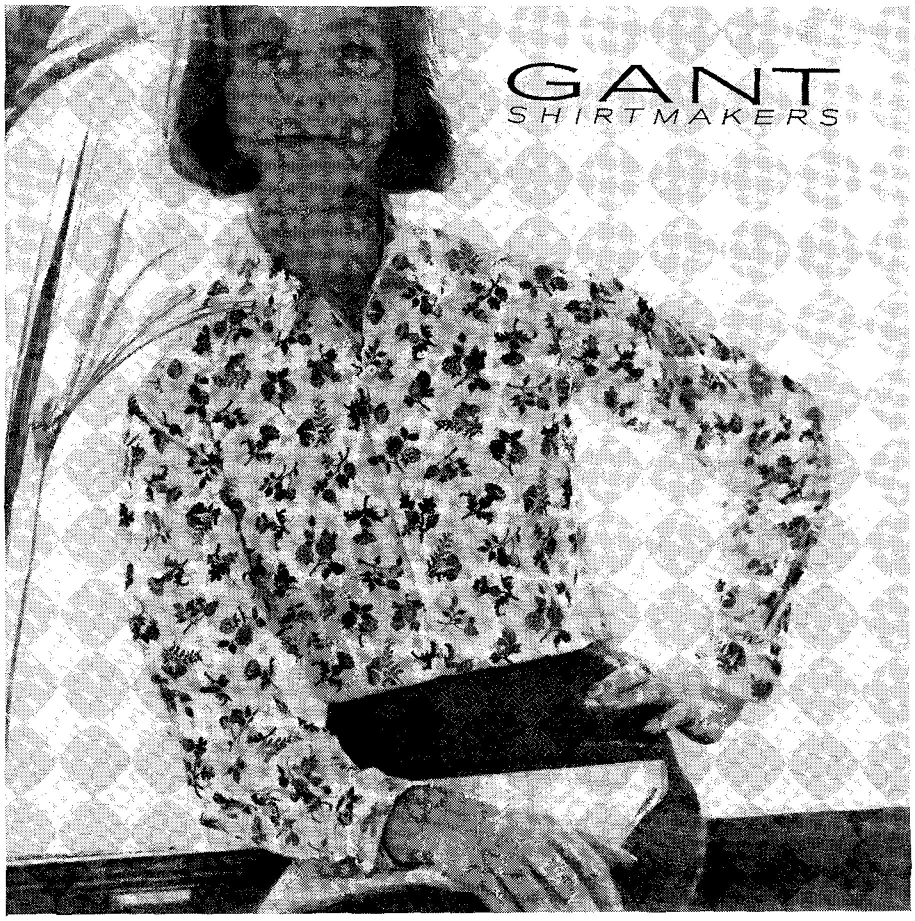

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ily was staying when a final battle between the parents, a terrifying contest in which horsewhips and scalding water and kerosene lamps were used as weapons, had brought the marriage to a stop), she and Perry are astride a pony, their heads together, their cheeks touching; beyond them dry mountains burn.

Later, when the children and their mother had gone to live in San Francisco, Bobo's love for the little boy weakened until it quite went away. He wasn't her baby anymore but a wild thing, a thief, a robber. His first recorded arrest was on October 27, 1936—his eighth birthday. Ultimately, after several confinements in institutions and children's detention centers, he was returned to the custody of his father, and it was many years before Bobo saw him again, except in photographs that Tex John occasionally sent his other children—pictures that, pasted above white-ink captions, were part of the album's contents. There were "Perry, Dad, and their Husky Dog," "Perry and Dad Panning for Gold," "Perry Bear-Hunting in Alaska." In this last, he was a fur-capped boy of fifteen standing on snowshoes among snow-weighted trees, a rifle hooked under his arm; the face was drawn and the eyes were sad and very tired, and Mrs. Johnson, looking at the picture, was reminded of a "scene" that Perry had made once when he had visited her in Denver. Indeed, it was the last time she had ever seen him—the spring of 1955. They were discussing his childhood with Tex John, and suddenly Perry, who had too much drink inside him, pushed her against a wall and held her there. "I was his nigger," Perry said. "That's all. Somebody he could work their guts out and never have to pay them one hot dime. No, Bobo. *I'm* talking. Shut up, or I'll throw you in the river. Like once when I was walking across a bridge in Japan, and a guy was standing there, I never saw him before, I just picked him up and threw him in the river. Please, Bobo. Please listen. You think I *like* myself? Oh, the man I could have been! But that bastard never gave me a chance. He wouldn't *let* me go to school. O.K. O.K. I was a bad kid. But the time came I begged to go to school. I happen to have a brilliant mind. In case you don't know. A brilliant mind and talent plus. But no education. Because he didn't want me to learn anything. Only how to tote and carry for him. Dumb. Ignorant. That's the way he wanted me to be. So that I could never escape him. But you, Bobo. *You* went to school. You and Jimmy and

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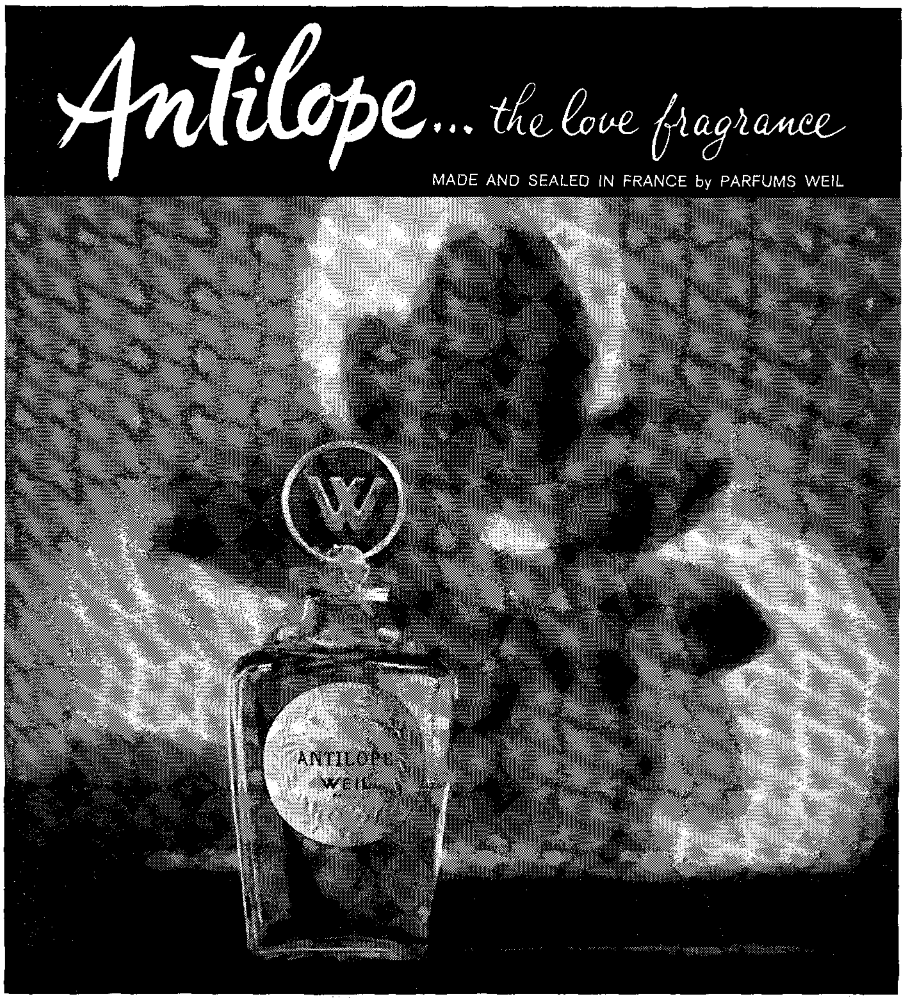
Fern. Every damn one of you got an education. Everybody but me. And I hate you, all of you—Dad and everybody."

As though for his brother and sisters life had been a bed of roses! Maybe so, if that meant cleaning up Mama's drunken vomit, if it meant never anything nice to wear or enough to eat. Still, it was true; all three had finished high school. Jimmy, in fact, had graduated at the top of his class—an honor he owed entirely to his own will power. That, from Barbara Johnson's point of view, was what made his suicide so ominous. Strong character, high courage, hard work—it seemed that none of these were determining factors in the fates of Tex John's children. They shared a doom against which virtue was no defense. Not that Perry was virtuous, or Fern. When Fern was fourteen, she changed her name, and for the rest of her short life she tried to justify the replacement: Joy. She was an easygoing girl, "everybody's sweetheart"—rather too much everybody's, for she was partial to men, though somehow she hadn't had much luck with them. Somehow, the kind of man she liked always let her down. Her mother had died in an alcoholic coma, and she was afraid of drink, yet she drank. Before she was twenty, she was beginning the day with a bottle of beer. Then, one summer night, she fell from the window of a hotel room. Falling, she struck a theatre marquee, bounced off it, and rolled under the wheels of a taxi. Above, in the vacated room, police found her shoes, a moneyless purse, an empty whiskey bottle.

One could understand Fern, and forgive her, but Jimmy was a different matter. Mrs. Johnson was looking at a picture of him in which he was dressed as a sailor; during the war he had served in the Navy. Slender, a pale young seafarer with an elongated face of slightly dour saintliness, he stood with an arm around the waist of the girl he had married and, in Mrs. Johnson's estimation, ought not to have, for they had nothing in common—the serious Jimmy and this teen-age San Diego fleet-follower, whose glass beads reflected a now long-faded sun. And yet what Jimmy had felt for her was beyond normal love; it was passion—a passion that was in part pathological. As for the girl, she *must* have loved him, and loved him completely, or she would not have done as she did. If only Jimmy had believed that! Or been capable of believing it. But jealousy imprisoned him. He was mortified by



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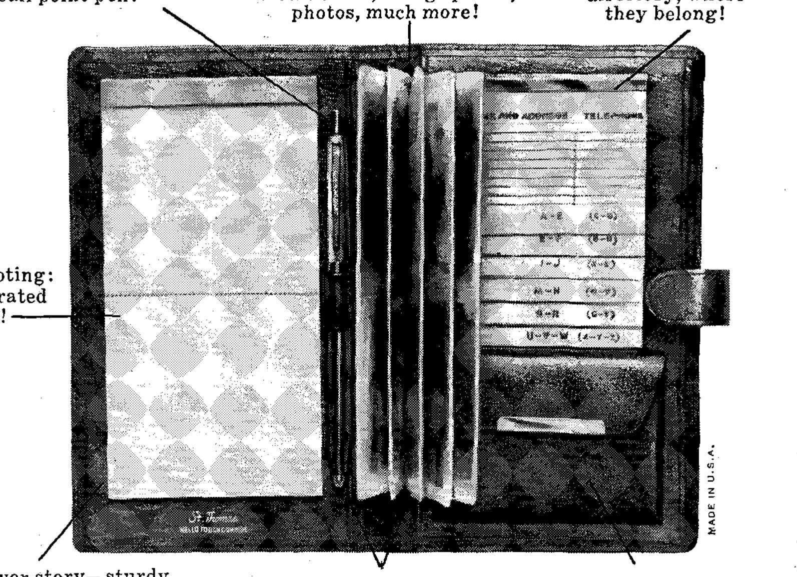

thoughts of the men she had slept with before their marriage; he was convinced, moreover, that she had remained promiscuous—that every time he went to sea, or even left her alone for the day, she betrayed him with a multitude of lovers, whose existence he unendingly demanded that she admit. Jimmy killed his wife one day and himself the next.

Opposite the picture of Jimmy and his wife was a photograph of Perry in Army uniform. It had been clipped from a newspaper, and was accompanied by a paragraph of text: "Headquarters, United States Army, Alaska. Pvt. Perry E. Smith, 23, first Army Korean combat veteran to return to the Anchorage, Alaska, area, is greeted by Captain Mason, Public Information Officer, upon arrival at Elmendorf Air Force Base. Smith served 15 months with the 24th Division as a combat engineer. His trip from Seattle to Anchorage was a gift from Pacific Northern Airlines. Miss Lynn Marquis, airline hostess, smiles approval at welcome. (Official U.S. Army Photo)." Captain Mason, with hand extended, is looking at Private Smith, but Private Smith is looking at the camera. In his expression his sister saw, or imagined she saw, not gratitude but arrogance, and, in place of pride, immense conceit. It wasn't incredible that he had met a man on a bridge and thrown him off it. Of course he had. She had never doubted it.

She shut the album and switched on the television, but it did not console her. Suppose he did come? The detectives had found her. Why shouldn't Perry? He need not expect her to help him; she wouldn't even let him in. The front door was locked, but not the door to the garden. The garden was white with sea fog; it might have been an assembly of spirits: Mama and Jimmy and Fern. When Mrs. Johnson bolted the door, she had in mind, as she would never forget, the dead as well as the living.

A CLOUDBURST. Rain. Buckets of it. Dick ran. Perry ran, too, but he could not run as fast; his legs were shorter, and he was lugging the suitcase. Dick reached shelter—a barn near the highway—long before him. On leaving Omaha, after a night spent in a Salvation Army dormitory, a truck driver had given them a ride across the Nebraska border into Iowa. The past several hours, however, had found them afoot. The rain came when they were sixteen miles north of an Iowa

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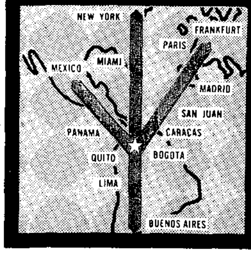

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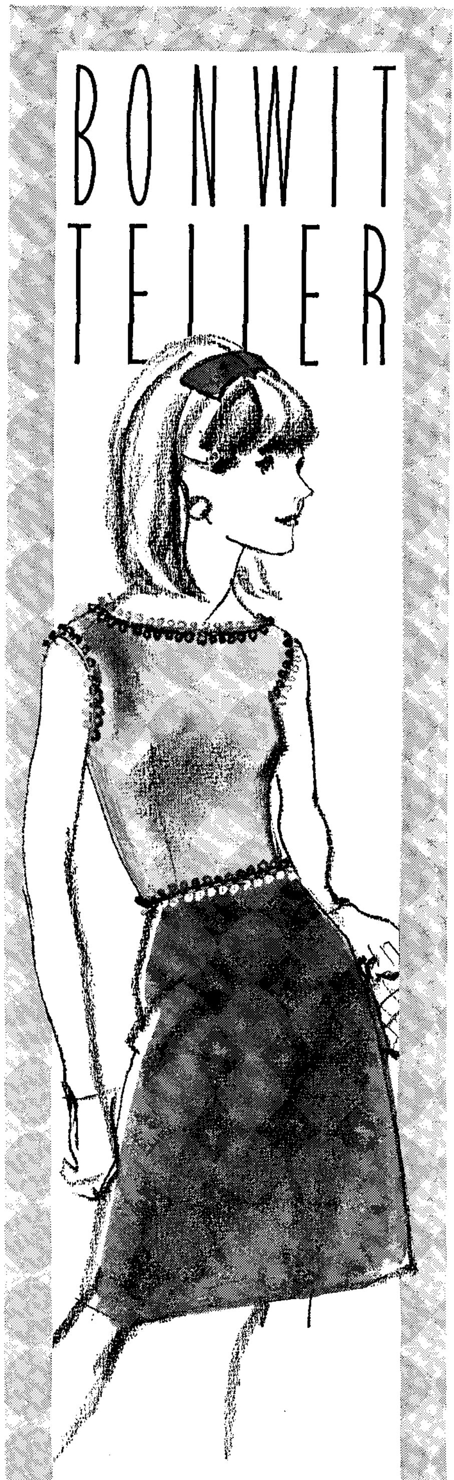

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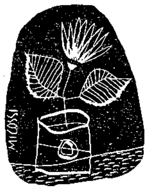
settlement called Tenville Junction. The barn was dark.

"Dick?" Perry said.

"Over here," Dick said. He was sprawled on a bed of hay.

Perry, drenched and shaking, dropped beside him. "I'm so cold," he said, burrowing in the hay, "I'm so cold I wouldn't give a damn if this caught fire and burned me alive." He was hungry, too. Starved. Last night, they dined on bowls of Salvation Army soup, and today the only nourishment they'd had was some chocolate bars and chewing gum that Dick had stolen from a drugstore candy counter. "Any more Hershey?" Perry asked.

No, but there was still a pack of chewing gum. They divided it, then settled down to chewing it, each chomping on two and a half sticks of Wrigley's Juicy Fruit, Dick's favorite flavor. (Perry preferred Doublemint.) Money was the problem. Their utter lack of it had led Dick to decide that their next move should be what Perry considered "a crazy-man stunt"—a return to Kansas City. When Dick had first urged the return, Perry had said, "You ought to see a doctor." Now, huddled together in the cold darkness, listening to the dark, cold rain, they resumed the argument, Perry once more listing the dangers of such a move, for surely by this time Dick was wanted for parole violation—"*if* nothing worse." But Dick was not to be dissuaded. Kansas City, he again insisted, was the one place he was certain he could successfully "hang a lot of hot paper." He went on, "Hell, I know we've got to be careful. I know they've got a warrant out. Because of the paper we hung before. But we'll move fast. One day—that'll do it. If we grab enough, maybe we ought to try Florida. Spend Christmas in Miami. Stay the winter if it looks good." But Perry chewed his gum and shivered and sulked. Dick said, "What is it, honey? That other deal? Why the hell can't you forget it? They never made any connection. They never will."



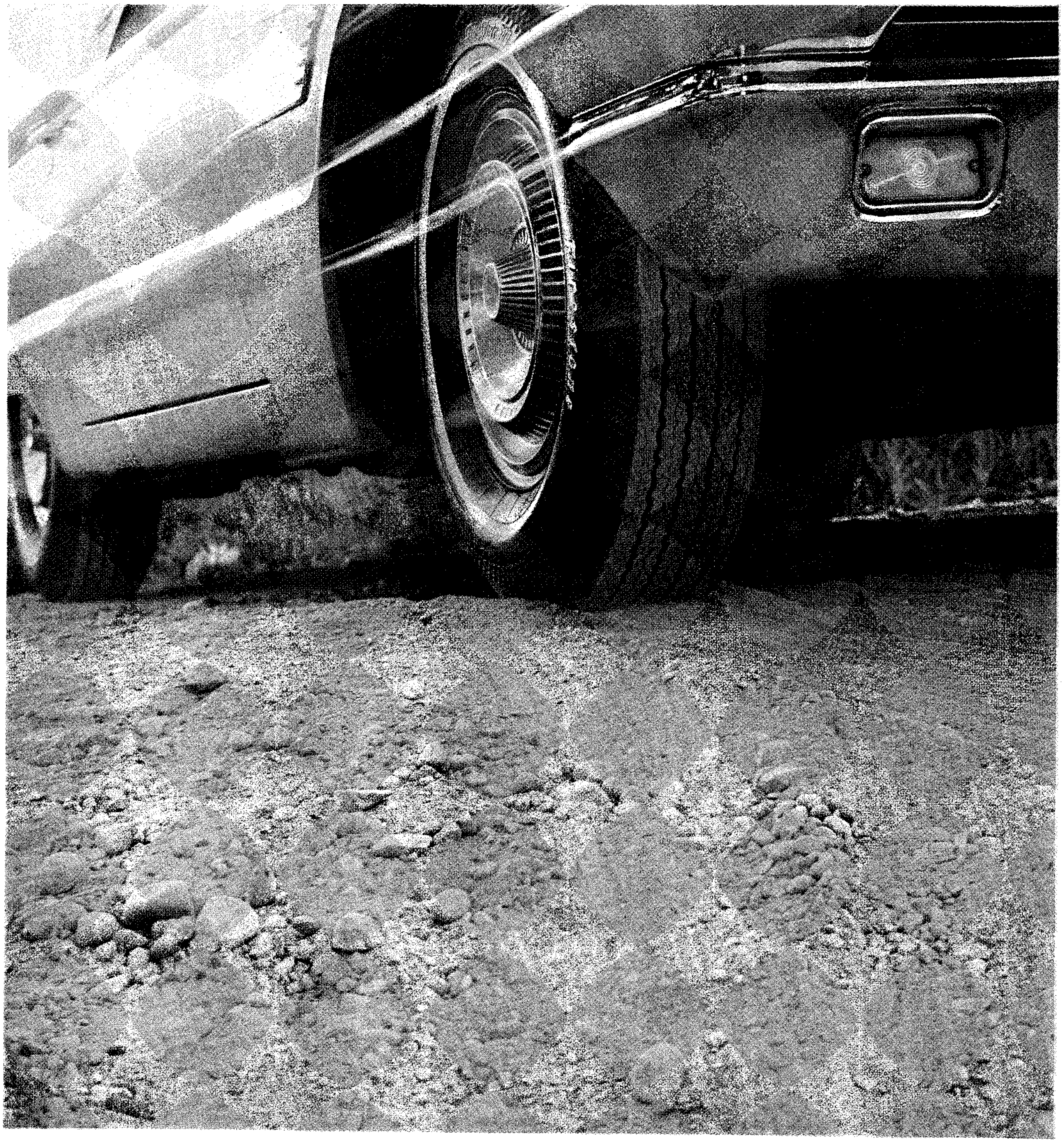
Perry said, "You could be wrong. And if you are, it means The Corner." Neither one had ever before referred to the ultimate penalty in the State of Kansas—the gallows, or death in The Corner, as the inmates of Kansas State Penitentiary have named the shed that houses the equipment required to hang a man.

Dick said, "The comedian. You kill me." He struck a match, intending to smoke a cigarette, but something seen by the light of the flaring match brought him to his feet and carried him across the barn to a cow stall. A car was parked inside the stall. A black-and-white two-door 1956 Chevrolet. The key was in the ignition.

DEWEY was determined to conceal from "the civilian population" any knowledge of a major break in the Clutter case—so determined that he decided to take into his confidence Garden City's two professional town criers: Bill Brown, editor of the Garden City *Telegram*, and Robert Wells, manager of the local radio station, KIUL. In outlining the situation, Dewey emphasized his reasons for considering secrecy of the first importance. "Remember, there's a possibility these men are innocent."

It was a possibility too valid to dismiss. The informer, Floyd Wells, might easily have invented his story; such tale-telling was not infrequently undertaken by prisoners who hoped to win favor or attract official notice. But even if the man's every word was gospel, Dewey and his colleagues had not yet unearthed one bit of solid supporting evidence—"courtroom evidence." What had they discovered that could not be interpreted as plausible, though exceptional, coincidence? Just because Smith had travelled to Kansas to visit his friend Hickock, and just because Hickock possessed a gun of the calibre used to commit the crime, and just because the suspects had arranged a false alibi to account for their whereabouts the night of November 14th, they were not necessarily mass murderers. "But we're pretty sure this is it. We all think so. If we didn't, we wouldn't have set up a seventeen-state alarm. From Arkansas to Oregon. But keep in mind: It could be years before we catch them. They may have separated. Or left the country. There's a chance they've gone to Alaska—not hard to get lost in Alaska. The longer they're free, the less of a case we'll have. Frankly, as matters stand, we don't have much of a case anyhow. We could nab those sonsabitches tomorrow, and never be able to prove spit."

Dewey did not exaggerate. Except for two sets of boot prints, one bearing a diamond pattern and the other a Cat's Paw design, the slayers had left not a single clue. Undoubtedly, since they seemed to take such care, they had long ago got rid of the boots. And the radio, too—assuming that it was they who had stolen it, which was something Dewey still hesitated to do, for it appeared to him "ludicrously inconsistent" with the



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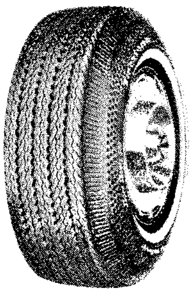

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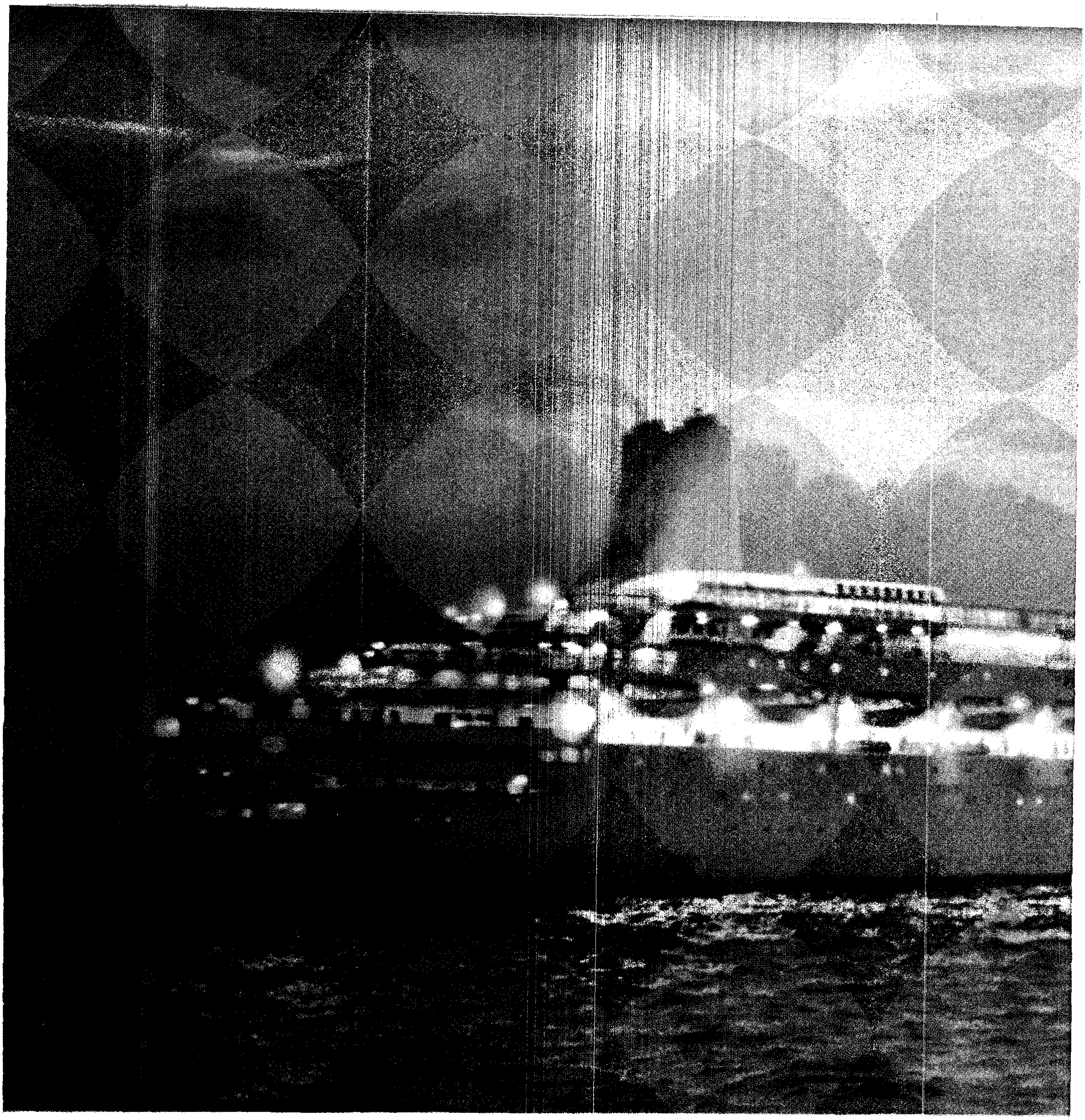

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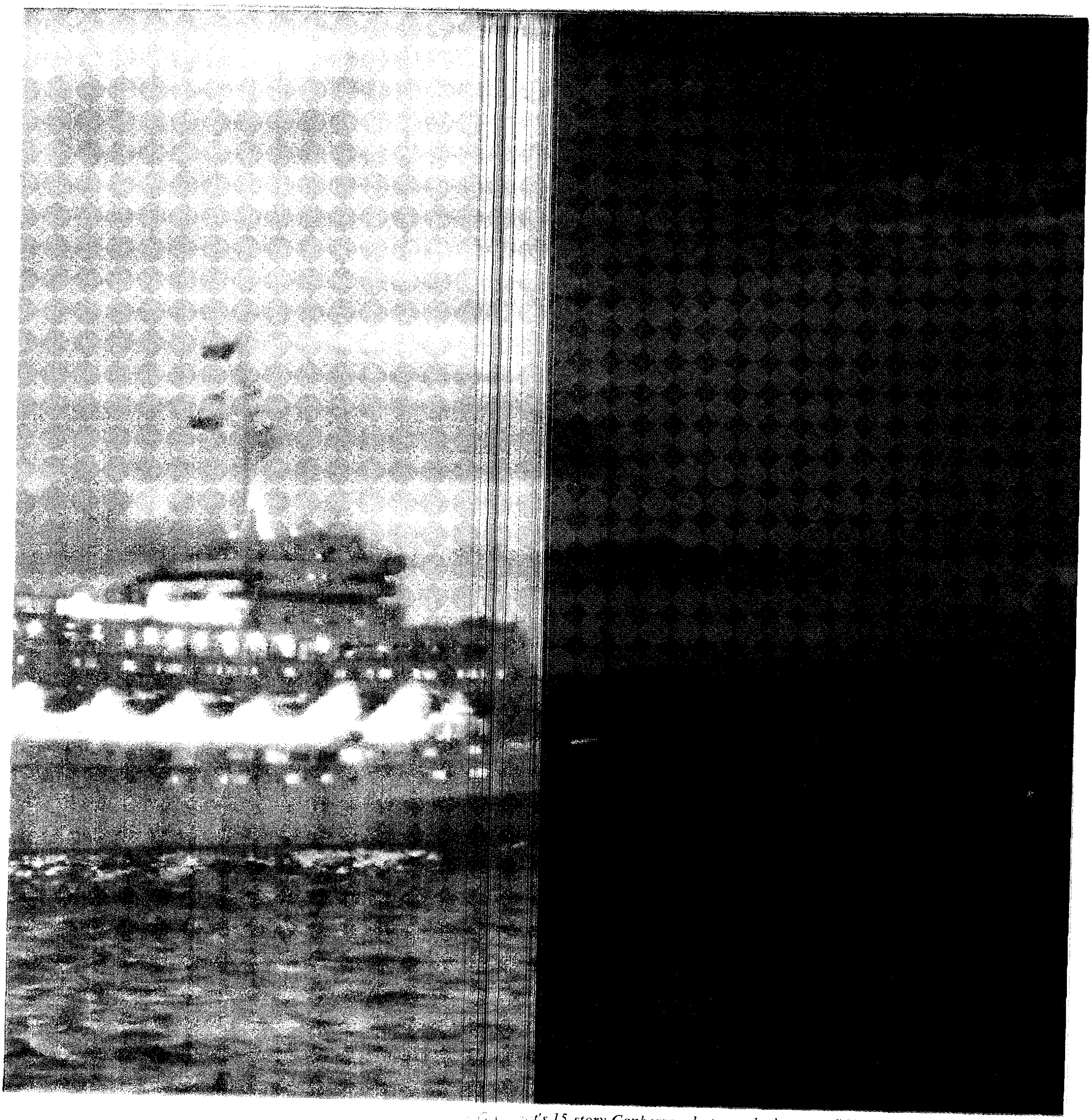

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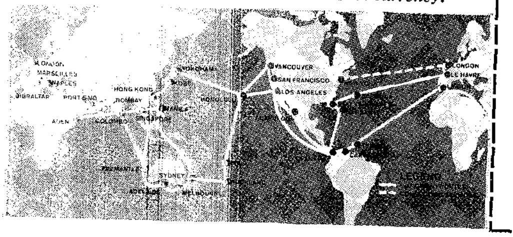
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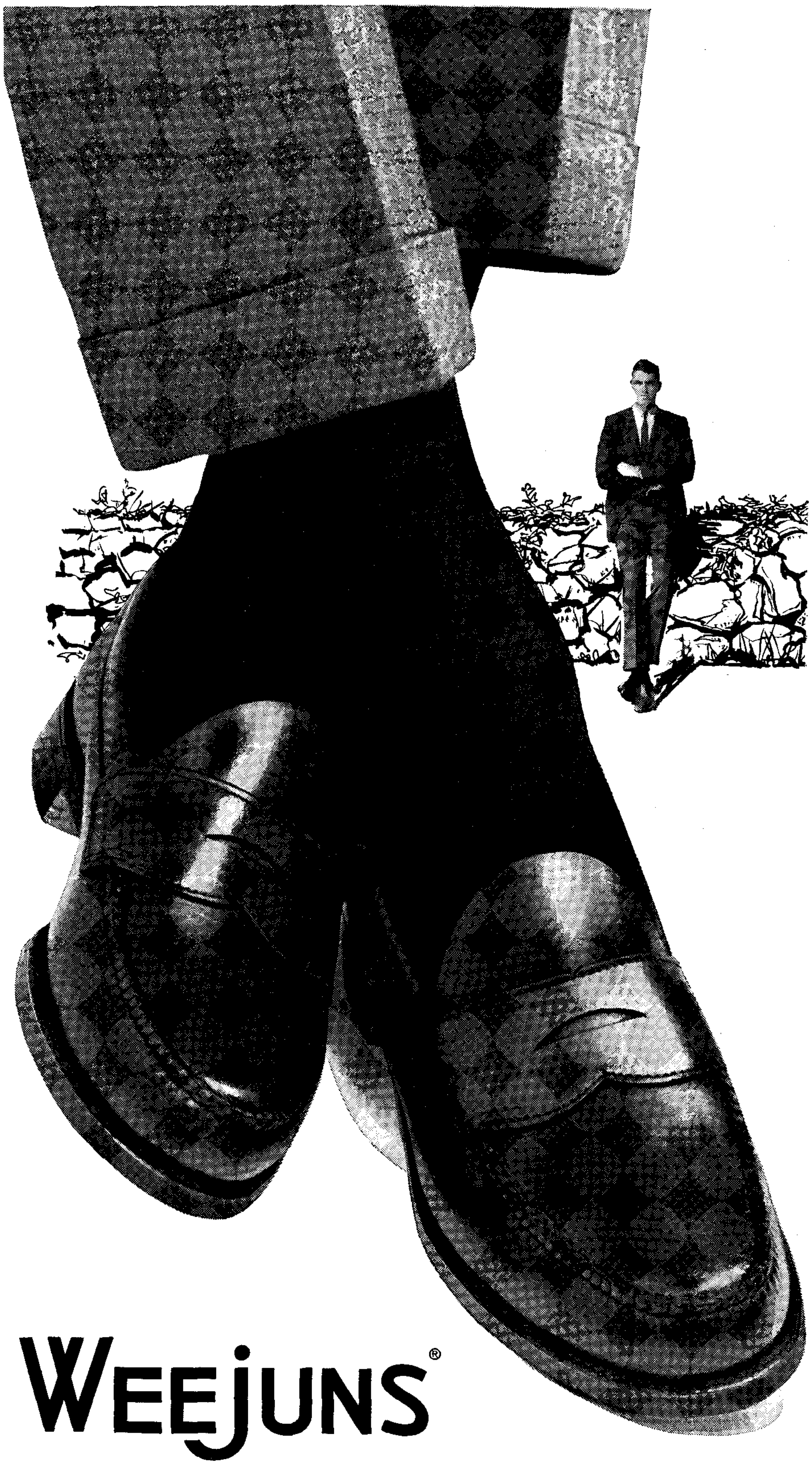
But secrets are an unusual commodity in a town the size of Garden City. Anyone visiting the sheriff's office, three underfurnished, overcrowded rooms on the third floor of the county courthouse, could detect an odd, almost sinister atmosphere. The hurry-scurry, the angry hum of recent weeks had departed; a quivering stillness now permeated the premises. Mrs. Edna Richardson, the office secretary and a very down-to-earth person, had acquired overnight a dainty lot of whispery, tiptoe mannerisms, and the men she served, the sheriff and his staff, Dewey, and the imported team of K.B.I. agents, crept about conversing in hushed tones. It was as though, like huntsmen hiding in a forest, they were afraid that any abrupt sound or movement would warn away approaching beasts.

People talked. The Trail Room of the Warren Hotel, a coffee shop that Garden City businessmen treat as though it were a private club, was a murmuring cave of speculation and rumor. An eminent citizen, so one heard, was on the point of arrest. Or it was now known that the crime was the work of killers hired by enemies of the Kansas Association of Wheat Growers, a progressive organization in which Mr. Clutter had played a large role. Of the many stories circulating, the most nearly accurate was contributed by a prominent car dealer (who refused to disclose its source): "Seems there was a man who worked for Herb way back yonder around '47 or '48. Ordinary ranch hand. Seems he went to prison, state prison, and while he was there he got to thinking what a rich man Herb was. So about a month ago, when they let him loose, the first thing he did was come on out here to rob and kill those people."

But seven miles westward, in the village of Holcomb, where River Valley Farm was situated, where the Clutter family had lived, and where the murders had taken place, not a hint was heard of impending sensations, one rea-



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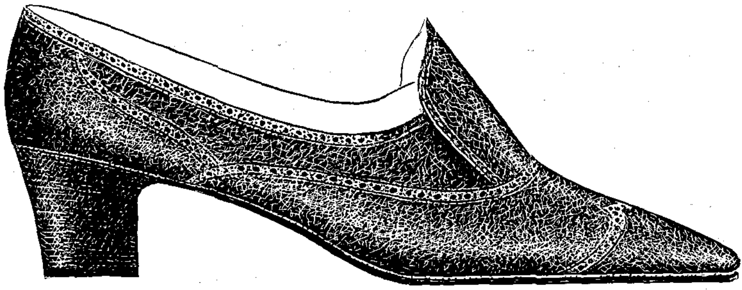

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son being that for some while the Clutter tragedy had been a banned topic at both of the community's principal gossip-dispensaries—the post office and Hartman's Café. "Myself, I don't want to hear another word," said Mrs. Hartman. "I told them, 'We can't go on like this. Distrusting everybody. Scaring each other to death. What I say is, if you want to talk about it stay out of my place.' " Her cousin Mrs. Myrtle Clare, Holcomb's opinionated postmistress, took quite as strong a stand. "Folks come in here to buy a nickel's worth of postage and think they can spend the next three hours and thirty-three minutes turning the Clutters inside out. Pickin' the wings off other people. Rattlesnakes, that's all they are. I don't have the time to listen. I'm in business—I'm a representative of the government of the United States. Anyway, it's morbid. Al Dewey and those hot-shot cops from Topeka and Kansas City—supposed to be sharp as turpentine. But I don't know a soul who still thinks they've got hell's chance of catching the one done it. So I say the sane thing to do is shut up. You live until you die, and it doesn't matter *how* you go—dead's dead. So why carry on like a sackful of sick cats just because Herb Clutter got his throat cut? Anyway, it's morbid. Polly Stringer, from over at the schoolhouse—Polly Stringer was in here this morning. She said it's only now, after over a month, only now those kids are beginning to quiet down. Which made me think: What if they *do* arrest somebody? If they do, it's bound to be somebody everybody knows. And that would fan the fire for sure, get the pot boiling just when it had started to cool off. Ask me, we've had enough excitement."

IT was early, not yet nine, and Perry was the first customer at the Washateria, a self-service laundry. He opened his fat straw suitcase, extracted a wad of briefs and socks and shirts (some his, some Dick's), tossed them into a washing machine, and fed the machine a lead slug—one of many bought in Mexico. He was expertly acquainted with the workings of such emporiums, having often patronized them, and happily, since he usually found it "so relaxing" to sit quiet and watch clothes get clean. Not today. He was too apprehensive. Despite his warnings, Dick had won out. Here they were, back in Kansas City—dead broke, to boot, and driving a stolen car! All night, they had raced the Iowa Chevrolet through thick rain, stopping twice to siphon gas, both times from vehicles parked on the

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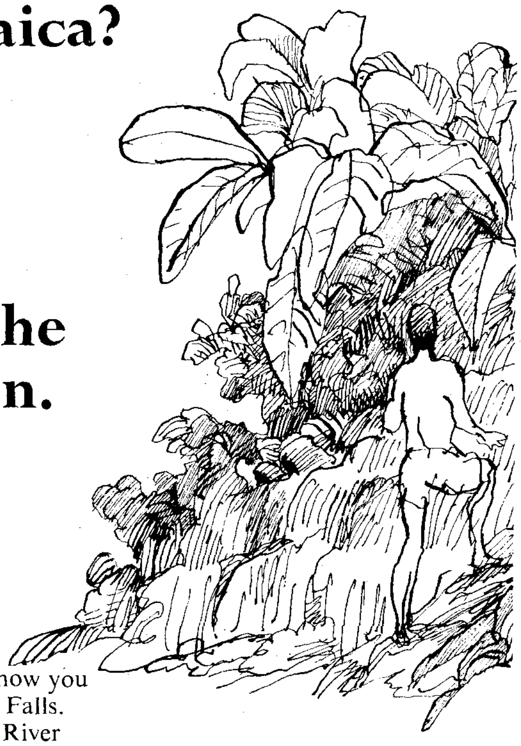

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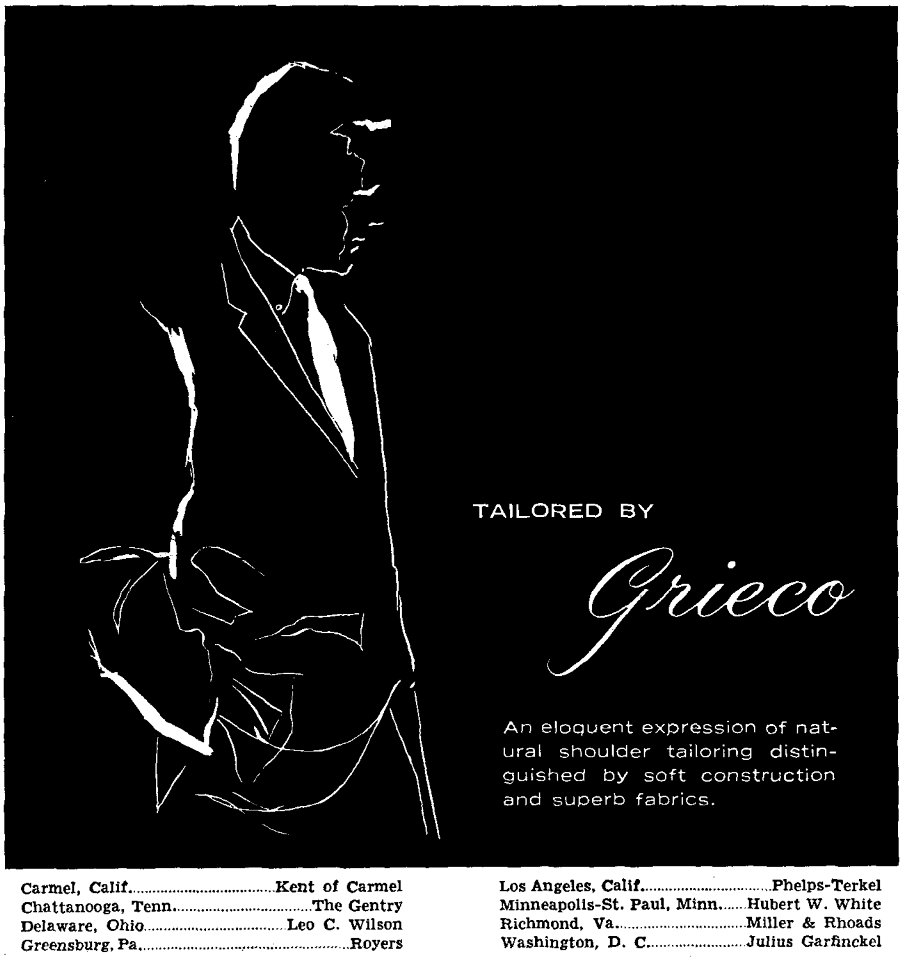

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empty streets of small sleeping towns. (This was Perry's job, and one at which he judged himself "absolutely tops," saying, "Just a short piece of rubber hose, that's my cross-country credit card.") On reaching Kansas City, at sunrise, the travellers had gone first to the airport, where, in the men's lavatory, they washed and shaved and brushed their teeth; two hours later, after a nap in the airport lounge, they returned to the city. It was then that Dick had dropped his partner at the Washateria, promising to come back for him within the hour.

When the laundry was clean and dry, if not ironed, Perry repacked the suitcase. It was past ten. Dick, supposedly off somewhere "hanging paper," was overdue. He sat down to wait, choosing a bench on which, an arm's length away, a woman's purse rested—tempting him to snake his hand around inside it. But the appearance of its owner, the burliest of several women now employing the establishment's facilities, deterred him. Once, when he was a running-wild child in San Francisco, he and a "Chink kid" (Tommy Chan? Tommy Lee?) had worked together as a "purse-snatching team." It amused Perry—cheered him up—to remember some of their escapades. "Like one time we sneaked up on an old lady, really old, and Tommy grabbed her handbag, but she wouldn't let go, she was a regular tiger," as he recalled on one occasion. "The harder he tugged one way, the harder she tugged the other. Then she saw me, and said 'Help me! Help me!' and I said 'Hell, lady, I'm helping *him!*'—and bopped her good. Put her on the pavement. Ninety cents was all we got. I remember exactly. We went to a Chink restaurant and ate ourselves under the table." Things hadn't changed much. He was twenty-odd years older and a hundred pounds heavier, and yet his material situation had improved not at all. He was still (and wasn't it incredible, a person of his intelligence, his talents?) an urchin, dependent, so to say, on stolen coins.

A clock on the wall kept catching his eye. At half past ten, he began to worry; by eleven, his legs were pulsing with pain, which was always, with him, a sign of approaching panic—"bubbles in my blood." He ate an aspirin, and tried to blot out—blur, at least—the brilliantly vivid cavalcade gliding across his mind, a procession of dire visions: Dick in the hands of the law, perhaps arrested while writing a phony check, or for committing a minor traffic violation (and found to be driving a "hot"

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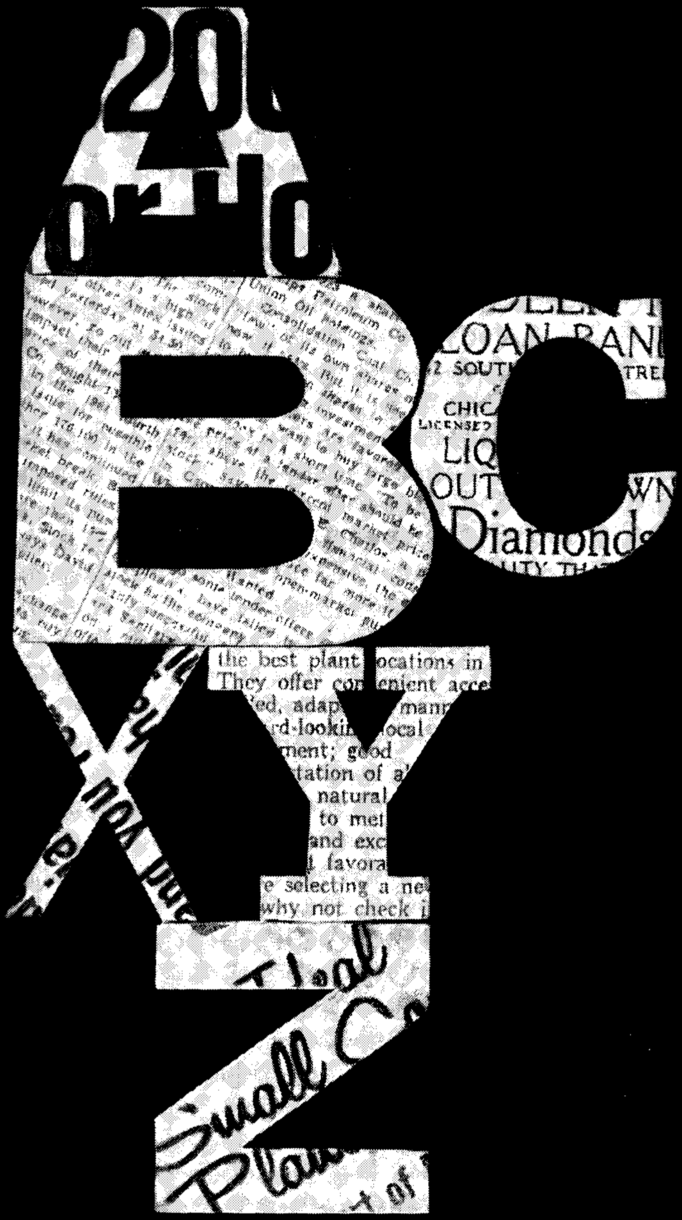
TOTAL U.S. 13.1% **THE WALL STREET JOURNAL 42.3%**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Of The Wall Street Journal's average issue adult audience, 42.3% have a Verbal Intelligence rating of Superior, as compared with only 13.1% for all U.S. adults. Among all publications measured by Simmons*, The Journal ranks 2nd in concentration of readers with a Superior Verbal Intelligence rating.

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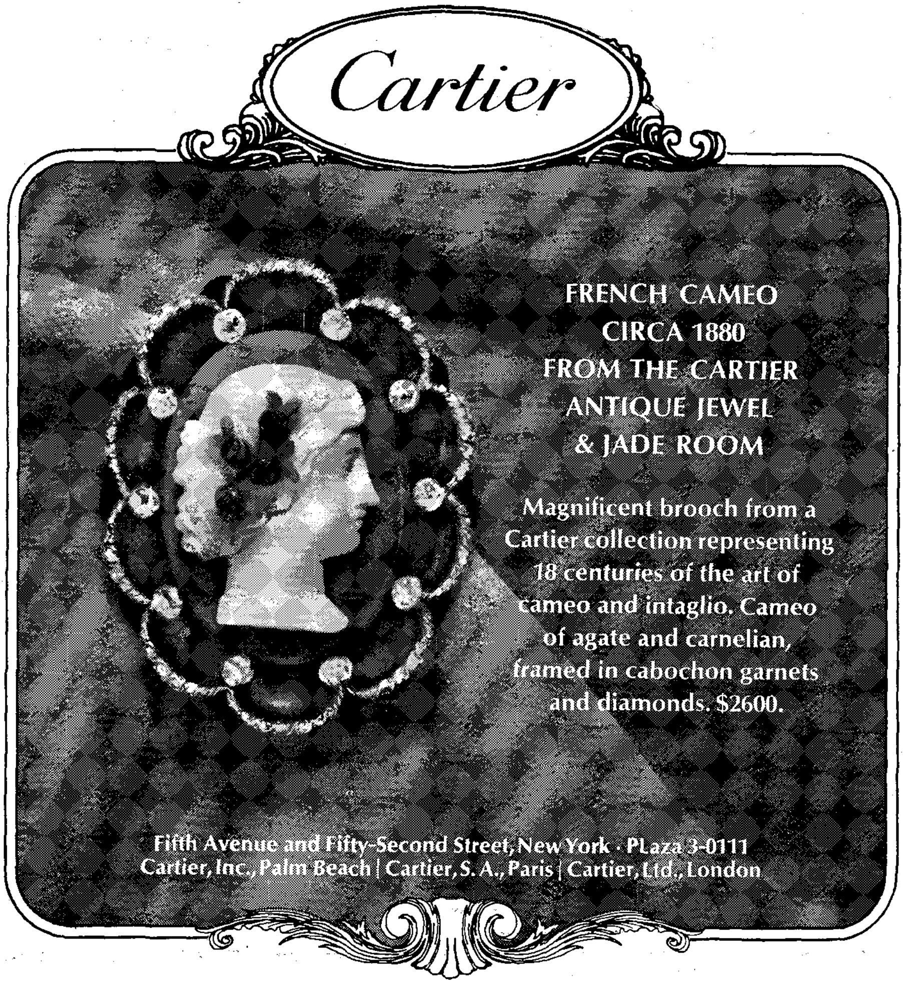

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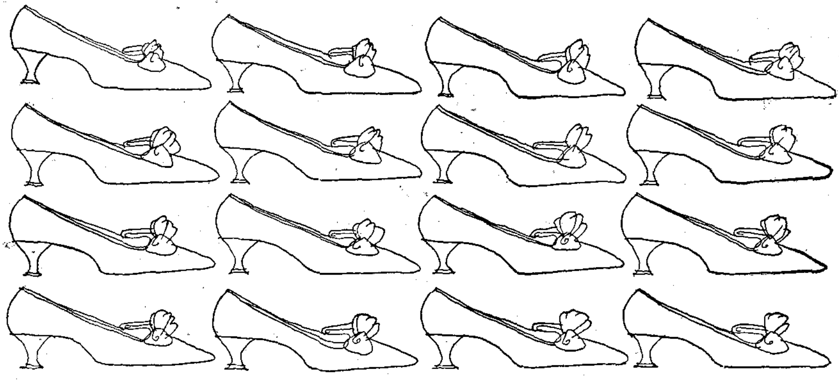

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car). Very likely, at this very instant, Dick sat trapped inside a circle of red-necked detectives. And they weren't discussing trivialities—bad checks or stolen automobiles. Murder, that was the topic, for somehow the connection that Dick had been so certain no one could make had been made. And a carload of Kansas City police were on their way to the Washateria.

But, no, he was imagining too much. Dick would never do that—"spill his guts." Think of how often he had heard him say, "They can beat me blind, I'll never tell them anything." Of course, Dick was a "blowhard;" his "toughness," as Perry had come to know, existed solely in situations where he unarguably had the upper hand. Suddenly, gratefully, he thought of a less desperate reason for Dick's prolonged absence. He'd gone to visit his parents. A risky thing to do, but Dick was "devoted" to them, or claimed to be, and last night, during the long rainy ride, he had told Perry, "I'd sure like to see my folks. They wouldn't mention it. I mean, they wouldn't tell the parole officer—do *anything* to get us into trouble. Only, I'm ashamed to. I'm afraid of what my mother would say. About the checks. And going off like we did. But I wish I could call them. Hear how they are." However, that was not possible, for the Hickock home was without a telephone; otherwise, Perry would have rung up to ask if Dick was there.

Another few minutes, and he was again convinced that Dick was under arrest. His leg pains flared up, flashed through his body, and the laundry odors, the steamy stench, all at once sickened him, picked him up and propelled him out the door. He stood at the curb retching like "a drunk with the dry heaves." Kansas City! Hadn't he known Kansas City was bad luck, and *begged* Dick to keep away? Now, maybe now, Dick was sorry he hadn't listened. And he wondered: "But what about me, with a dime or two and a bunch of lead slugs in my pocket?" Where could he go? Who would help him? Bobo? Fat chance! But her husband might. If Fred Johnson had followed his own inclination, he would have guaranteed employment for Perry after he left prison, thus helping him obtain a parole. But Bobo wouldn't permit it; she had said it would only lead to trouble, and possibly danger. Then she had written to Perry to tell him precisely that. One fine day, he'd pay her back, have a little fun—talk to her, advertise his abilities, spell out in detail the things he was capable of doing to people like her, respectable people, safe and smug people, exactly like Bobo. Yes, let her know just how dangerous he could be, and watch her eyes. Surely that was worth a trip to Denver? Which was what he'd do—go to Denver and visit the Johnsons. Fred Johnson would stake him to a new start in life; he'd have to, if he wanted ever to be rid of him.

Then Dick came up to him at the curb. "Hey, Perry," he said. "You sick?"

The sound of Dick's voice was like an injection of some very potent narcotic, a drug that, invading his veins, produced a delirium of colliding sensations: tension and relief, fury and affection. He advanced toward Dick with clenched fists. "You son of a bitch," he said.

Dick grinned, and said, "Come on. We're eating again."

But explanations were in order—apologies, too—and, over a bowl of chili at the Kansas City hash house that Dick liked best, the Eagle Buffet, Dick supplied them. "I'm sorry, honey. I knew you'd get the bends. Think I'd tangled with a bull. But I was having such a run of luck it seemed like I ought to let it ride." He explained that after leaving Perry he had gone to the Markl Buick Company, the firm that had once employed him, hoping to find a set of license plates to substitute for the hazardous Iowa plates on the abducted Chevrolet. "Nobody saw me come or go. Markl used to do a considerable wrecked-car trade. Sure enough, out back there was a smashed-up De Soto with Kansas tags." And where were they now? "On our buggy, pal."

Having made the switch, Dick had dropped the Iowa plates in a municipal reservoir. Then he'd stopped at a filling station where a friend worked, a former high-school classmate named Steve, and persuaded Steve to cash a check for fifty dollars, which was something he'd not done before—"rob a buddy." Well, he'd never see Steve again. He was "cutting out" of Kansas City tonight, this time really forever. So why not fleece a few old friends? With that in mind, he'd called on another ex-classmate, a drugstore clerk. "The take" was thereby increased to seventy-five dollars. "Now, this afternoon we'll roll that up to a couple hundred. I've made a list of places to hit. Six or seven, starting right here," he said, meaning the Eagle Buffet, where everybody—the bartender and waiters—knew and liked him, and called him Pickles (in honor of his favorite food). "Then—

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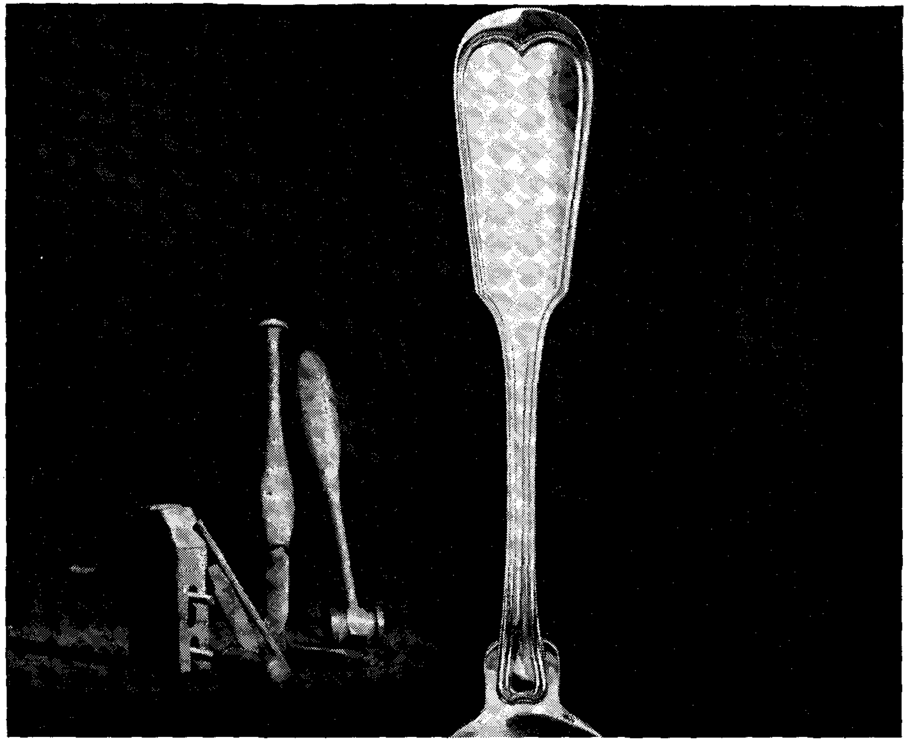
Once you had to inherit it



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Florida, here we come. How about it, honey? Didn't I promise you we'd spend Christmas in Miami? Just like all the millionaires?"

DEWEY and his colleague K.B.I. Agent Clarence Duntz stood waiting for a free table in the Trail Room. Looking around at the customary exhibit of lunch-hour faces—soft-fleshed businessmen and ranchers with sun-branded, coarse complexions—Dewey acknowledged particular acquaintances: the county coroner, Dr. Robert Fenton; and the manager of the Warren, Tom Mahar; and Harrison Smith, who had run for county attorney last year and lost the election to Duane West; and also Herbert W. Clutter, the owner of River Valley Farm and a member of Dewey's Sunday-school class. *Wait a minute!* Wasn't Herb Clutter dead? And hadn't Dewey attended his funeral? Yet there he was, sitting in the Trail Room's circular corner booth, his lively brown eyes, his square-jawed genial good looks unchanged by death. But Herb was not alone. Sharing the table were two young men, and Dewey, recognizing them, nudged Agent Duntz.

"Look."

"Where?"

"The corner."

"I'll be damned."

Hickock and Smith! But the moment of recognition was mutual. Those boys smelled danger. Feet first, they crashed through the Trail Room's plate-glass window, and, with Duntz and Dewey leaping after them, sped along Main Street, past Palmer Jewelry, Norris Drugs, the Garden Café, then around the corner and down to the depot and in and out, hide-and-seek, among a congregation of white grain-storage towers. Dewey drew a pistol, and so did Duntz, but as they took aim, the supernatural intervened. Abruptly, mysteriously (it was like a dream!), everyone was swimming—the pursued, the pursuers—stroking the awesome width of water that the Garden City Chamber of Commerce claims is the "World's Largest FREE Swimpool." As the detectives drew abreast of their quarry, why, once more (How did it happen? *Could* he be dreaming?)—once more the scene faded out, and faded in upon another landscape: Valley View Cemetery, that gray-and-green island of tombs and trees and flowered paths, a restful, leafy, whispering oasis lying like a cool piece of cloud shade on the luminous wheat plains north of town. But now Duntz had disappeared,

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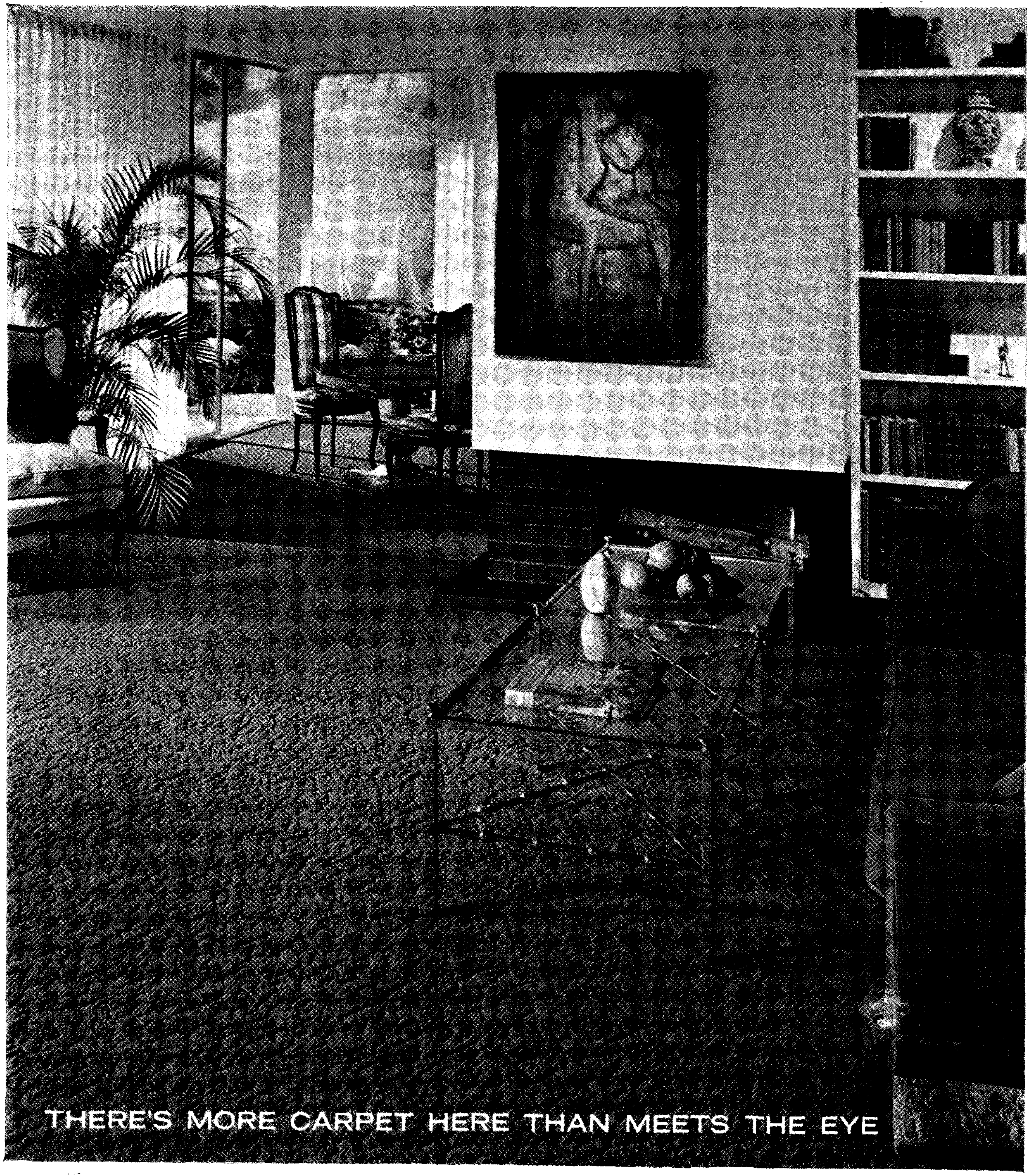

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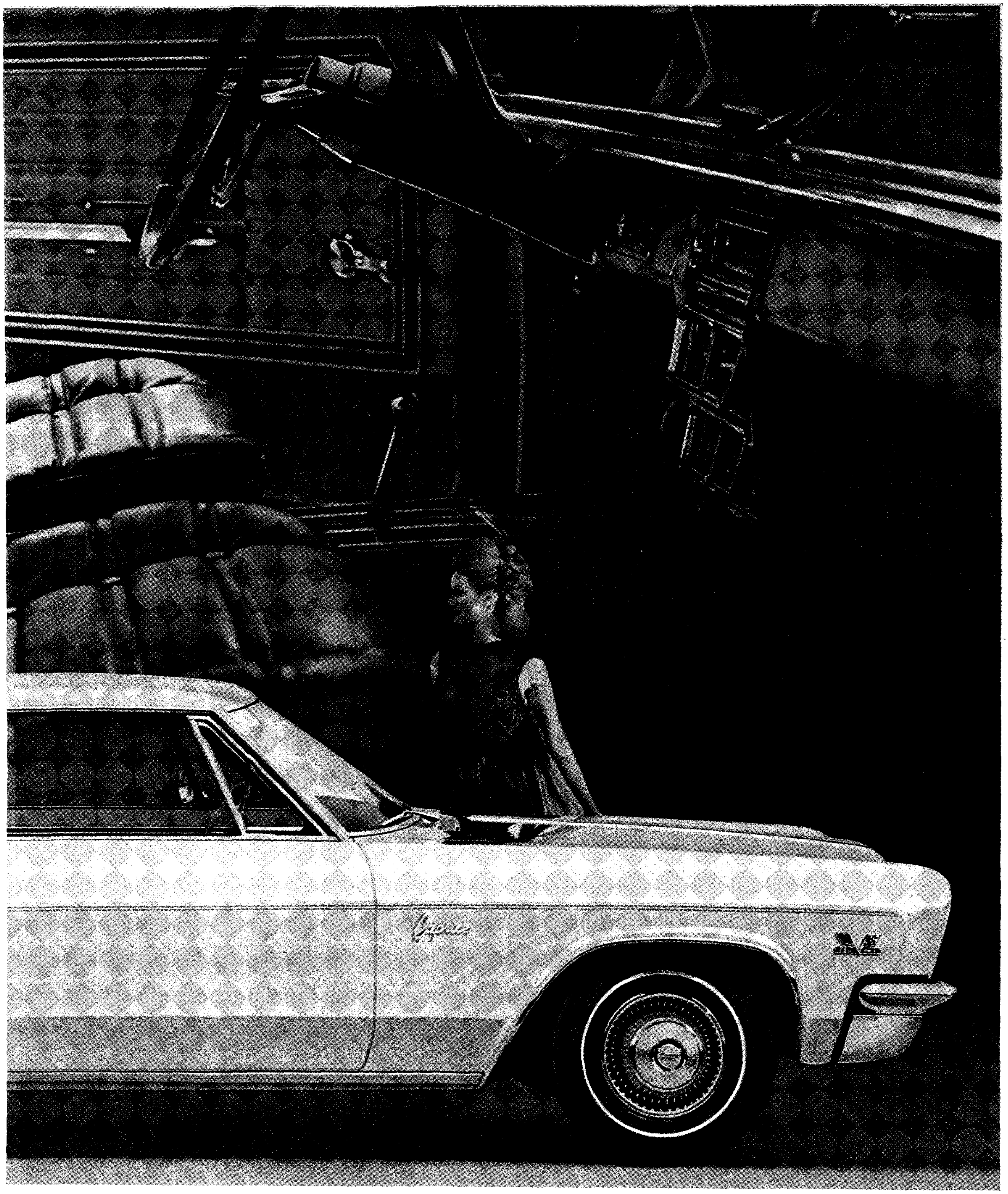

Caprice Custom Coupe with Strato-bucket seats and center console you can order

Deep-twist carpeting. The look of hand-rubbed walnut.

For the Coupe, there's a rakish new roof line you won't see on any other Chevrolet. Slender new Strato-bucket seats and a specially instrumented center console, on order. Both Caprice Custom Wagons—two-seat and three—have the look of handcrafted wood outside.

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1966 Caprice Custom: not a car for everyone, but maybe the car for *you*. See, at your Chevrolet dealer's now.

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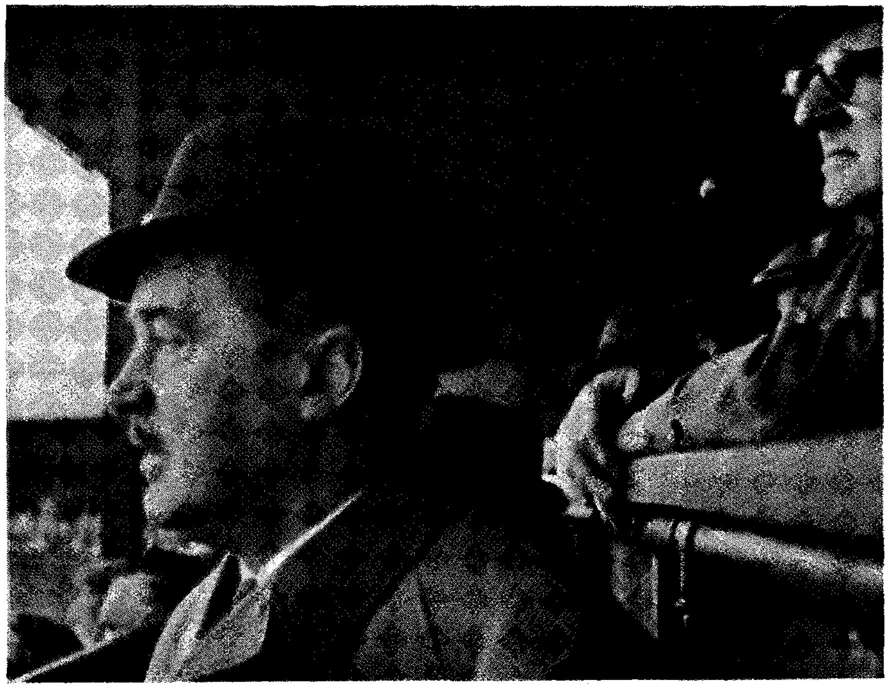

Our master blender watches his favorite team. He was born in the Highlands not half a mile from our Cardow Distillery.

The man in the picture is George Thomson: sports enthusiast, master blender, possessor of the world's most talented nose.

Mr. Thomson's nose is the secret of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Imagine judging the maturity and character of over a hundred different malt whiskies without tasting one of them. And then selecting the perfect combination of over forty, again by aroma alone. Not many men could ever do that. Mr. Thomson is only the fourth master blender in the history of Johnnie Walker.

He rounds out more than forty aged Highland malts with just the right amount of mature Scotch grain whisky. And when he's done, the Scotch is deep and full. Quite frankly a luxury Scotch, for people who enjoy something very good now and then.

About supply and demand

There must be many people who do prefer Johnnie Walker Black Label. In fact, the Scotch is so much in demand in the United Kingdom, it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. import quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

Look for Black Label with its new year-round gift carton. In its own way, the carton is as distinguished as the Scotch inside. Johnnie Walker Black Label. Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.

Johnnie Walker

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and Dewey was alone with the hunted men. Though he could not see them, he was certain they were hiding among the dead, crouching there behind a headstone, perhaps the headstone of his own father: "Alvin Adams Dewey, Sept. 6, 1879—Jan. 26, 1948." Gun drawn, he crept along the solemn lanes until, hearing laughter and tracing its sound, he saw that they were not hiding at all—Hickock and Smith—but standing astride the as yet unmarked mass grave of Herb and Bonnie and Nancy and Kenyon, standing legs apart, hands on hips, heads flung back, laughing. Dewey fired...and again... and again. . . . Neither man fell, though each had been shot through the heart three times; they simply, rather slowly, turned transparent, by degrees grew invisible, evaporated, though the loud laughter stayed, expanded until Dewey bowed before it, ran from it, filled with a despair so mournfully intense that it awakened him.

And when he awoke, it was as though he were a feverish, frightened ten-year-old; his hair was wet, his shirt cold-damp and clinging. The room—a room in the sheriff's office, into which he'd locked himself before falling asleep at a desk—was dull with near-darkness. Listening, he could hear Mrs. Richardson's telephone ringing in the adjacent office. But she was not there to answer it; the office was closed. On his way out, he walked past the ringing phone with determined indifference, and then hesitated. It might be Marie, calling to ask if he was still working and should she wait dinner.

"Mr. A. A. Dewey, please. Kansas City calling."

"This is Mr. Dewey."

"Go ahead, Kansas City. Your party is on the line."

"Al? Brother Nye."

"Yes, Brother."

"Get ready for some very big news."

"I'm ready."

"Our friends are here. Right here in Kansas City."

"How do you know?"

"Well, they aren't exactly keeping it a secret. Hickock's written checks from one side of town to the other. Using his own name."

"His own name. That must mean he doesn't plan to hang around long—either that or he's feeling awful damn sure of himself. So Smith's still with him?"

"Oh, they're together O.K. But driving a different car. A 1956 Chevy—black-and-white two-door job."

"Kansas tags?"

"Kansas tags. And listen, Al—are

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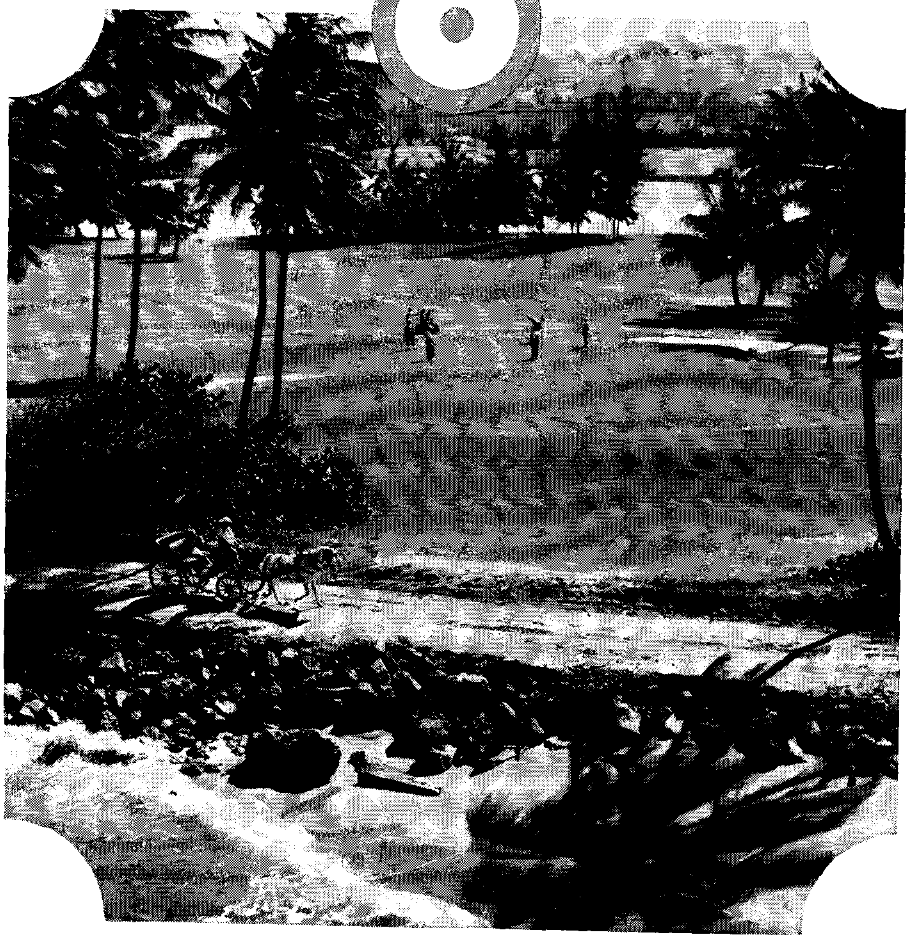


we lucky! They bought a television set, see? Hickock gave the salesman a check. Just as they were driving off, the guy had the sense to write down the license number. Jot it on the back of the check. Johnson County License 16212."

"Checked the registration?"

"Guess what?"

"It's a stolen car."

"Undoubtedly. But the tags were *definitely* lifted. Our friends took them off a wrecked De Soto in a K.C. garage."

"Know when?"

"Yesterday morning. The boss [Logan Sanford] sent out an alert with the new license number and a description of the car."

"How about the Hickock farm? If they're still in the area, it seems to me sooner or later they'll go there."

"Don't worry. We're watching it. Al—"

"I'm here."

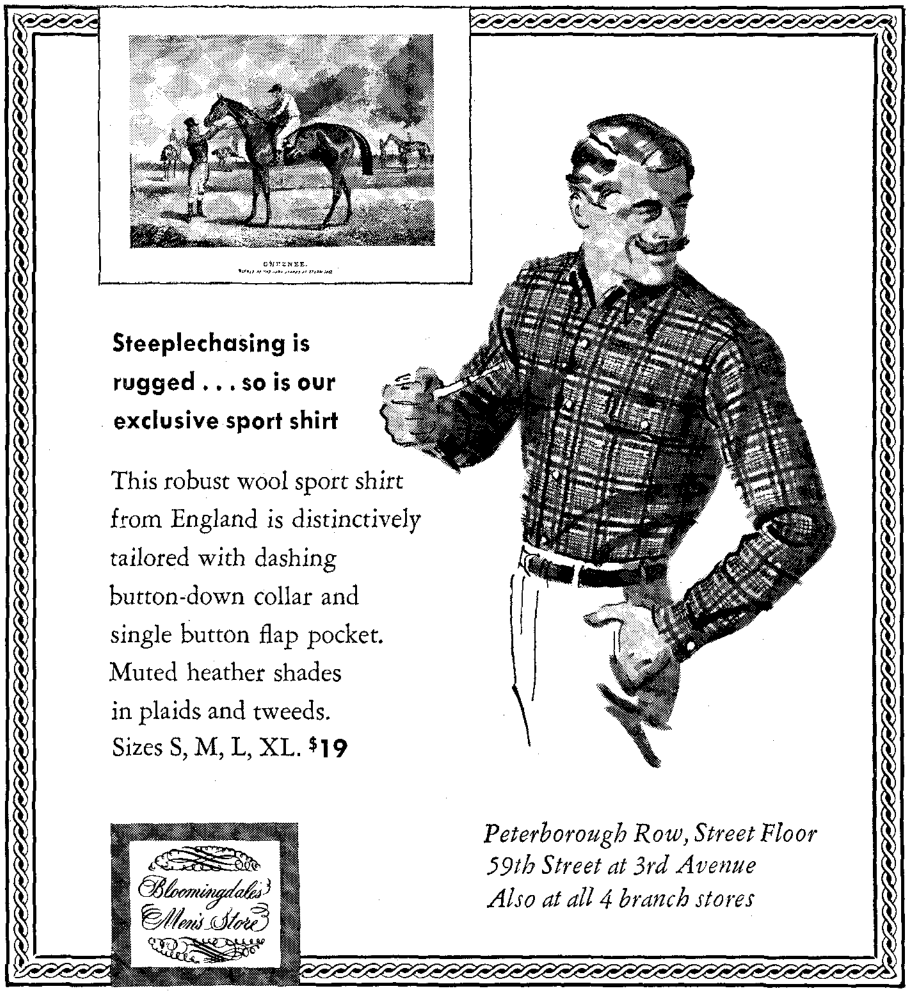
"That's what I want for Christmas. All I want. To wrap this up. Wrap it up and sleep till New Year's. Wouldn't that be one hell of a present?"

"Well, I hope you get it."

"Well, I hope we both do."

Afterward, as he crossed the darkening courthouse square, pensively scuffing through dry mounds of unraked leaves, Dewey wondered at his lack of elation. Why, when he now knew that the suspects were not forever lost in Alaska or Mexico or Timbuktu, when the next second an arrest might be made—why was it he felt none of the excitement he ought to feel? The dream was at fault, for the treadmill mood of it had lingered, making him question Nye's assertions—*in a sense*, disbelieve them. He did not believe that Hickock and Smith would be caught in Kansas City. They were invulnerable.

IN Miami Beach, 335 Ocean Drive is the address of the Somerset Hotel, a small, square building painted more or less white, with many lavender touches, among them a lavender sign that read, "VACANCY—LOWEST RATES—BEACH FACILITIES—ALWAYS A SEABREEZE." It is one of a row of little stucco-and-cement hotels lining a white, melancholy street. The Somerset's "Beach Facilities" included, in December, 1959, two beach umbrellas stuck in a strip of sand at the rear of the hotel. One umbrella, pink, had written upon it, "We Serve Valentine Ice Cream." At noon on Christmas Day, a quartet of women lay under and around it, a transistor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radio serenading them. The second umbrella, blue and bearing the command "Tan with Coppertone," sheltered Dick and Perry, who for five days had been living at the Somerset, in a double room, renting for eighteen dollars weekly.

Perry said, "You never wished me a Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, honey. And a Happy New Year."

Dick wore bathing trunks, but Perry, as in Acapulco, refused to expose his injured legs—he feared the sight might "offend" other beachgoers—and therefore sat fully clothed, wearing even socks and shoes. Still, he was comparatively content, and when Dick stood up and started performing exercises—headstands, meant to impress the ladies beneath the pink umbrella—he occupied himself with the Miami *Herald*. Presently, he came across an inner-page story that won his entire attention. It concerned murder, the slaying of a Florida family, a Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Walker, their four-year-old son, and their two-year-old daughter. Each of the victims, though not bound or gagged, had been shot through the head with a .22 weapon. The crime, clueless and apparently motiveless, had taken place Saturday night, December 19th, at the Walker home, on a cattle-raising ranch not far from Tampa.

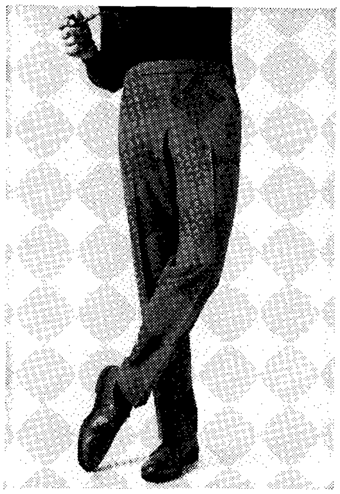
Perry interrupted Dick's athletics to read the story aloud, and said, "Where were we last Saturday night?"

"Tallahassee?"

"I'm asking you."

Dick concentrated. Thursday night, taking turns at the wheel, they had driven out of Kansas and through Missouri into Arkansas and over the Ozarks, "up" to Louisiana, where a burned-out generator stopped them early Friday morning. (A second-hand replacement, bought in Shreveport, cost twenty-two fifty.) That night, they'd slept parked by the side of the road somewhere near the Alabama-Florida border. The next day's journey, an unhurried affair, had included several touristic diversions—visits to an alligator farm and a rattlesnake ranch, a ride in a glass-bottomed boat over a silvery-clear swamp lake, a late and long and costly broiled-lobster lunch at a roadside seafood restaurant. Delightful day! But both were exhausted when they arrived at Tallahassee, and decided to spend the night there. "Yes, Tallahassee," Dick said.

"Amazing!" Perry glanced through the article again. "Know what I wouldn't be surprised? If this wasn't



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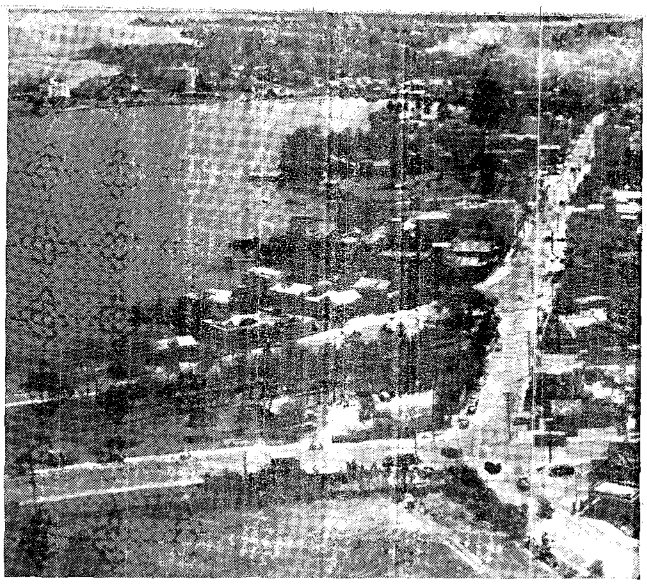


1948 Condado and Santurce sections of San Juan—a jigsaw of slums, inadequate roads and bad planning.

1965 The same sections. Notice the modern hotels, offices and highways. Even the waterfront has been filled and trimmed. For details of further developments, see below. ➡

Progress report to U.S. industry:

Look what's happened to San Juan since Puerto Rico became a U.S. Commonwealth

IF YOU haven't been to Puerto Rico in the past few years, you're in for a pleasant surprise the next time you go there.

San Juan is being reborn.

Under the island's Commonwealth status, tourism and industry are growing at a phenomenal rate. And so is Puerto Rico's capital city. Whole sections of San Juan are being leveled, remodeled and rebuilt according to a grand design.

Hato Rey, once a congested suburb of aging homes and narrow streets, is turning into the "Wall Street" of the Caribbean. During the next twenty years, over a billion dollars are expected to be invested in construction in this area alone.

Santurce, the section at the right in our photographs, will be remodeled with malls, plazas, sidewalk cafés, apartments soaring along canals, and superblocks—self-sustained communities with homes, shops and schools.

Old San Juan is not losing its romantic soul in the midst of this progress. On the contrary, the centuries-old town houses of the Conquistadores are carefully being *restored.* Soon the streets of Old San Juan will be a reflection of 18th-century Spain.

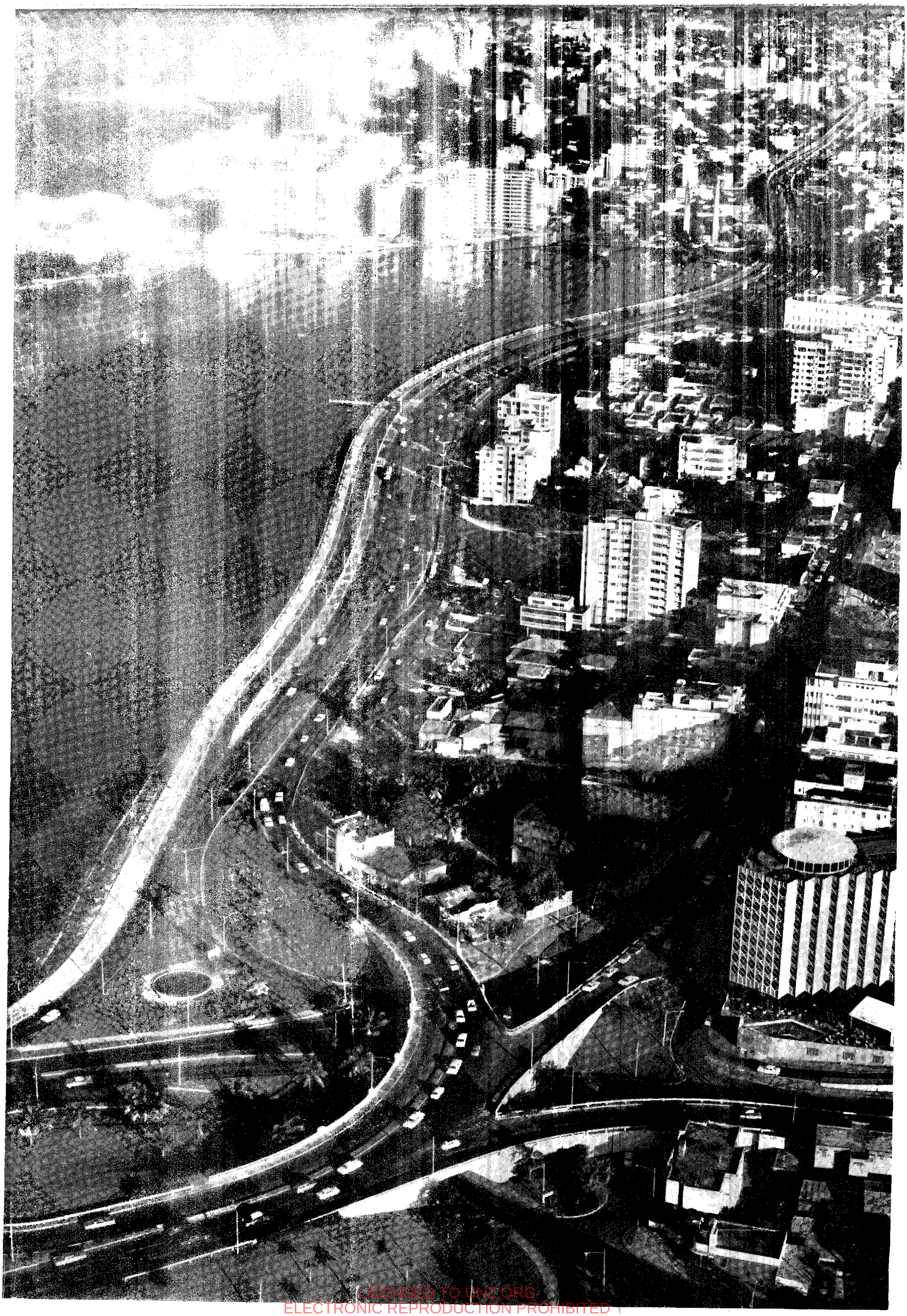
Suburban San Juan is growing almost as fast as the city itself. Projects such as Levittown de Puerto Rico are providing planned middle-income homes. There are modern shopping centers where you'll find Spanish names alongside of familiar names like Sears, Grand Union and Woolworth's.

Now take another look at the photographs above.

If they show you the kind of thriving progress you would like to be a part of, perhaps you should consider Puerto Rico as a site for your plant.

Over 450 U.S. manufacturers already have plants there.

This is one of a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: write for information on productivity, special incentives and profits. Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. C4B, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10019.



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done by a lunatic. Some nut that read about what happened out in Kansas."

Dick, because he didn't care to hear Perry "get going on that subject," shrugged and grinned and trotted down to the ocean's edge, where he ambled awhile over the surf-drenched sand, here and there stooping to collect a seashell. As a boy, he'd so envied the son of a neighbor who had gone to the Gulf Coast on vacation and returned with a box full of shells—so hated him—that he'd stolen the shells and, one by one, crushed them with a hammer. Envy was constantly with him; the Enemy was anyone who was someone he wanted to be or who had anything he wanted to have. For instance, the man he had seen by the pool at the Fontainebleau. Miles away, shrouded in a summery veil of heat haze and sea sparkle, he could now see the towers of the pale, expensive hotels—the Fontainebleau, the Eden Roc, the Roney Plaza. On their second day in Miami, he had suggested to Perry that they invade these pleasure domes. "Maybe pick up a coupla rich women," he had said. Perry had been most reluctant; he felt people would stare at them because of their clothes—khaki trousers and T shirts. Actually, their tour of the Fontainebleau's gaudy premises went unnoticed, amid the men striding about in Bermuda shorts of candy-striped raw silk, and the women wearing bathing suits and mink stoles simultaneously. The trespassers had loitered in the lobby, strolled in the garden, lounged by the swimming pool. It was there that Dick saw the man, who was his own age—twenty-eight or thirty. The man could have been a "gambler or lawyer or maybe a gangster from Chicago." Whatever he was, he looked as though he knew the glories of money and power. A blonde who resembled Marilyn Monroe was kneading him with sun-tan oil, and his lazy, beringed hand reached for a tumbler of iced orange juice. All that belonged to him, Dick, but he would never have it. Why should that son of a bitch have everything while he had nothing? Why should that "big-shot bastard" have all the luck? With a knife in his hand, he, Dick, had power. Big-shot bastards like that had better be careful or he might "open them up and let a little of their luck spill on the floor." But Dick's day was ruined. The beautiful blonde rubbing on the sun-tan oil had ruined it. He'd said to Perry, "Let's pull the hell out of here."

Now a young girl, probably twelve, was drawing figures in the sand, carving out big, crude faces with a piece of driftwood. Dick, pretending to admire her

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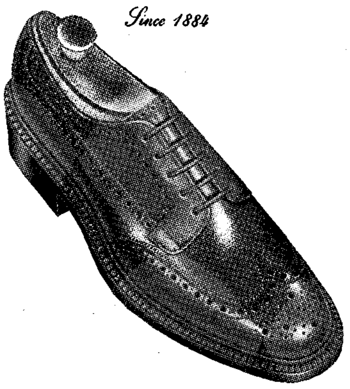

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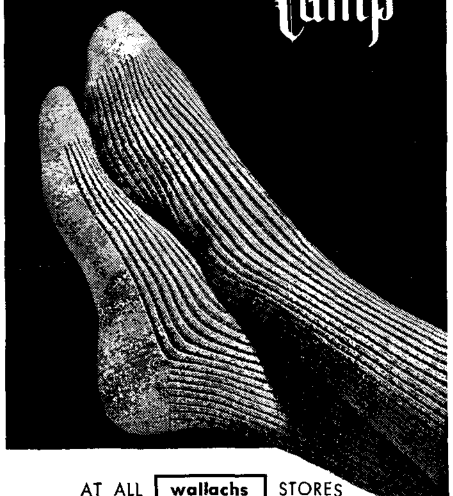

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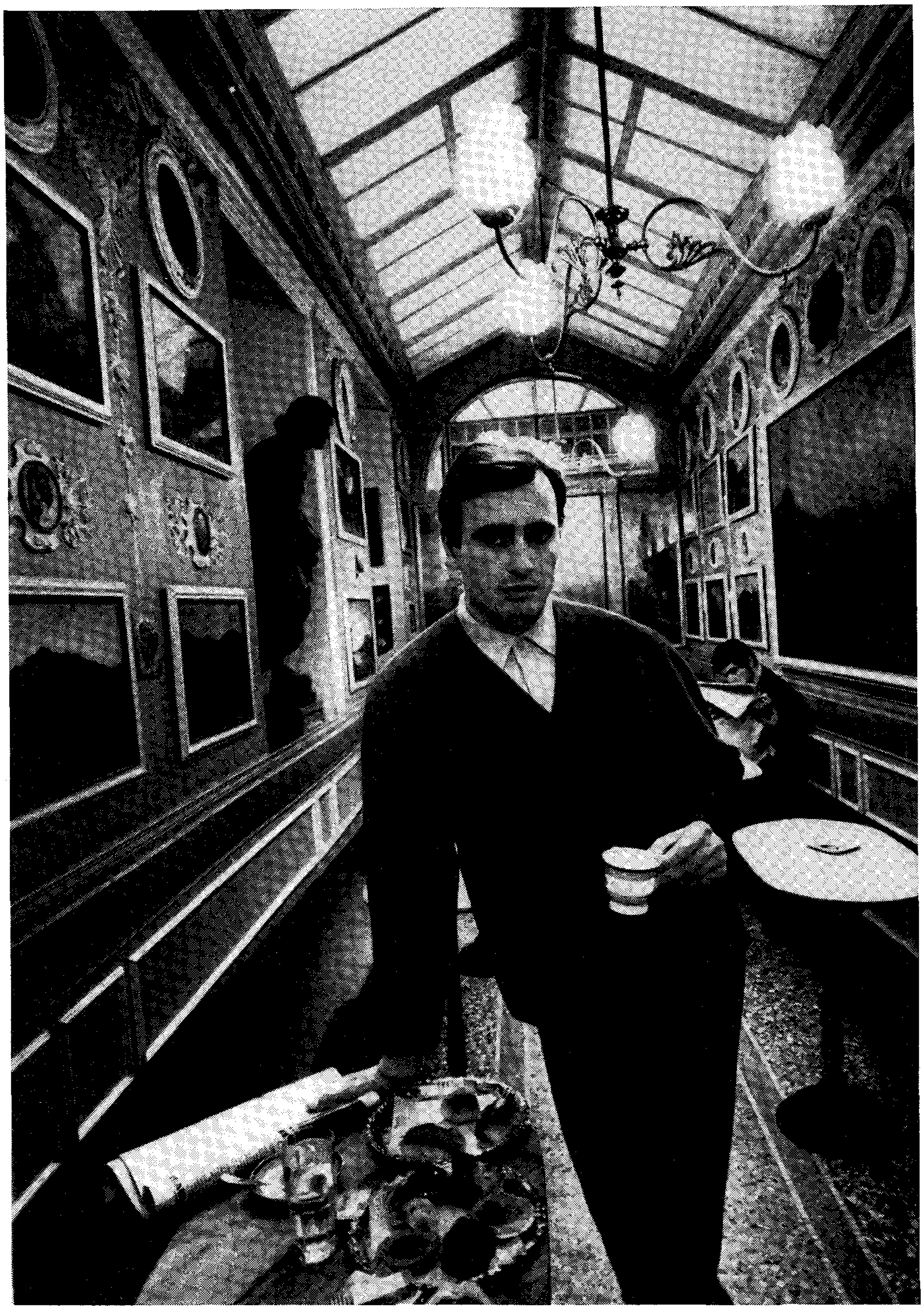

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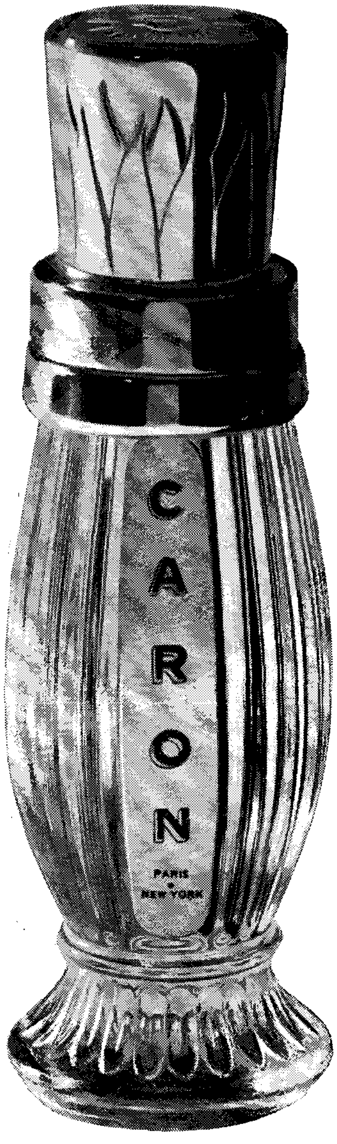

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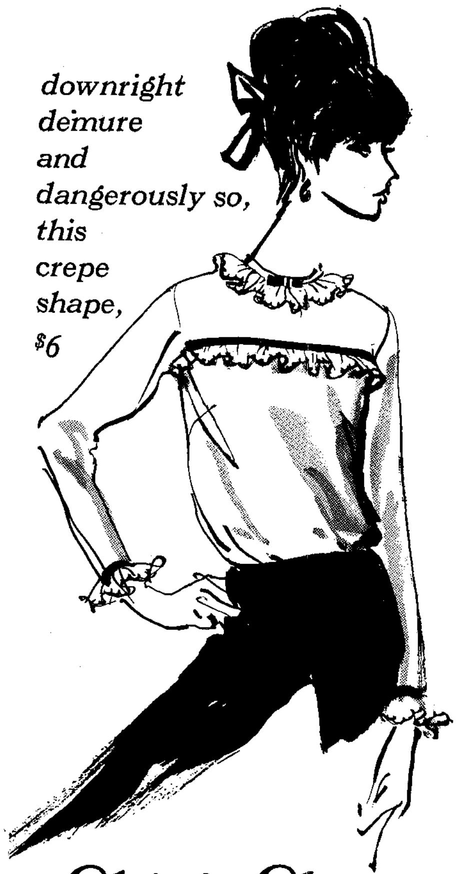
art, offered the shells he had gathered. "They make good eyes," he said. The child accepted the gift, whereupon Dick smiled and winked at her. He was sorry he felt as he did about her, for his sexual interest in female children was a failing of which he was "sincerely ashamed"—a "secret" he'd not confessed to anyone and hoped no one suspected (though he was aware that Perry had reason to), because other people might not think it "normal." That, to be sure, was something he was certain he was—"a normal." Seducing pubescent girls, as he had done "eight or nine" times in the past, did not disprove it, for if the truth were known, most real men had the same desires he had. He took her hand and said, "You're my baby girl. My little sweetheart." But she objected. Her hand, held by his, twitched like a fish on a hook, and he recognized the astounded expression in her eyes from earlier incidents in his career. He let go, laughed lightly, and said, "Just a game. Don't you like games?" Perry, still reclining under the blue umbrella, had observed the scene from the start, and realized Dick's purpose at once, and despised him for it; he had "no respect for people who can't control themselves sexually," especially when the lack of control involved what he called "pervertiness"—"bothering kids," "queer stuff," rape. And he thought he had made his views obvious to Dick; indeed, hadn't they almost had a fistfight when, quite recently, he had prevented Dick from raping a terrified young girl? However, he wouldn't care to repeat that particular test of strength. He was relieved when he saw the child walk away from Dick.

Christmas carols were in the air; they issued from the radio of the four women and mixed strangely with Miami's sunshine and the cries of the querulous, never thoroughly silent seagulls. "Oh, come let us adore Him, Oh, come let us adore Him": a cathedral choir, an exalted music that "moved" Perry to tears—which refused to stop, even after the music did. And, as was not uncommon when he was thus afflicted, he dwelt upon a possibility that had for him "tremendous fascination": suicide. As a child, he had often thought of killing himself, but those were sentimental reveries born of a wish to punish his father and mother and other enemies. From young manhood onward, however, the prospect of ending his own life had more and more lost its fantastic quality. That, he must remember, was Jimmy's "solution," and Fern's, too. And lately it had come to seem not just



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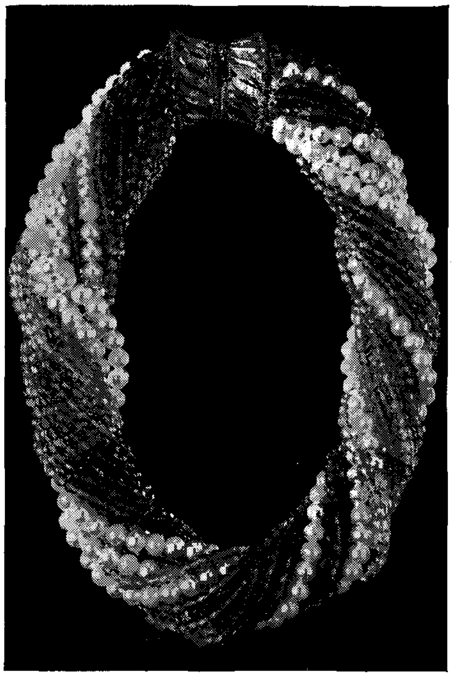

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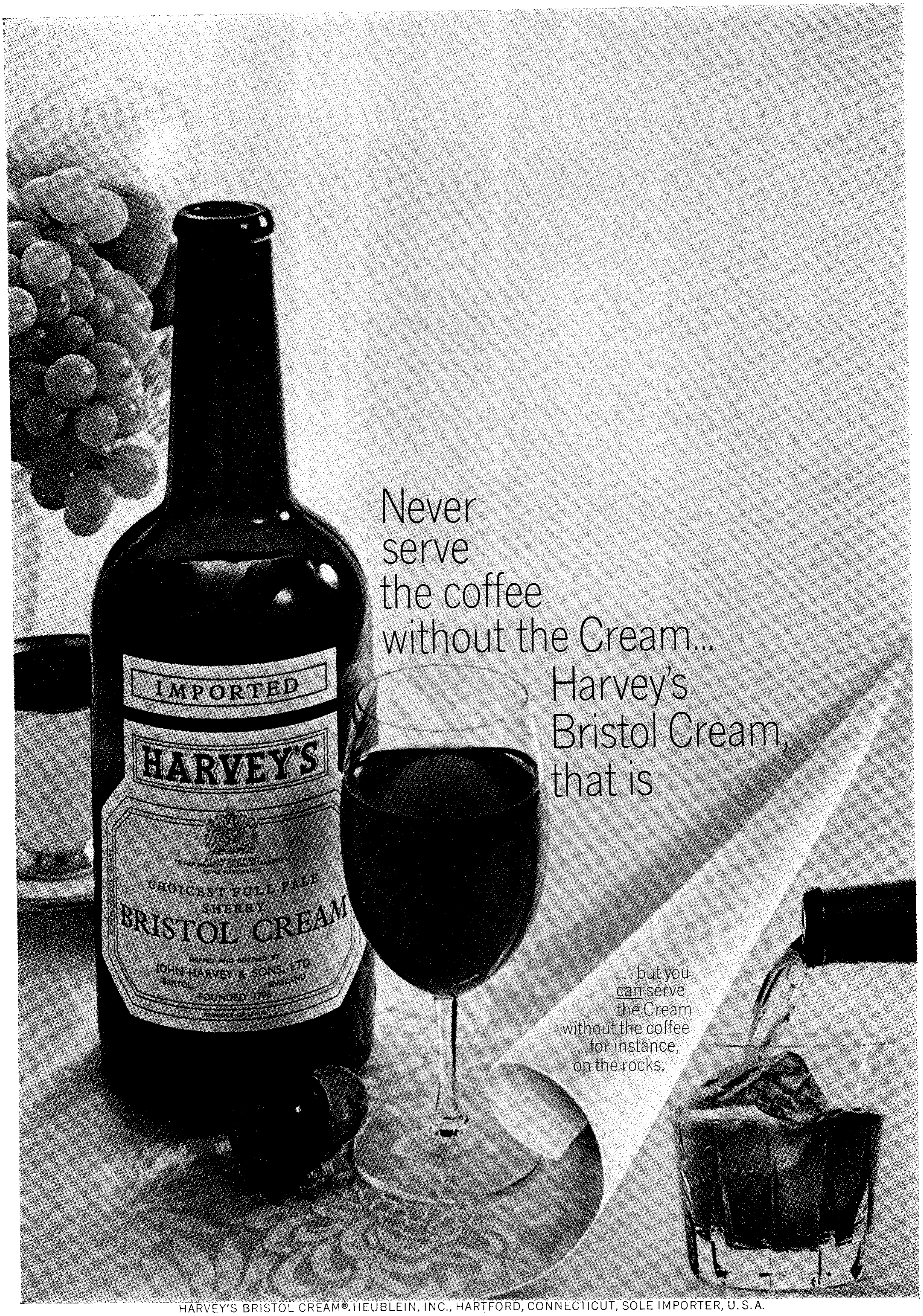
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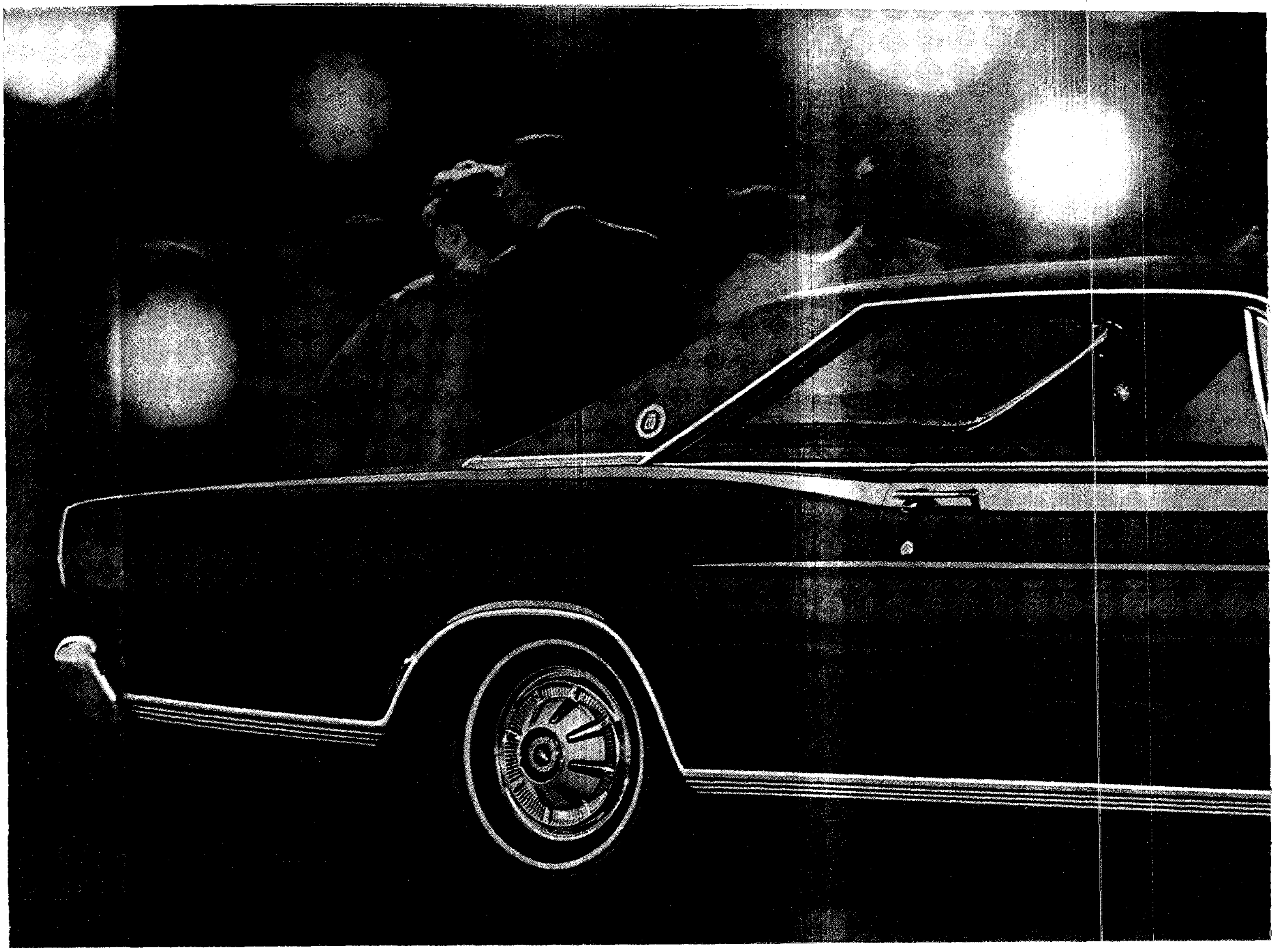

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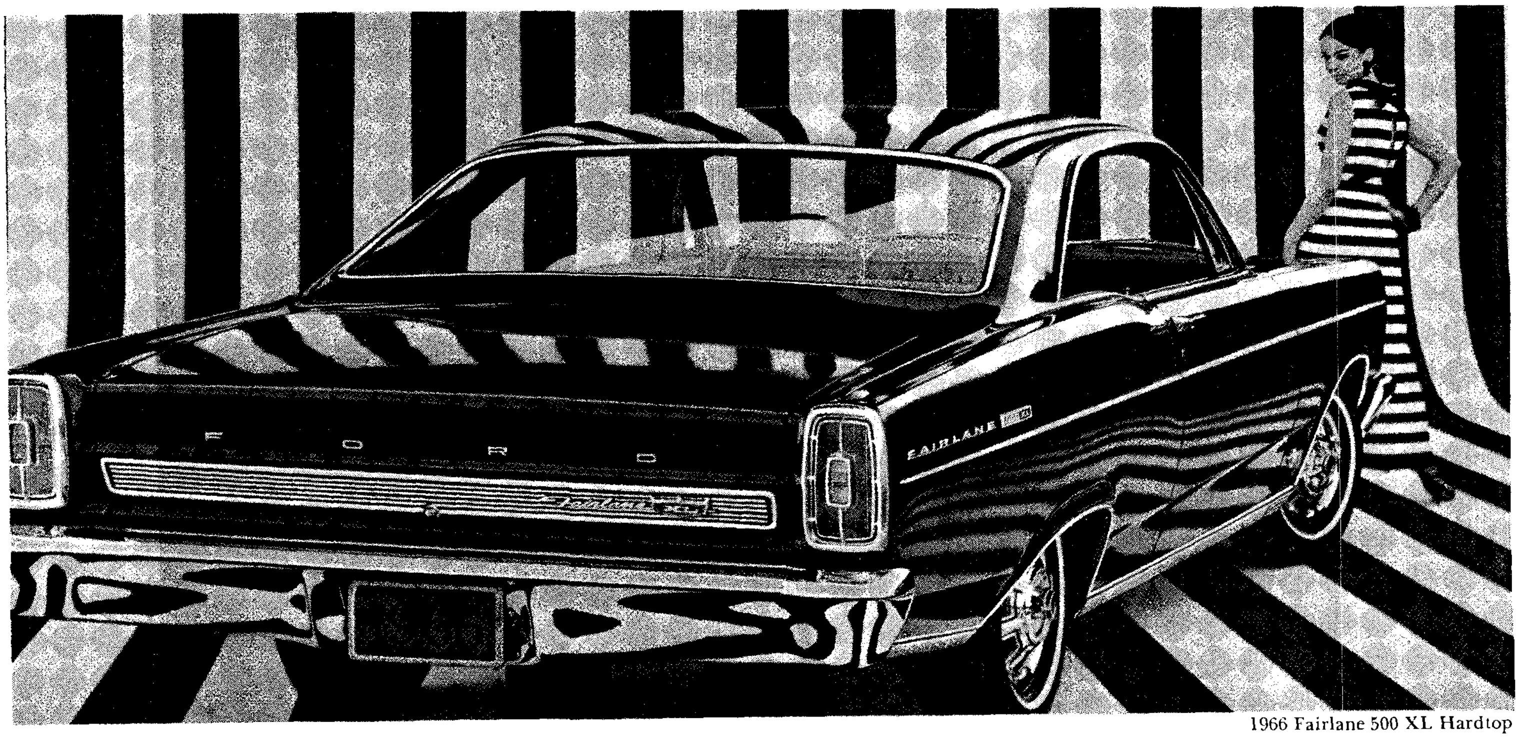

1966 Fairlane 500 XL Hardtop

1966 Fairlane

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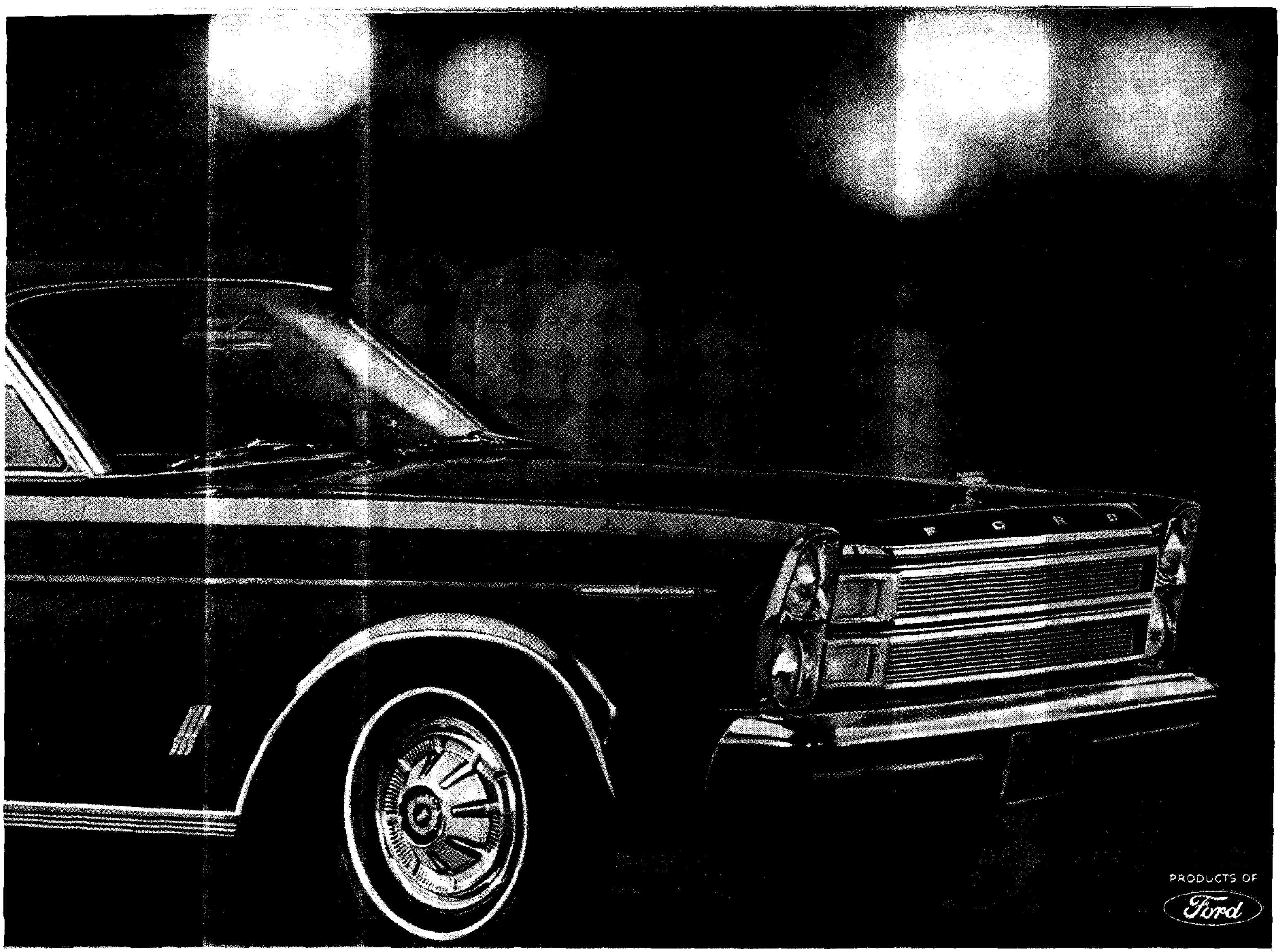

1966 Ford LTD 2-door Hardtop

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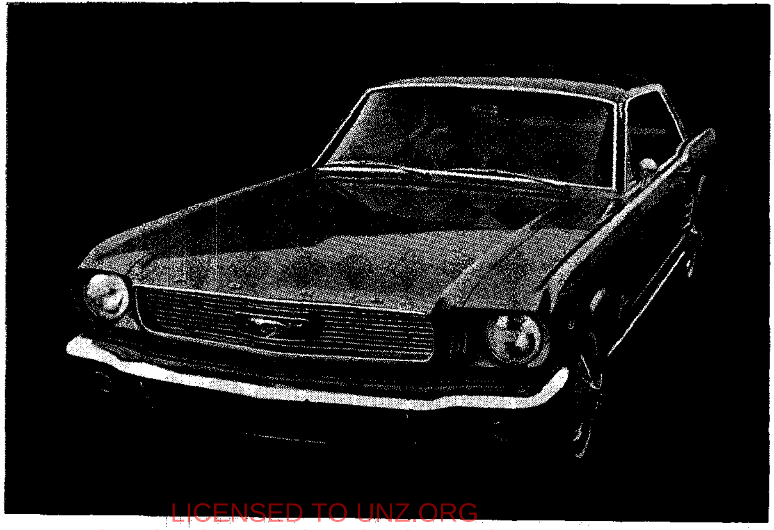

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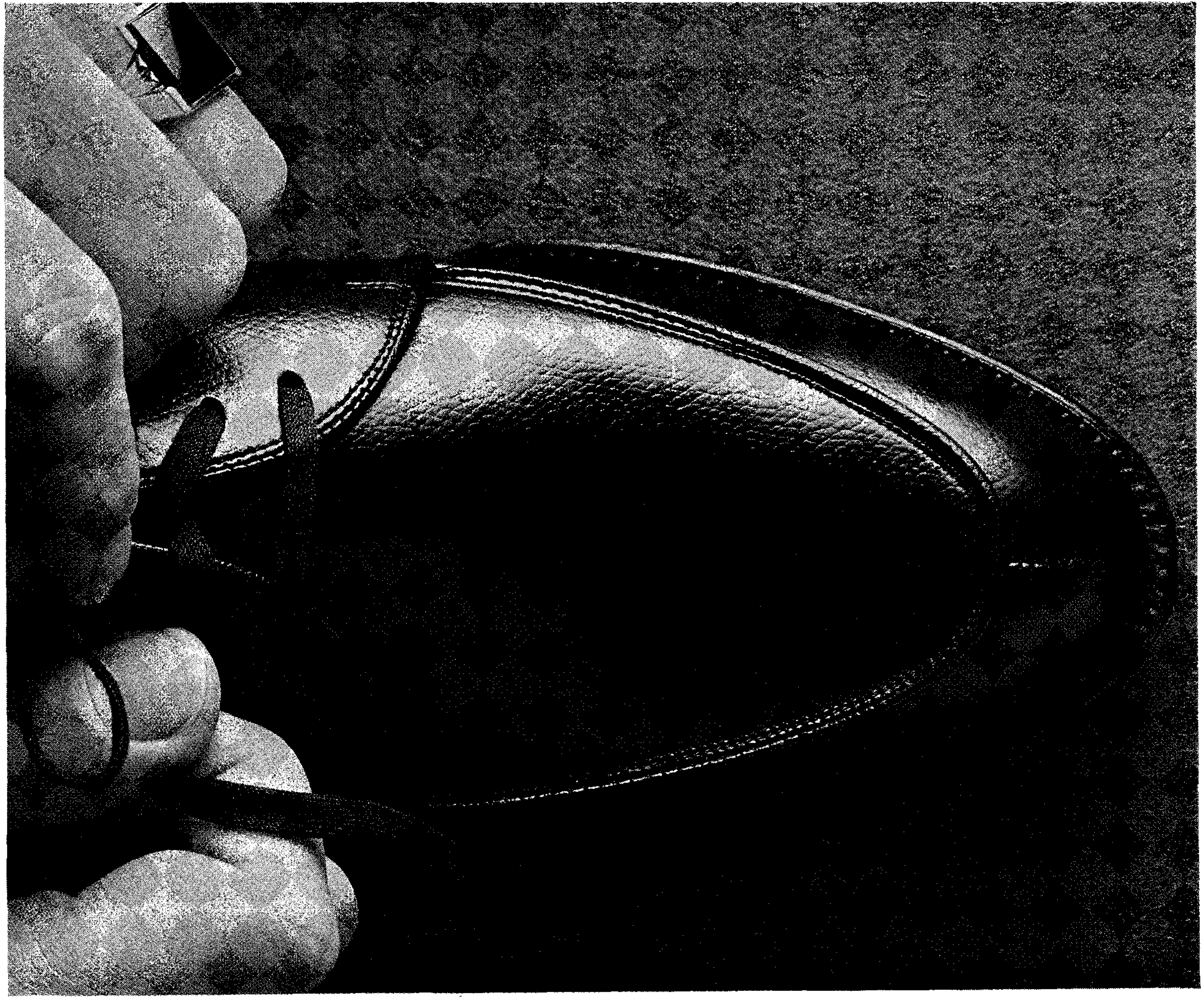

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*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric an alternative but the specific death awaiting him. Anyway, he couldn't see that he had "a lot to live for." Hot islands and buried gold, diving deep in fire-blue seas toward sunken treasure—such dreams were gone. Gone, too, was "Perry O'Parsons," the name invented for the singing sensation of stage and screen that he'd half-seriously hoped someday to be. Perry O'Parsons, without having ever lived, had nonetheless died. What was there to look forward to? He and Dick were "running a race without a finish line"—that was how it struck him. And now, after not quite a week in Miami, the long ride was to resume, for Dick, who had worked one day at the ABC auto-service company, for sixty-five cents an hour, had told him, "Miami's worse than Mexico. Sixty-five cents! Not me. I'm white." So tomorrow, with only twenty-seven dollars left of the money raised in Kansas City, they were heading west again, to Texas, to Nevada—"nowhere definite."

Dick, who had waded into the surf, returned. He fell, wet and breathless, face down on the sticky sand.

"How was the water?"

"Wonderful."

THE closeness of Christmas to Nancy Clutter's birthday, which was right after New Year's, had always created problems for her boy friend, Bobby Rupp. It had strained his imagination to think of two suitable gifts in such quick succession. But each year, with money made working summers on his father's sugar-beet farm, he had done the best he could, and on Christmas morning he had always hurried to the Clutter house carrying a package that his sisters had helped him wrap and that he hoped would surprise Nancy and delight her. Last year, he had given her a small heart-shaped gold locket. This year, as forehanded as ever, he'd been wavering, in the matter of a Christmas present, between the imported perfumes on sale at Norris Drugs and a pair of riding boots. But then Nancy had died. On Christmas morning, instead of racing off to River Valley Farm, he remained at home, and later in the day he shared with his family the splendid dinner his mother had been a week preparing. Everybody—his parents and every one of his seven brothers and sisters—had treated him gently since the tragedy. All the same, at mealtimes he was told again and again that he must please eat. No one comprehended that really he was ill, that grief had made him so, that grief had drawn a circle around him he could not escape

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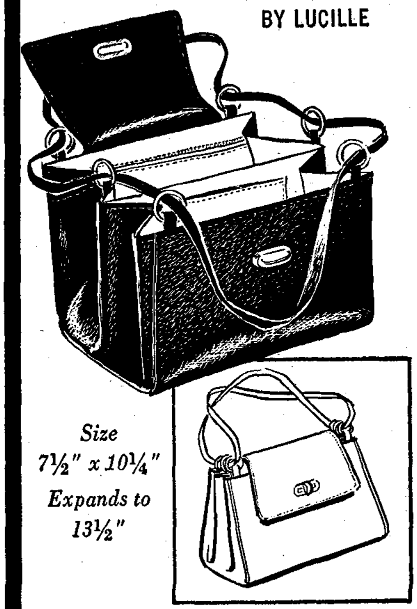

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from and others could not enter—except possibly Sue, who was Susan Kidwell, Nancy's best friend. Until Nancy's death, he had not appreciated Sue, never felt altogether comfortable with her. She was too "different," taking seriously things that even girls ought not to take very seriously: paintings, poems, the music she played on the piano. And, of course, he was jealous of her; her position in Nancy's esteem had been, though of another order, at least equal to his. But that was why she was able to understand his loss. Without Sue, without her almost constant presence, how could he have withstood such an avalanche of shocks—the crime itself, his interviews with Mr. Dewey, the pathetic irony of being for a while the principal suspect?

Then, after about a month, the friendship waned. Bobby went less frequently to sit in the Kidwell's tiny, cozy parlor, and when he did go, Sue seemed not as welcoming. The trouble was that they were forcing each other to mourn and remember what in fact they wanted to forget. Sometimes Bobby could; he could when he was playing basketball or driving his car over country roads at eighty miles an hour, or when he went, as part of a self-imposed athletic program (his ambition was to be a high-school gymnastics instructor), on long-distance jog trots across flat yellow fields. And now, after helping clear the dining table of all its holiday dishes, that was what he decided to do—put on a sweatshirt and go for a run.

The weather was remarkable. Even for western Kansas, renowned for the longevity of its Indian summers, the current sample seemed farfetched—dry air, bold sun, azure sky. Optimistic ranchers were predicting an "open winter"—a season so bland that cattle could graze during the whole of it. Such winters are rare, but Bobby could remember one—the year he had started to court Nancy. They were both twelve, and after school he used to carry her book satchel the mile separating the Holcomb schoolhouse from the prosperous acres of her father's farm ranch. Often, if the day was warm and sunkindled, they stopped along the way and sat by the river—a snaky, slow-moving, brown piece of the Arkansas. Nancy had once said to him, "One summer, when we were in Colorado, I saw where the Arkansas begins. The exact place. You wouldn't believe it, though. That it was our river. It's not the same color. But pure as drinking water. And fast. And full of rocks. Whirlpools. Daddy caught a trout." It had stayed with Bobby, her memory of

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From New York

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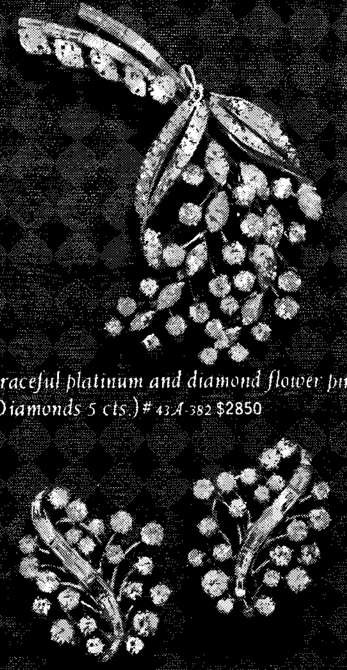
the river's source, and since her death—Well, he couldn't explain it, but whenever he looked at the Arkansas, it was for an instant transformed, and what he saw was not a muddy stream meandering across the Kansas plains; he saw what Nancy had described—a Colorado torrent, a chilly, crystal trout river speeding down a mountain valley. That, in life, was how Nancy had been: like young water—energetic, joyous.

Usually, though, western-Kansas winters are imprisoning, and usually frost on the fields and razory winds have altered the climate before Christmas. Some years back, snow had fallen on Christmas Eve and continued falling, and when Bobby set out the next morning for the Clutter property, a three-mile walk, he had had to fight through deep drifts. It was worth it, for though he was numbed and scarlet, the welcome he got thawed him thoroughly. Nancy was amazed and proud, and her mother, often so timid and distant, had hugged and kissed him, insisting that he wrap up in a quilt and sit close to the living-room fire. While Nancy and her mother worked in the kitchen, he and Kenyon and Mr. Clutter had sat around the fire cracking walnuts and pecans, and Mr. Clutter said he was reminded of another Christmas, when he was Kenyon's age: "There were seven of us. Mother, my father, the two girls, and us three boys. We lived on a farm a good ways from town. For that reason, it was the custom to do our Christmas buying in a bunch—make the trip once and do it all together. The year I'm thinking of, the morning we were supposed to go, the snow was high as today, higher, and still coming down—flakes like saucers. *Looked like we were in for a snowbound Christmas*, with no presents under the tree. Mother and the girls were heartbroken. Then I had an idea." It was this: He would saddle their huskiest plow horse, ride into town, and shop for everybody. The family agreed. All of them gave him their Christmas savings and a list of the things they wished him to buy: four yards of calico, a football, a pincushion, shotgun shells—an assortment of orders that took until nightfall to fill. Heading homeward, the purchases secure inside a tarpaulin sack, he was grateful that his father had forced him to carry a lantern, and glad, too, that the horse's harness was strung with bells, for both their jaunty racket and the careening light of the kerosene lantern were a comfort to him. "The ride in, that was easy. A piece of cake. But now the road was gone, and every landmark." Earth and air—all was

distinctively GUBELIN . . .



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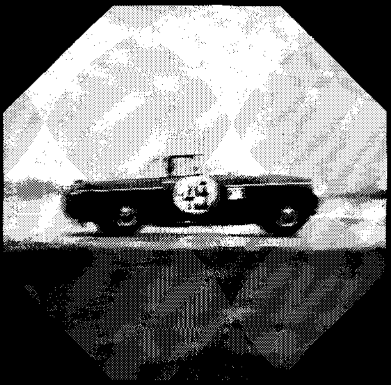

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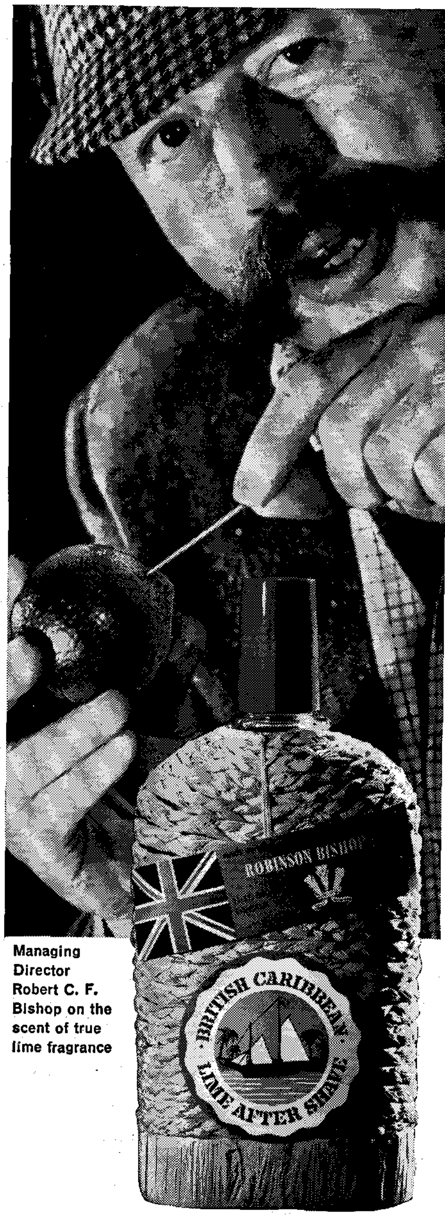

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snow. The horse, up to his haunches in it, slipped sidewise. "I dropped our lamp. We were lost in the night. It was just a question of time before we fell asleep and froze. Yes, I was afraid. But I prayed. And I felt God's presence. . . ." Dogs howled. He followed the noise until he saw the windows of a familiar farmhouse. "I ought to have stopped there. But I thought of the family—imagined my mother in tears, Dad and the boys getting up a search party. And I pushed on. So, naturally, I wasn't too happy when finally I reached home and found the house dark. Doors locked. Found everybody had gone to bed and plain forgot me. None of them could understand why I was so put out. Dad said, 'We were sure you'd stay the night in town. Good grief, boy! Who'd have thought you hadn't better sense than to start home in a perfect blizzard?' "

The cider-tart odor of spoiling apples. Apple trees and pear trees, peach and cherry: Mr. Clutter's orchard, the treasured assembly of fruit trees he had planted. Bobby, running mindlessly, had not meant to come here, or any other part of River Valley Farm. It was inexplicable, and he turned to leave, but he turned again and wandered toward the house—white, very solid and spacious. He had always been impressed by it, and pleased to think his girl friend lived there. But now that it was deprived of the late owner's dedicated attention, the first threads of decay's cobweb were being spun. A gravel rake lay rusting in the driveway; the lawn was parched and shabby. That fateful Sunday, when the sheriff summoned ambulances to remove the murdered family, the ambulances had driven across the grass straight to the front door, and the tire tracks were still visible. The hired man's house was empty, too; he had found new quarters for his family, nearer Holcomb—to no one's surprise, for nowadays, though the weather was glittering, the Clutter place seemed shadowed, and hushed, and motionless. But as Bobby passed a storage barn and, beyond that, a livestock corral, he heard a horse's tail swish. It was Nancy's Babe, the obedient old dappled mare with a flaxen mane and dark-purple eyes like magnificent pansy blossoms. Clutching her mane, Bobby rubbed his cheek along Babe's neck—something Nancy used to do. And the horse whinnied. Last Sunday, the last time he visited the Kidwells, Sue's mother had mentioned Babe. Mrs. Kidwell, a fanciful woman, had been standing at a window watching dusk tint the outdoors—the sprawling prairie.

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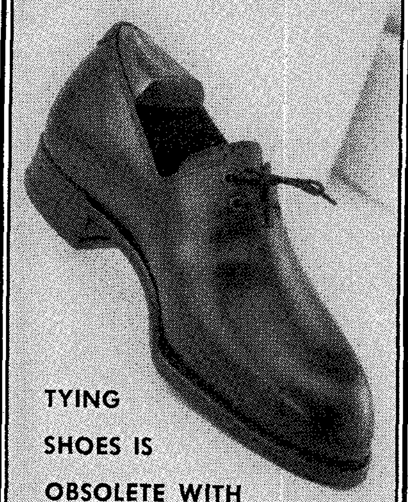

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And, out of the blue, she had said, "Susan? You know what I keep seeing? Nancy. On Babe. Coming this way."

PERRY noticed them first—hitchhikers, a boy and an old man, both carrying homemade knapsacks, and each, despite the blowy weather, a gritty and bitter Texas wind, wearing only overalls and a thin denim shirt. "Let's give them a lift," Perry said. Dick was reluctant; he had no objection to assisting hitchhikers, provided they looked as if they could "pay their way"—at least "chip in a couple of gallons of gas." But Perry, little old bighearted Perry, was always pestering Dick to pick up the damnedest, sorriest-looking people. Finally, Dick, who was driving, agreed, and stopped the car.

The boy—a stocky, sharp-eyed, talkative towhead of about twelve—was exuberantly grateful, but the old man, whose face was seamed and yellow, feebly crawled into the back seat and slumped there silently. The boy said, "We sure do appreciate this. Johnny was ready to drop. We ain't had a ride since Galveston."

Perry and Dick had left the port city of Galveston an hour earlier, having spent a morning there applying at various shipping offices for jobs as able-bodied seamen. One company offered them immediate work on a tanker bound for Brazil, and, indeed, the two would now have been at sea if their prospective employer had not discovered that neither man possessed union papers or a passport. Strangely, Dick's disappointment exceeded Perry's: "Brazil! That's where they're building a whole new capital city. Right from scratch. Imagine getting in on the ground floor of something like that! Any fool could make a fortune."

"Where you headed?" Perry asked the boy.

"Sweetwater."

"Where's Sweetwater?"

"Well, it's along in this direction somewhere. It's somewhere in Texas. Johnny, here, he's my gramp. And he's got a sister lives in Sweetwater. Least, I sure Jesus hope he does. We thought she lived in Jasper, Texas. But when we got to Jasper, folks told us her and her people moved to Galveston. But she wasn't in Galveston—lady there said she was gone to Sweetwater. I sure Jesus hope we find her. Johnny," he said, rubbing the old man's hands, as if to thaw them, "you hear me, Johnny? We're riding in a nice warm Chevrolet—'56 model."

The old man coughed, rolled his

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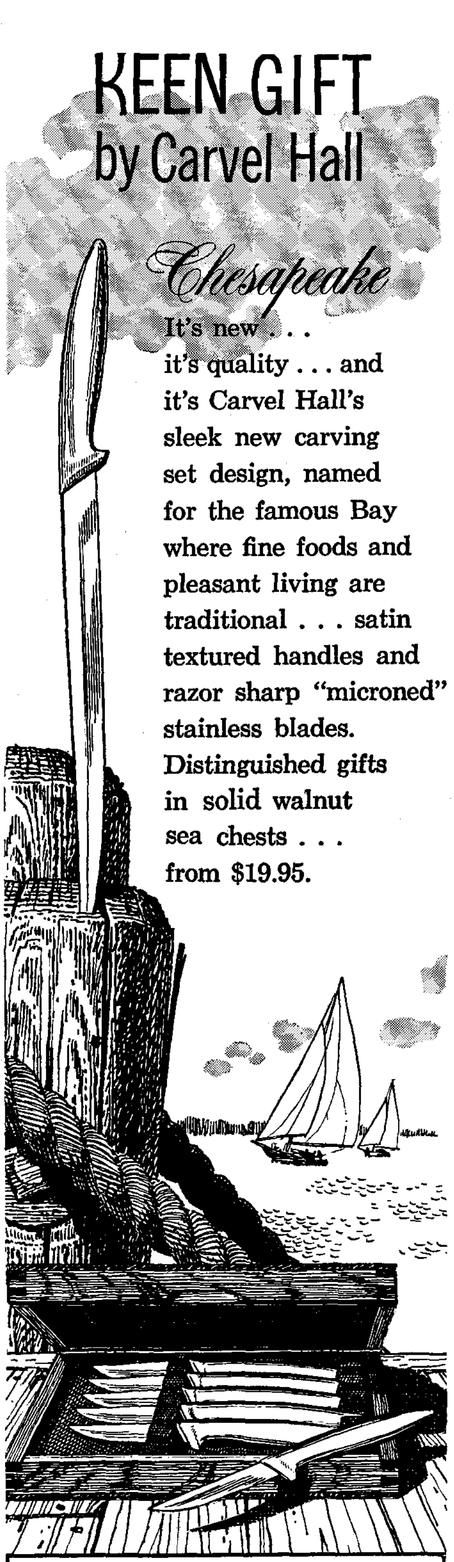

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head slightly, opened and closed his eyes, and coughed again.

Dick said, "Hey, *listen.* What's wrong with him?"

"It's the change," the boy said. "And the walking. We been walking since before Christmas. Seems to me we covered the better part of Texas." In the most matter-of-fact voice, and while continuing to massage the old man's hands, the boy told them that up to the start of the present journey he and his grandfather and an aunt had lived alone on a farm near Shreveport, Louisiana. Not long ago, the aunt had died. "Johnny's been poorly about a year, and Auntie had all the work to do. With only me to help. We were chopping firewood. Chopping up a stump. Right in the middle of it, Auntie said she was wore out. Ever seen a horse just lay down and never get up? I have. And that's like what Auntie did." A few days before Christmas, the man from whom the grandfather rented the farm "turned us off the place," the boy continued. "That's how come we started out for Texas. Looking to find Mrs. Jackson. I never seen her, but she's Johnny's own blood sister. And somebody's got to take us in. Leastways, him. He can't go a lot more. Last night, it rained on us."

The car stopped. Perry asked Dick why he had stopped it.

"That man's very sick," Dick said.

"Well? What do you want to do? Put him out?"

"Use your head. Just for once."

"You really are a mean bastard."

"Suppose he dies?"

The boy said, "He won't die. We've got this far, he'll wait now."

Dick persisted. "Suppose he dies? Think of what could happen. The questions."

"Frankly, I don't give a damn. You want to put them out? Then by all means." Perry looked at the invalid, still somnolent, dazed, deaf, and he looked at the boy, who returned his gaze calmly, not begging, not "asking for anything," and Perry remembered himself at that age, his own wanderings with an old man. "Go ahead. Put them out. But I'll be getting out, too."

"O.K. O.K. O.K. Only, don't forget," said Dick. "It's your damn fault."

Dick shifted gears. Suddenly, as the car began to move again, the boy hollered, "Hold it!" Hopping out, he hurried along the edge of the road, stopped, stooped, picked up one, two, three, four empty Coca-Cola bottles, ran back, and hopped in, happy and grinning. "There's plenty of money in bottles," he said to Dick. "Why, Mister, if you was to drive kind of slow, I guarantee you we can pick us up a big piece of change. That's what me and Johnny been eating off. *Re*fund money."

Dick was amused, but he was also interested, and when next the boy commanded him to halt, he at once obeyed. The commands came so frequently that it took them an hour to travel five miles, but it was worth it. The kid had an "honest-to-God genius" for spotting, amid the roadside rocks and grassy rubble, amid the brown glow of thrown-away beer bottles, the emerald daubs that had once imprisoned 7-Up and Canada Dry. Perry soon developed a personal gift for spying out discarded glassware. At first, he merely indicated to the boy the whereabouts of his finds; he thought it too undignified to scurry about collecting them himself. It was all "pretty silly," just "kid stuff." Nevertheless, the game generated a treasure-hunt excitement, and presently Perry succumbed to the fun, the fervor of this quest for refundable "empties." Dick, too, but Dick was in dead earnest. Screwy as it seemed, maybe this *was* a way to make some money—or, at any rate, "a few bucks." Lord knows, he and Perry could use them, their combined finances amounting at the moment to less than five dollars.

Now all three—Dick and the boy and Perry—were piling out of the car and shamelessly, though amiably, competing with one another. Once, Dick located a cache of wine and whiskey bottles at the bottom of a ditch, and was chagrined to learn that his discovery was valueless. "They don't give no refund on liquor empties," the boy informed him. "Even some of the beers ain't no good. I don't mess with them usually. Just stick with the surefire things. Dr. Pepper. Pepsi. Coke. White Rock. Nehi."

Dick said, "What's your name?"

"Bill," the boy said.

"Well, Bill. You're a regular education."

Nightfall came, and forced the hunters to quit—that, and lack of space, for they had amassed as many bottles as the car could contain. The trunk was filled, the back seat seemed a glittering dump heap; unnoticed, unmentioned by even his grandson, the ailing old man was all but hidden under the shifting, dangerously chiming cargo.

Dick said, "Be funny if we had a smashup."

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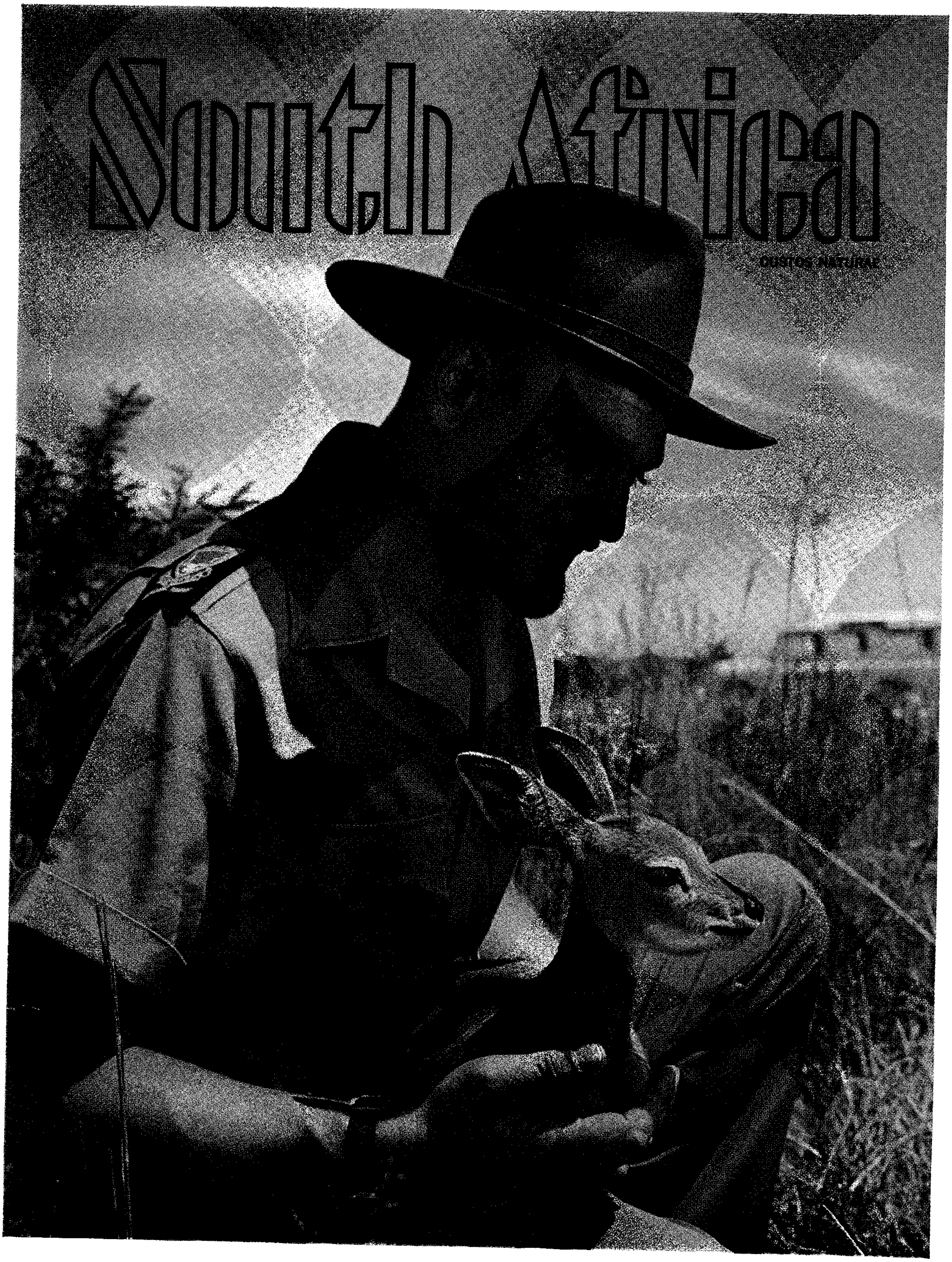
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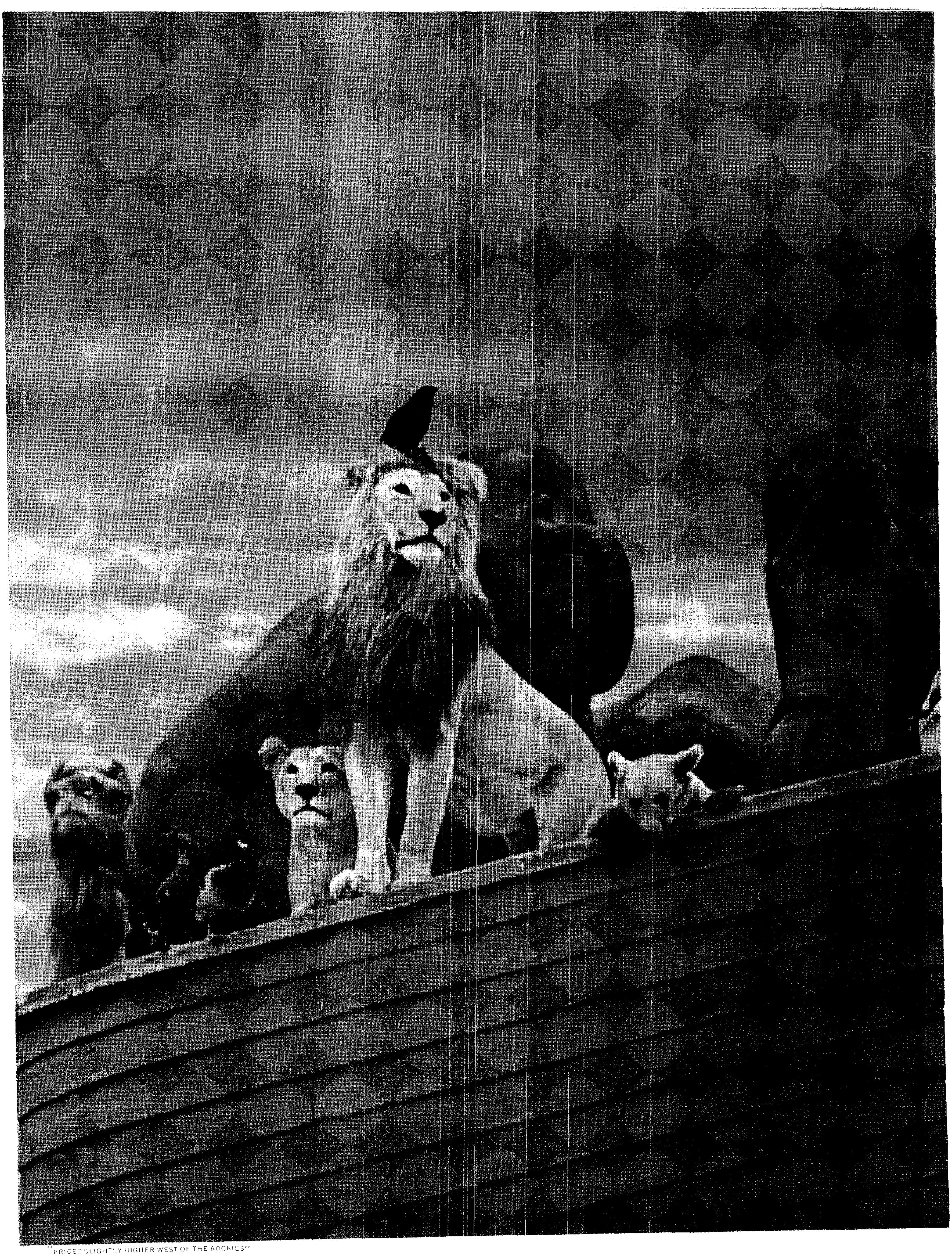

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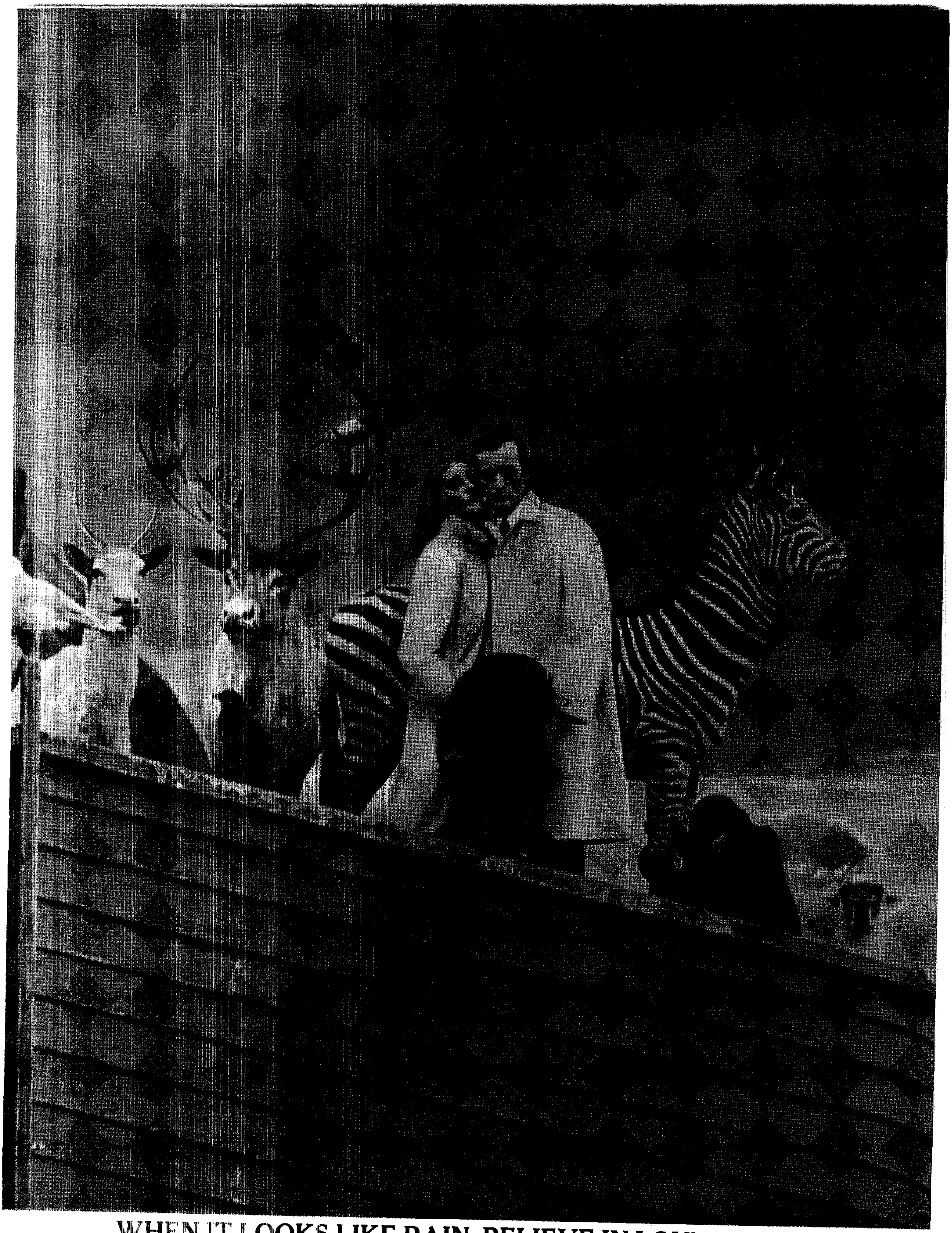

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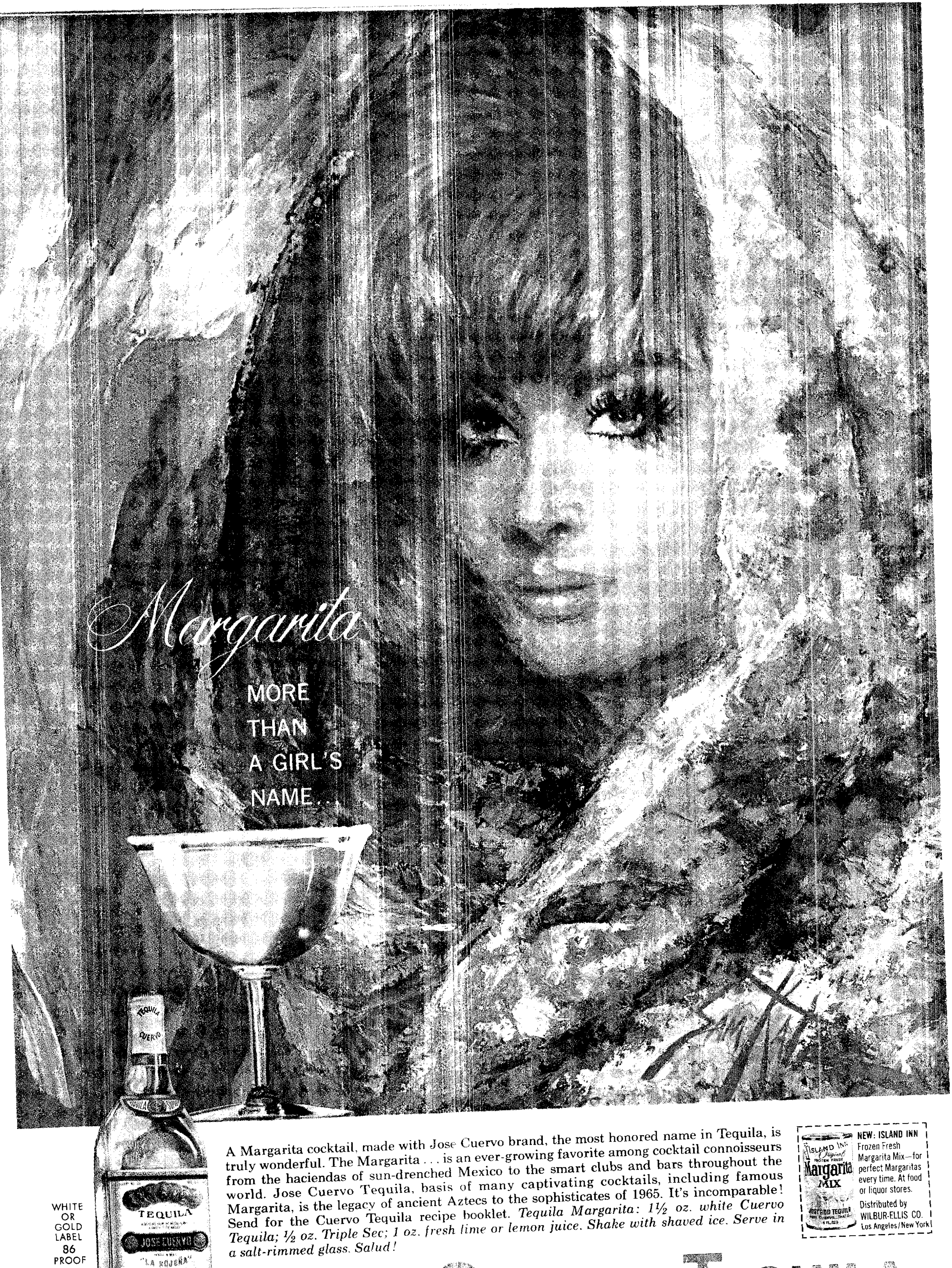

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SOLE U.S. IMPORTERS / YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES 54, CALIFORNIA travellers neared it, an impressive compound consisting of bungalows, a garage, a restaurant, and a cocktail lounge. Taking charge, the boy said to Dick, "Pull in there. Maybe we can make a deal. Only, let me talk. I've had the experience. Sometimes they try to cheat." Perry could not imagine "anyone smart enough to cheat that kid," he said later. "It didn't shame him a bit going in there with all those bottles. Me, I never could've, I'd have felt so ashamed. But the people at the motel were nice about it; they just laughed. Turned out the bottles were worth twelve dollars and sixty cents."

The boy divided the money evenly, giving half to himself, the rest to his partners, and said, "Know what? I'm gonna blow me and Johnny to a good feed. Ain't you fellows hungry?"

Dick, as always, was. And, after so much activity, even Perry felt starved. As he later told about it, "We carted the old man into the restaurant and propped him up at a table. He looked exactly the same—thanatoid. And he never said one word. But you should have seen him shovel it in. The kid ordered him pancakes; he said that was what Johnny liked best. I swear he ate something like thirty pancakes. With maybe two pounds of butter, and a quart of syrup. The kid could put it down himself. Potato chips and ice cream, that was all he wanted, but he sure ate a lot of them. I wonder it didn't make him sick."

During the dinner party, Dick, who had consulted a map, announced that Sweetwater was a hundred or more miles west of the route he was driving—the route that would take him across New Mexico and Arizona to Nevada—to Las Vegas. Though this was true, it was clear to Perry that Dick simply wanted to rid himself of the boy and the old man. Dick's purpose was obvious to the boy, too, but the boy was polite and said, "Oh, don't you worry about us. Plenty of traffic must stop here. We'll get a ride."

The boy walked with them to the car, leaving the old man to devour a fresh stack of pancakes. He shook hands with Dick and with Perry, wished them a Happy New Year, and waved them away into the dark.

THE evening of Wednesday, December 30th, was a memorable one in the household of Agent A. A. Dewey, and, in giving an account of it to a friend, his wife said, "Alvin was singing in the bath. 'The Yellow Rose of Texas.' The kids were watching

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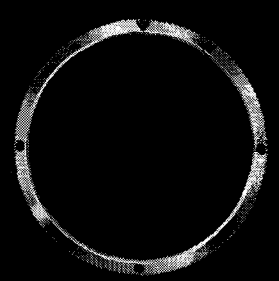

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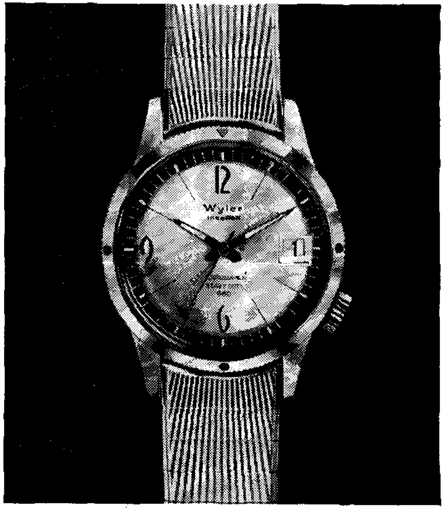

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TV. And I was setting the dining-room table. For a buffet. I'm from New Orleans; I love to cook and entertain, and my mother had just sent us a crate of avocados and black-eyed peas, and—oh, a heap of real nice things. So I decided: We're going to have a buffet, invite some friends over—the Murrays, and Cliff and Dodie Hope. Alvin didn't want to, but I was determined. My goodness! The case could go on forever, and he hadn't taken hardly a minute off since it began. Well, I was setting the table, so when I heard the phone I asked one of the boys to answer it—Paul. Paul said it was for Daddy, and I said, 'You tell them he's in the bath,' but Paul said he wondered if he ought to do that, because it was Mr. Sanford calling from Topeka. Alvin's boss. Alvin took the call with just a towel around him. Made me so mad—dripping puddles everywhere. But when I went to get a mop I saw something worse—that cat, that fool Pete, up on the kitchen table gorging crabmeat salad. My avocado stuffing. The next thing was, suddenly Alvin had hold of me, he was hugging me, and I said, 'Alvin Dewey, have you lost your mind?' Fun's fun, but the man was wet as a pond, he was ruining my dress, and I was already dressed for company. Of course, when I understood why he was hugging me I hugged him right back. You can imagine what it meant to Alvin to know those men had been arrested. Out in Las Vegas. He said he had to leave for Las Vegas straightaway, and I asked him hadn't he ought to put on some clothes first, and Alvin, he was so excited, he said, 'Gosh, honey, I guess I've spoiled your party.' I couldn't think of a happier way of having it spoiled—not if this meant that maybe one day soon we'd be back living an ordinary life. Alvin laughed—it was just beautiful to hear him. I mean, the past two weeks had been the worst of all. Because the week before Christmas those men turned up in Kansas City—came and went without getting caught—and I never saw Alvin more depressed, except once when young Alvin was in the hospital, had encephalitis, we thought we might lose him. But I don't want to talk about that.

"Anyway, I made coffee for him and took it to the bedroom, where he was supposed to be getting dressed. But he wasn't. He was sitting on the edge of our bed holding his head, as if he had a headache. Hadn't put on even a sock. So I said, 'What do you want to do, get pneumonia?' And he looked at me, and said, 'Marie, listen, it's got to be these

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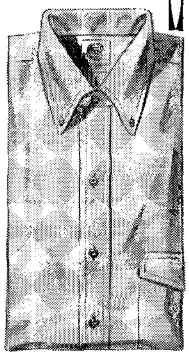

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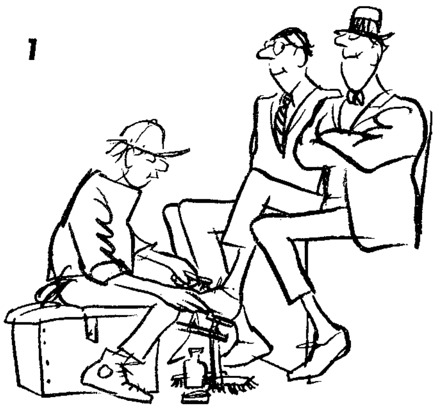
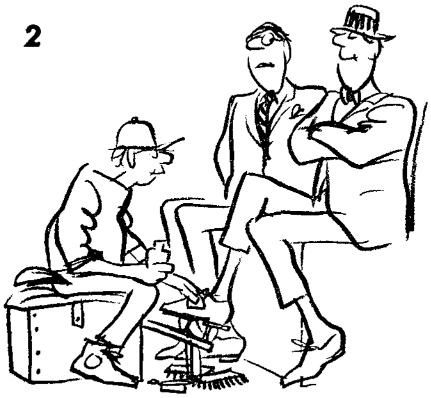


You look pleased with yourself.

This is a red-letter day for me.

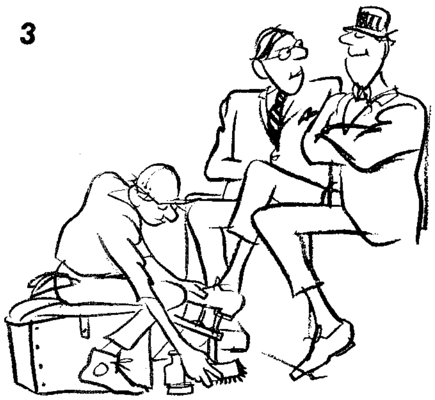
2



New baby?

Oh no.

3



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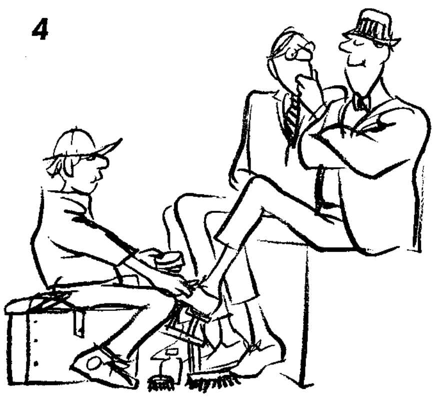

That's red letter?

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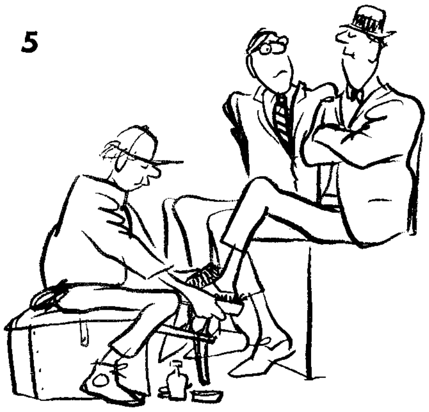
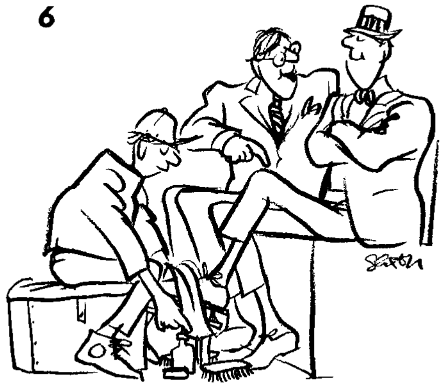


You're talking about 30 years. People have been known to check out long before their mortgage is paid off.

I prefer not to look on the gloomy side.

6



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guys, has to, that's the only logical solution.' Alvin's funny. Like the first time he ran for Finney County sheriff. Election night, when practically every vote had been counted and it was plain as plain he'd won, he said—I could have strangled him—said over and over, 'Well, we won't know till the last return.' I told him, 'Now, Alvin, don't start that. Of course they did it.' He said, 'Where's our proof? We can't prove either of them ever set foot inside the Clutter house!' But that seemed to me exactly what he could prove: footprints—weren't footprints the one thing those animals left behind? Alvin said, 'Yes, and a big lot of good they are—unless those boys still happen to be wearing the boots that made them. Just footprints by themselves aren't worth a Dixie dollar.' I said, 'All right, honey, drink your coffee and I'll help you pack.' Sometimes you can't reason with Alvin. The way he kept on, he had me almost convinced Hickock and Smith were innocent, and if they weren't innocent would never confess, and if they didn't confess could never be convicted—the evidence was too circumstantial. What bothered him most, though—he was afraid that the story would leak, that the men would learn the truth before the K.B.I. could question them. As it was, they thought they'd been picked up for parole violation. Passing bad checks. And Alvin felt it was very important they keep thinking that. He said, 'The name Clutter has to hit them like a hammer, a blow they never knew was coming.'

"Paul (I'd sent him out to the washline for some of Alvin's socks)—Paul came back and stood around watching me pack. He wanted to know where Alvin was going. Alvin lifted him up in his arms. He said, 'Can you keep a secret, Pauly?' Not that he needed to ask. Both boys know they mustn't talk about Alvin's work—the bits and pieces they hear around the house. So he said, 'Pauly, you remember those two fellows we've been looking for? Well, now we know where they are, and Daddy's going to go get them and bring them here to Garden City.' But Paul begged him, 'Don't do that, Daddy, don't bring them here.' He was frightened—any child might've been. Alvin kissed him. He said, 'Now, that's O.K., Pauly, we won't let them hurt anybody. They're not going to hurt anybody ever again.' "

AT five that afternoon, some twenty minutes after the stolen Chevrolet rolled off the Nevada desert into Las Vegas, the long ride came to an

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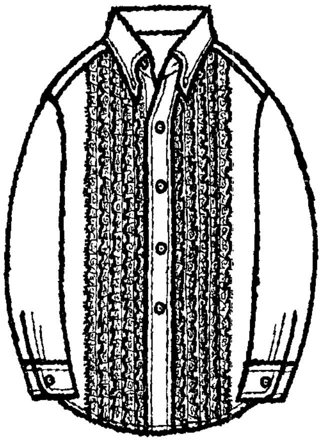

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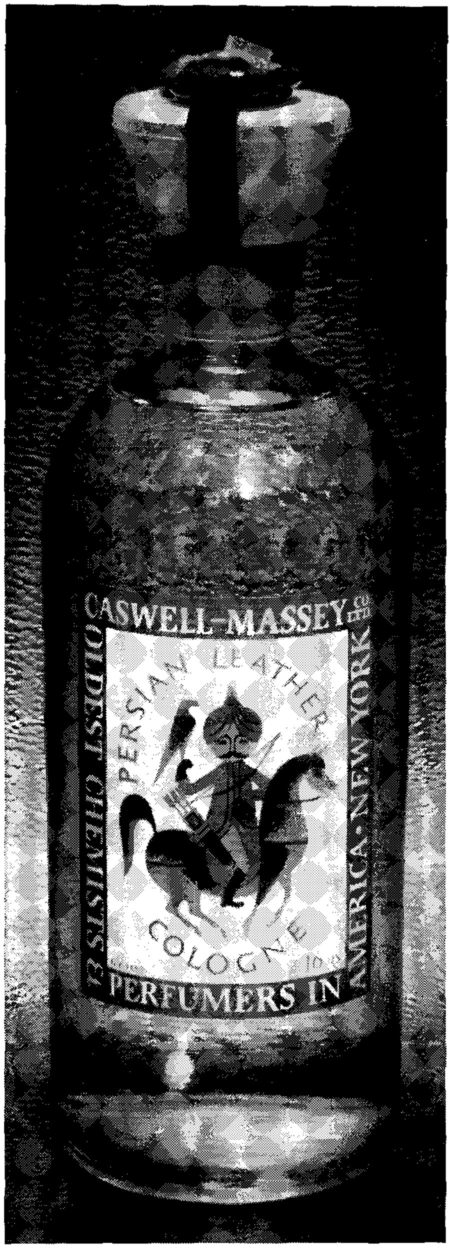

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end. But not before Perry had visited the Las Vegas post office, where he claimed a package addressed to himself in care of General Delivery—the large cardboard box he had mailed from Mexico, and had insured for a hundred dollars, a sum exceeding to an impertinent extent the value of the contents, which were khaki and denim pants, worn shirts, underwear, and two pairs of steel-buckled boots. Dick, waiting for Perry outside the post office, was in excellent spirits; he had reached a decision that he was certain would eradicate his current difficulties and start him on a new road, with a new rainbow in view. The decision involved impersonating an Air Force officer. It was a project that had long fascinated him, and Las Vegas was the ideal place to try it out. He'd already selected the officer's rank and name, the latter borrowed from a former acquaintance, the then warden of Kansas State Penitentiary—Tracy Hand. A Captain Tracy Hand, smartly clothed in a made-to-order uniform, he intended to "crawl the strip," Las Vegas's street of never-closed casinos. Small-time, big-time, the Sands, the Stardust—he meant to hit them all, distributing en route "a bundle of confetti." By writing worthless checks right around the clock, he expected to haul in, within a twenty-four-hour period, three, maybe four thousand dollars. That was half the plot, the second half being: Goodbye, Perry. Dick was sick of him—his harmonica, his aches and ills, his superstitions, the weepy, womanly eyes, the nagging, whispery voice. Suspicious, self-righteous, spiteful, he was like a wife that must be got rid of. And there was but one way to do it: Say nothing—just go.

Absorbed in his plans, Dick did not notice a patrol car pass him, slow down, reconnoitre. Nor did Perry, descending the post-office steps with the Mexican box balanced on a shoulder, observe the prowl car and the policemen in it: Officers Ocie Pigford and Francis Macauley—men who carried in their heads pages of memorized data, including a description of a black-and-white 1956 Chevrolet bearing Kansas license plate JO-16212. Neither Perry nor Dick was aware of the police vehicle trailing them as they pulled away from the post office and, with Dick driving and Perry directing, travelled five blocks north, turned left, then right, drove a quarter mile more, and stopped in front of a dying palm tree and a weather-wrecked sign from which all lettering had faded except the word "OOM."

"This it?" Dick asked.

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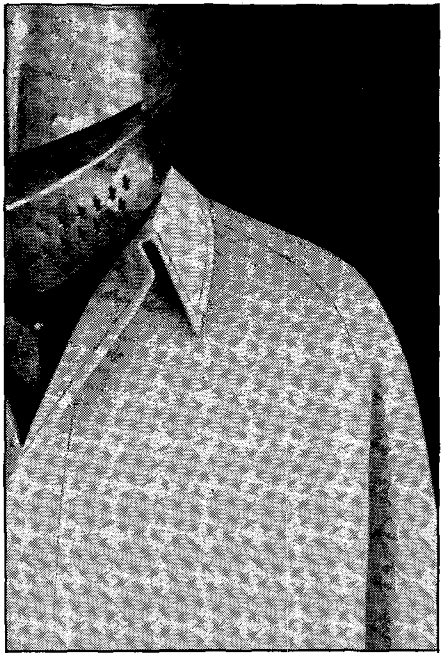

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Perry, as the patrol car drew alongside, nodded.

THE Detective Division of the Las Vegas city jail contains two interrogation rooms—fluorescent-lighted chambers measuring ten by twelve feet, with walls and ceilings of Celotex. In each room, in addition to an electric fan, a metal table, and folding metal chairs, there are camouflaged microphones, concealed tape recorders, and, set into the door, a mirrored one-way observation window. On Saturday, the second day of 1960, both rooms were booked for 2 P.M.—the hour that four detectives from Kansas had selected for their first confrontation with Hickock and Smith.

Shortly before the appointed moment, the quartet of K.B.I. agents—Harold Nye, Roy Church, Alvin Dewey, and Clarence Duntz—gathered in a corridor outside the interrogation rooms. Nye was running a temperature. "Part flu. But mostly sheer excitement," he subsequently informed a journalist. "By then, I'd already been waiting in Las Vegas two days—took the next plane out after news of the arrest reached our headquarters in Topeka. The rest of the team, Al and Roy and Clarence, came on by car—had a lousy trip, too. Lousy weather. Spent New Year's Eve snowed up in a motel in Albuquerque. Boy, when they finally hit Vegas, they needed good whiskey and good news. I was ready with both. Our young men had signed waivers of extradition. Better yet: We had the boots, both pairs, and the soles—the Cat's Paw and the diamond pattern—matched perfectly the life-size photographs of the footprints found in the Clutter house. The boots were in a box of stuff the boys picked up at the post office just before the curtain fell. Like I told Al Dewey, suppose the squeeze had come five minutes sooner! Even so, our case was very shaky—nothing that couldn't be pulled apart. But I remember, while we were waiting in the corridor—I remember being feverish and nervous as hell, but *confident*. We all were; we felt we were on the edge of the truth. My job, mine and Church's, was to pressure it out of Hickock. Smith belonged to Al and Old Man Duntz. At that time, I hadn't seen the suspects—just examined their possessions and arranged the extradition waivers. I'd never laid eyes on Hickock until he was brought down to the interrogation room. I'd imagined a bigger guy. Brawnier. Not some skinny kid. He was twenty-eight, but he looked like a

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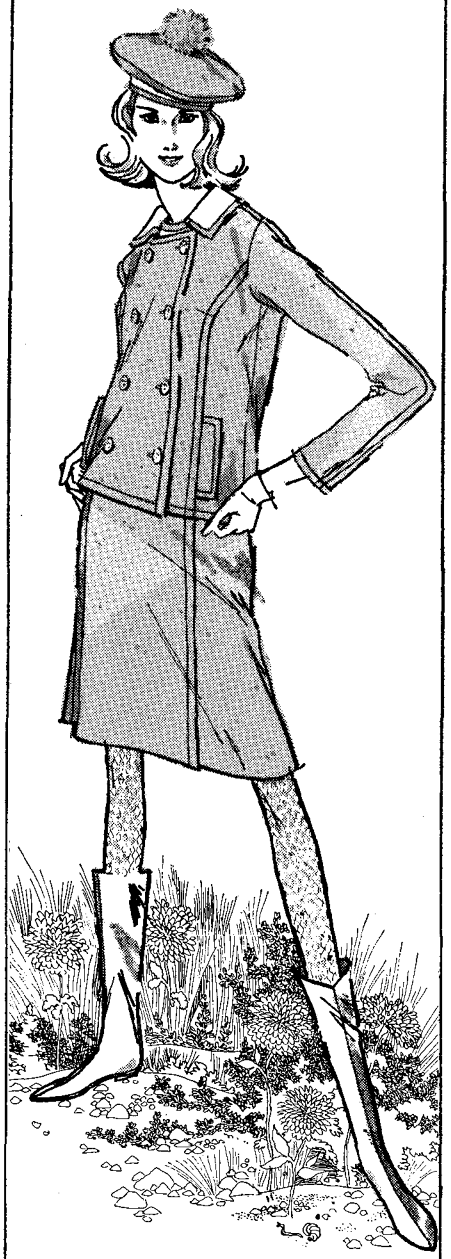

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kid. Hungry—right down to the bone. He was wearing a blue shirt and suntans and white socks and black shoes. We shook hands; his hand was drier than mine. Clean, polite, nice voice, good diction, a pretty decent-looking fellow, with a very disarming smile—and in the beginning he smiled quite a lot. I said, 'Mr. Hickock, my name is Harold Nye, and this other gentleman is Mr. Roy Church. We're Special Agents of the Kansas Bureau of Investigation, and we've come here to discuss your parole violation. Of course, you're under no obligation to answer our questions, and anything you say may be used against you in evidence. You're entitled to a lawyer at all times. We'll use no force, no threats, and we'll make you no promises.' He was calm as could be."

"I KNOW the form," Dick said. "I've been questioned before."

"Now, Mr. Hickock—"

"Dick."

"Dick, we want to talk to you about your activities since your parole. To our knowledge, you've gone on at least two big check sprees in the Kansas City area."

"Uh-huh. Hung out quite a few."

"Could you give us a list?"

The prisoner, evidently proud of his one authentic gift, a brilliant memory, recited the names and addresses of twenty Kansas City stores, cafés, and garages, and recalled, accurately, the "purchase" made at each and the amount of the check passed.

"I'm curious, Dick. Why do these people accept your checks? I'd like to know the secret."

"The secret is: People are dumb."

Roy Church said, "Fine, Dick. Very funny. But just for the moment let's forget these checks." Though he sounds as if his throat were lined with hog bristle, and has hands so hardened that he can punch stone walls (his favorite stunt, in fact), persons have been known to mistake Church for a kindly little man, somebody's bald-headed, pink-cheeked uncle. "Dick," he said, "suppose you tell us something about your family background."

The prisoner reminisced. Once, when he was nine or ten, his father had fallen ill. "It was rabbit fever," and the illness lasted many months, during which the family had depended upon church assistance and the charity of neighbors—"otherwise we would've starved." That episode aside, his childhood had been O.K. "We never had much money, but we were never really

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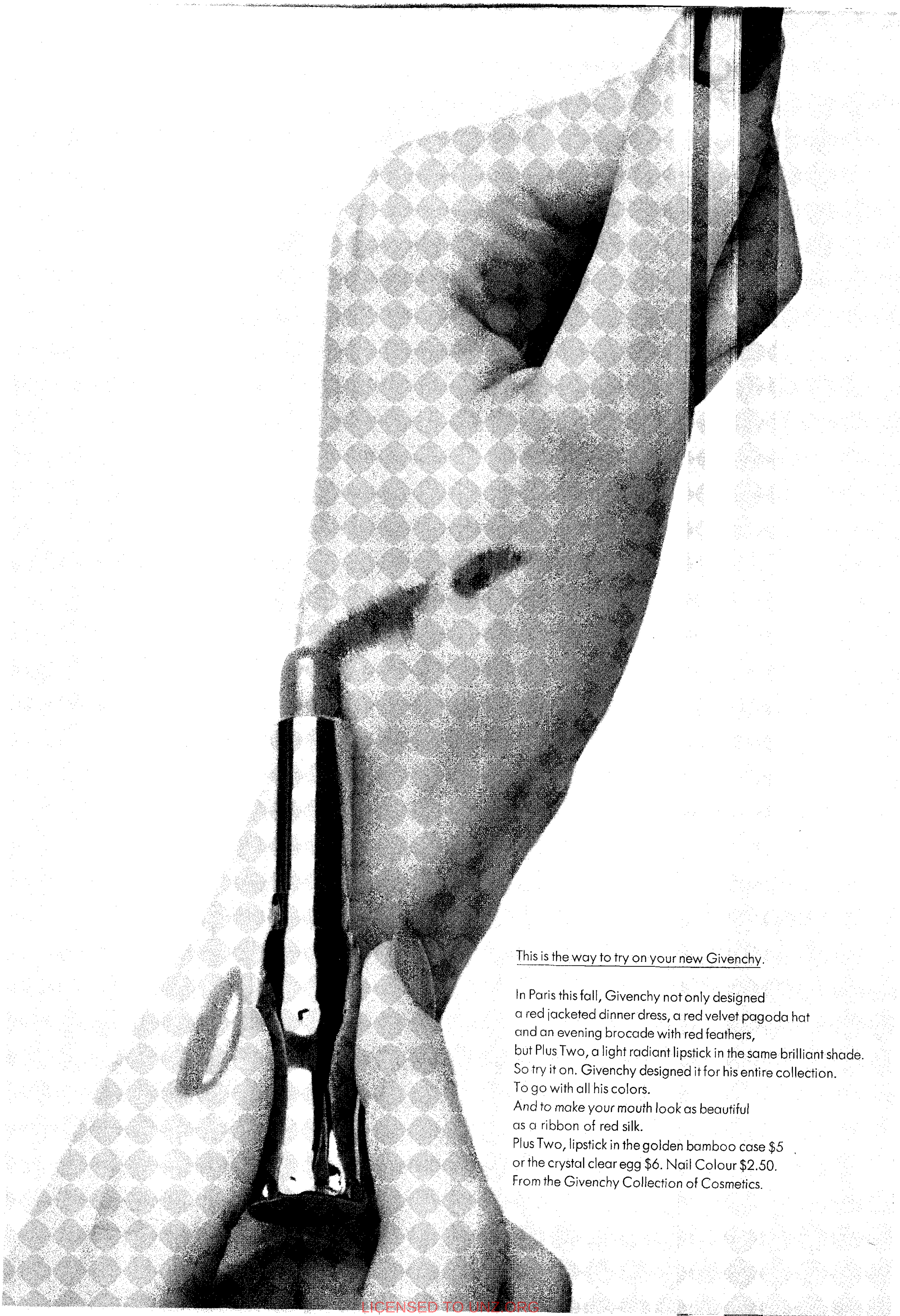

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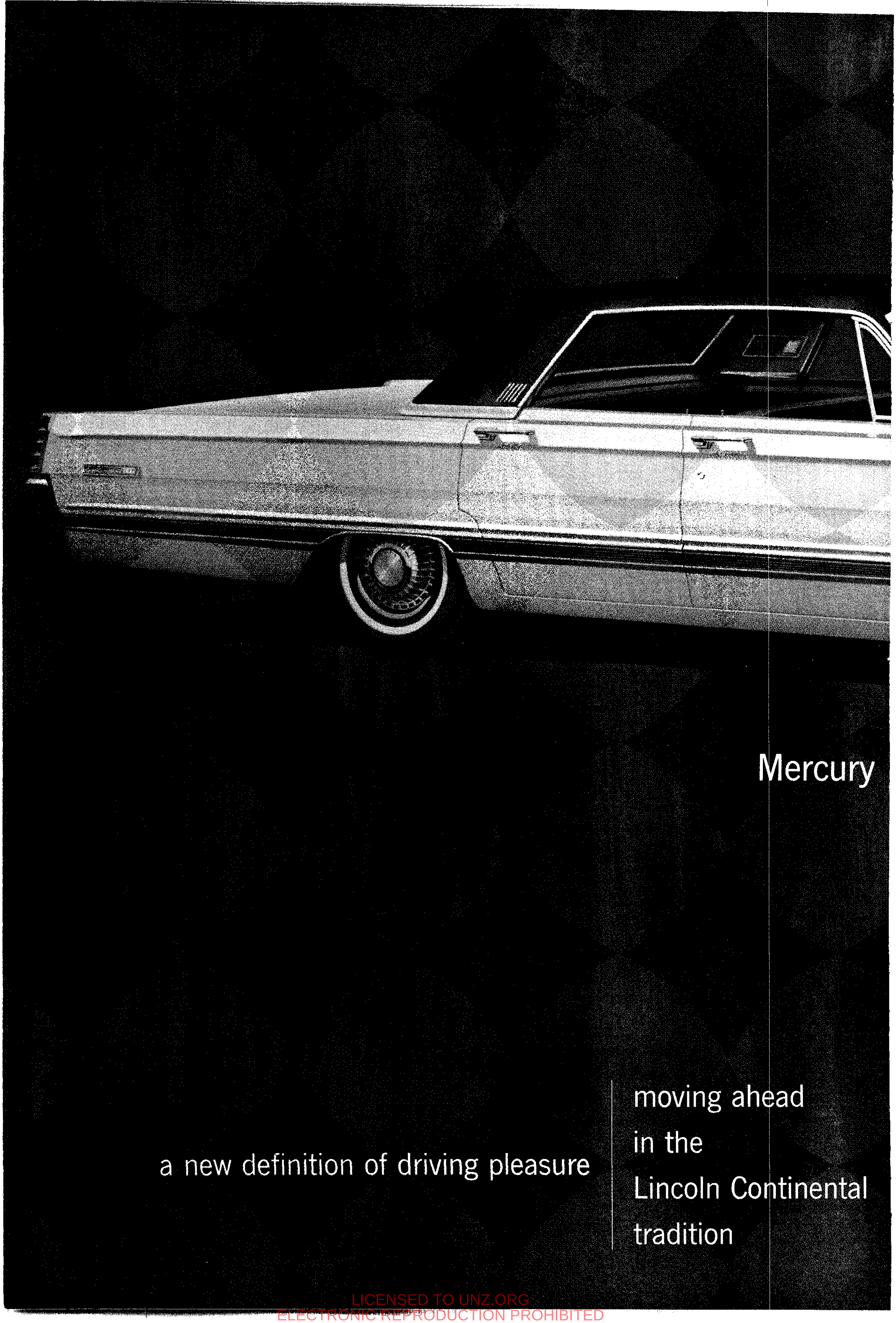
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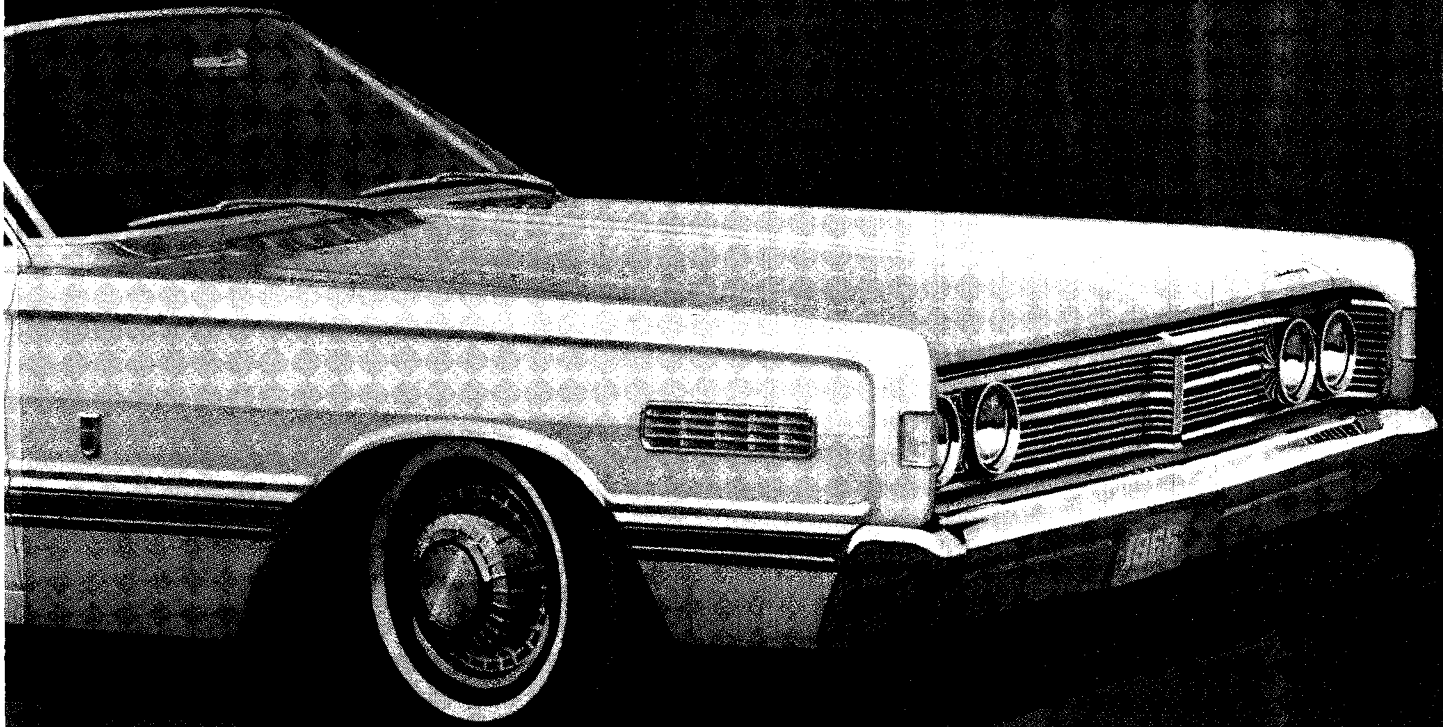

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down-and-out," he said. "We always had clean clothes and something to eat. My dad was strict, though. He wasn't happy unless he had me doing chores. But we got along O.K.—no serious arguments. My parents never argued, either. I can't recall a single quarrel. She's wonderful, my mother. Dad's a good guy, too. I'd say they did the best for me they could." School? Well, he felt he might have been more than an average student if he had contributed to books a fraction of the time he'd "wasted" on sports. "Baseball. Football. I made all the teams. After high school I could have gone to college on a football scholarship. I wanted to study engineering, but even with a scholarship deals like that cost plenty. I don't know, it seemed safer to get a job." Before his twenty-first birthday, he'd worked as a railway trackman, an ambulance driver, a car painter, and a garage mechanic; he'd also married a girl sixteen years old. "Carol. Her father was a minister. He was dead against me. Said I was a full-time nobody. He made all the trouble he could. But I was nuts about Carol. Still am. There's a real princess. Only—see, we had three kids. Boys. And we were too young to have three kids. Maybe if we hadn't got so deep into debt. If I could've earned extra money. I tried." He tried gambling, and started forging checks and experimenting with other forms of theft. In 1958, he was convicted of house burglary in a Johnson County court and sentenced to five years in Kansas State Penitentiary. But by then Carol had departed and he'd taken as a bride another girl aged sixteen. "Mean as hell. Her and her whole family. She divorced me while I was inside. I'm not complaining. Last August, when I left The Walls, I figured I had every chance to start new. I got a job in Olathe, lived with my family, and stayed home nights. I was doing swell—"

"Until November 20th," said Nye, and Hickock seemed not to understand him. "The day you stopped doing swell and started hanging paper. Why?"

Hickock sighed, and said, "That would make a book." Then, smoking a cigarette borrowed from Nye and lighted by the courteous Church, he said, "Perry—my buddy Perry Smith—was paroled in the summer. Later on, when I came out, he sent me a letter. Postmarked Idaho. He wrote reminding me of this deal we used to talk over. About Mexico. The idea was we would go to Acapulco, one of them places, buy a fishing boat, and run it our-

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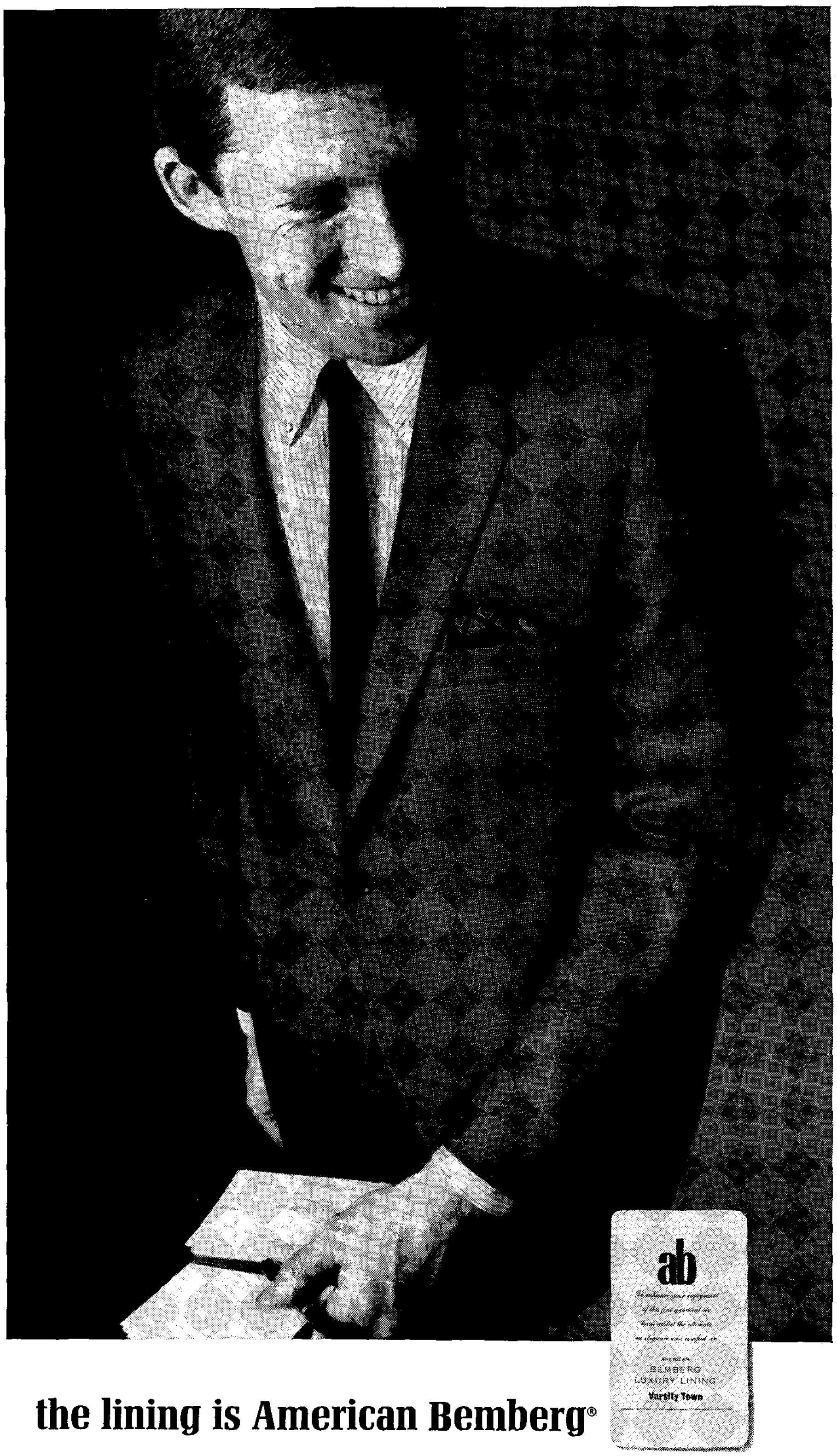

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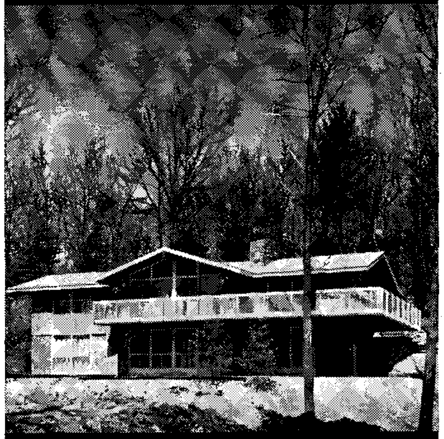

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selves—take tourists deep-sea fishing."

Nye said, "This boat. How did you plan to pay for it?"

"I'm coming to that," Hickock said. "See, Perry wrote me he had a sister living in Fort Scott. And she was holding some heavy change for him. Several thousand dollars. Money his dad owed him from the sale of some property up in Alaska. He said he was coming to Kansas to get the dough."

"And the two of you would use it to buy a boat."

"Correct."

"But it didn't work out that way."

"What happened was, Perry showed up maybe a month later. I met him at the bus station in Kansas City—"

"When?" said Church. "The day of the week."

"A Thursday."

"And when did you go to Fort Scott?"

"Saturday."

"November 14th."

Hickock's eyes flashed with surprise. One could see that he was asking himself why Church should be so certain of the date; and hurriedly—for it was too soon to stir suspicions—the detective said, "What time did you leave for Fort Scott?"

"That afternoon. We did some work on my car, and had a bowl of chili at the West Side Café. It must have been around three."

"Around three. Was Perry Smith's sister expecting you?"

"No. Because, see, Perry lost her address. And she didn't have a telephone."

"Then how did you expect to find her?"

"By inquiring at the post office."

"Did you?"

"Perry did. They said she'd moved away. To Oregon, they thought. But she hadn't left any forwarding address."

"Must have been quite a blow. After you'd been counting on a big piece of money like that."

Hickock agreed. "Because—well, we'd definitely decided to go to Mexico. Otherwise I never would've cashed them checks. But I hoped— Now, listen to me; I'm telling the truth. I thought once we got to Mexico and began making money, then I'd be able to pay them off. The checks."

Nye took over. "One minute, Dick." Nye is a short, short-tempered man who has difficulty moderating his aggressive vigor, his talent for language both sharp and outspoken. "I'd like to hear a little more about the trip to Fort Scott," he said, soft-pedalling. "When

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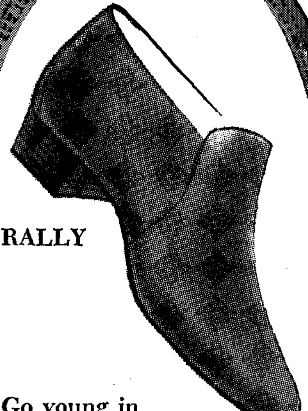

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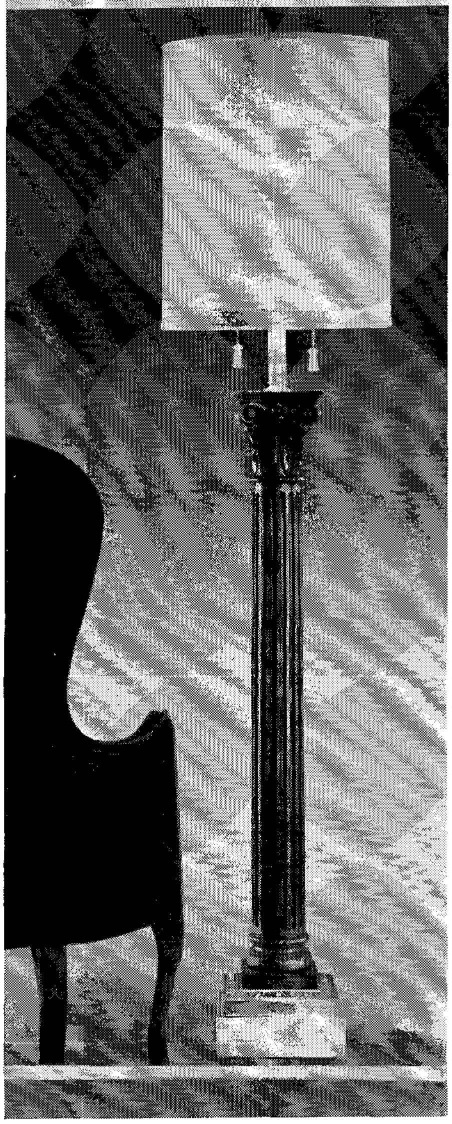

you found Smith's sister no longer there, what did you do then?"

"Walked around. Had a beer. Drove back."

"You mean you went home?"

"No. To Kansas City. We stopped at the Zesto Drive-In. Ate hamburgers. We tried Virgin Lane."

Neither Nye nor Church was familiar with Virgin Lane.

Hickock said, "You kiddin'? Every cop in Kansas knows it." When the detectives again pleaded ignorance, he explained that it was a stretch of park where one encountered "hustlers mostly," adding, "But plenty of amateurs, too. Nurses. Secretaries. I've had a lot of luck there."

"And this particular evening. Have any luck?"

"The bad kind. We ended up with a pair of rollers."

"Named?"

"Mildred. The other one, Perry's girl, I think she was called Joan."

"Describe them."

"Maybe they were sisters. Both blond. Plump. I'm not too clear about it. See, we'd bought a bottle of ready-mix Orange Blossoms—that's orange pop and vodka—and I was getting stiff. We gave the girls a few drinks and drove them out to Fun Haven. I imagine you gentlemen never heard of Fun Haven?"

They said they hadn't.

Hickock grinned and shrugged, and told them, "It's on the Blue Ridge Road. Eight miles south of Kansas City. A combination night club-motel. You pay ten bucks for the key to a cabin." Continuing, he described the cabin in which he claimed that the foursome had stayed the night: twin beds, an old Coca-Cola calendar, a radio that wouldn't play unless the customer deposited a quarter. His poise, his explicitness, the assured presentation of verifiable detail impressed Nye—though, of course, the boy was lying. Well, wasn't he? Nye, whether because of flu and fever or an abrupt lessening in the warmth of his confidence, exuded an icy sweat.

"Next morning, we woke up to find they'd rolled us and beat it," said Hickock. "Didn't get much off me. But Perry lost his wallet, with forty or fifty dollars."

"What did you do about it?"

"There wasn't nothing to do."

"You could've notified the police."

"Aw, come on. Quit it. *Notify* the police. For your information, a guy on parole's not allowed to booze. Or associate with another Old Grad—"

"All right, Dick. It's Sunday. The

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fifteenth of November. Tell us what you did that day. From the moment you checked out of Fun Haven."

"Well, we ate breakfast. At a truck stop near Happy Hill. Then we drove to Olathe, and I dropped Perry off at the hotel where he was living. I'd say that was around eleven. Afterward, I went home and had dinner with the family. Same as every Sunday. Watched TV. A basketball game, or maybe it was football. I was pretty tired."

"When did you next see Perry Smith?"

"Monday. He came by where I worked. Bob Sands Body Shop."

"And what did you talk about? Mexico?"

"Well, we still liked the idea. Even if we hadn't got hold of the money to do all we had in mind—put ourselves in business down there. But we wanted to go, and it seemed worth the risk."

"Worth another stretch in Lansing?"

"That didn't figure. See, we never intended coming Stateside again."

Nye, who had been jotting notes in a notebook, said, "On the day following the check spree—that would be the twenty-first—you and your friend Smith disappeared. Now, Dick, please outline your movements between then and the time of your arrest here in Las Vegas. Just a rough idea."

Hickock whistled and rolled his eyes. "Wow!" he said, and then, summoning his talent for something very like total recall, he began an account of the long ride—the approximately ten thousand miles he and Smith had covered in the past six weeks. He talked for an hour and twenty-five minutes—from two-fifty to four-fifteen—and told, with Nye attempting to list them, of highways and hotels, motels, rivers, towns and cities, a chorus of entwining names: Apache, El Paso, Corpus Christi, Santillo, San Luis Potosi, Acapulco, San Diego, Dallas, Omaha, Sweetwater, Stillwater, Tenville Junction, Tallahassee, Needles, Miami, Hotel Nuevo Waldorf, Somerset Hotel, Hotel Simone, Arrowhead Motel, Cherokee Motel, and many, many more. He gave them the name of the man in Mexico to whom he'd sold his own old 1949 Chevrolet, and confessed that he had stolen a newer model in Iowa. He described persons he and his partner had met: a Mexican widow, rich and sexy; Otto, a German "millionaire;" a "swish" pair of Negro prizefighters driving a "swish" lavender Cadillac; the blind proprietor of a Florida rattlesnake farm; a dying old man and his grandson; and others. And when he'd finished he sat with

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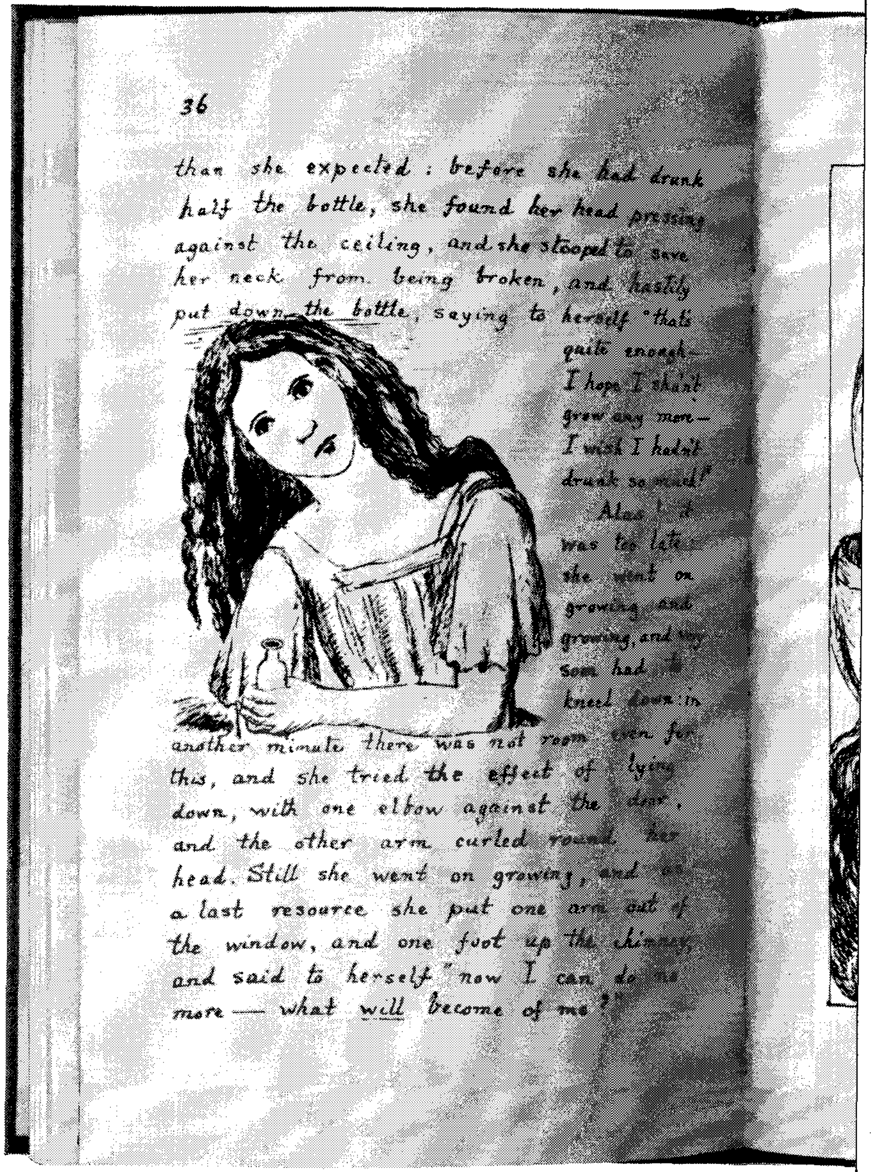

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than she expected: before she had drunk half the bottle, she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and she stooped to save her neck from being broken, and hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself "that's quite enough— I hope I shan't grow any more— I wish I hadn't drunk so much!" Alas! it was too late: she went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down: in another minute there was not room even for this, and she tried the effect of lying down, with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and as a last resource she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself "now I can do no more — what will become of me?"

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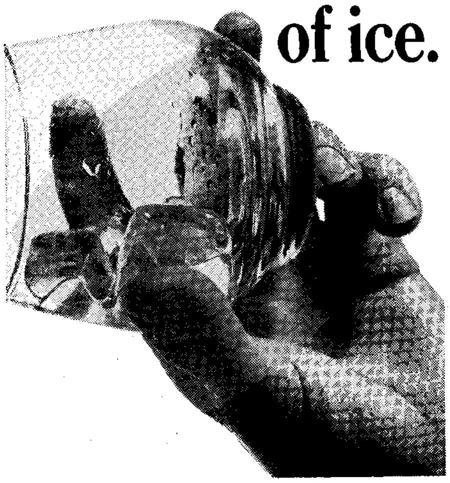

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folded arms and a pleased smile, as though waiting to be commended for the humor, the clarity, and the candor of his traveller's tale.

But Nye, in pursuit of the narrative, raced his pen, and Church, lazily slamming a shut hand against an open palm, said nothing—until suddenly he said, "I guess you know why we're here."

Hickock's mouth straightened—his posture, too.

"I guess you realize we wouldn't have come all the way to Nevada just to chat with a couple of two-bit check chisellers."

Nye had closed the notebook. He, too, stared at the prisoner, and observed that a cluster of veins had appeared in his left temple.

"Would we, Dick?"

"What?"

"Come this far to talk about a bunch of checks."

"I can't think of any other reason."

Nye drew a dagger on the cover of his notebook. While doing so, he said, "Tell me, Dick. Have you ever heard of the Clutter murder case?" Whereupon, he wrote in a formal report of the interview, "Suspect underwent an intense visible reaction. He turned gray. His eyes twitched."

Hickock said, "Whoa, now. Hold on, here. I'm no goddam killer."

"The question asked," Church reminded him, "was whether you'd *heard* of the Clutter murders."

"I may have read something," Hickock said.

"A vicious crime. Vicious. Cowardly."

"And almost perfect," Nye said. "But you made two mistakes, Dick. One was, you left a witness. A living witness. Who'll testify in court. Who'll stand in the witness box and tell a jury how Richard Hickock and Perry Smith bound and gagged and slaughtered four helpless people."

Hickock's face reddened with returning color. "Living witness! There can't be!"

"Because you thought you'd got rid of everyone?"

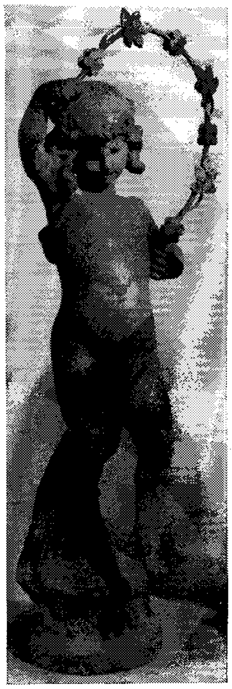
"I said whoa! There ain't anybody can connect me with any goddam murder. Checks. A little petty thievery. But I'm no goddam killer."

"Then why," Nye asked hotly, "have you been lying to us?"

"I've been telling you the goddam truth."

"Now and then. Not always. For instance, what about Saturday afternoon, November 14th? You say you drove to Fort Scott."

"Yes."



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"And when you got there you went to the post office."

"Yes."

"To obtain the address of Perry Smith's sister."

"That's right."

Nye rose. He walked around to the rear of Hickock's chair and, placing his hands on the back of the chair, leaned down as though to whisper in the prisoner's ear. "Perry Smith has no sister living in Fort Scott," he said. "He never has had. And on Saturday afternoons the Fort Scott post office happens to be closed." Then he said, "Think it over, Dick. That's all for now. We'll talk to you later."

After Hickock's dismissal, Nye and Church crossed the corridor and, looking through the one-way observation window set in the door of the interrogation room, watched the questioning of Perry Smith—a scene visible though not audible. Smith was seated between his interrogators, Dewey and Clarence Duntz. Nye, who was seeing Smith for the first time, was fascinated by his feet—by the fact that his legs were so short that his feet, as small as a child's, couldn't quite make the floor. Smith's head—the stiff Indian hair, the Irish-Indian blending of dark skin and pert, impish features—reminded him of the suspect's pretty sister, the nice Mrs. Johnson. But Smith, this chunky, misshapen child-man, was not pretty; the pink end of his tongue darted forth, flickering like the tongue of a lizard. He was smoking a cigarette, and from the evenness of his exhalations Nye deduced that he was still a "virgin"—that is, still uninformed about the real purpose of the interview.

NYE was right. For Dewey and Duntz, patient professionals, had gradually narrowed the prisoner's life story to events of the last seven weeks, then reduced those to a concentrated recapitulation of the crucial weekend—Saturday noon to Sunday noon, November 14th to 15th. Now, having spent three hours preparing the way, they were not far from coming to the point.

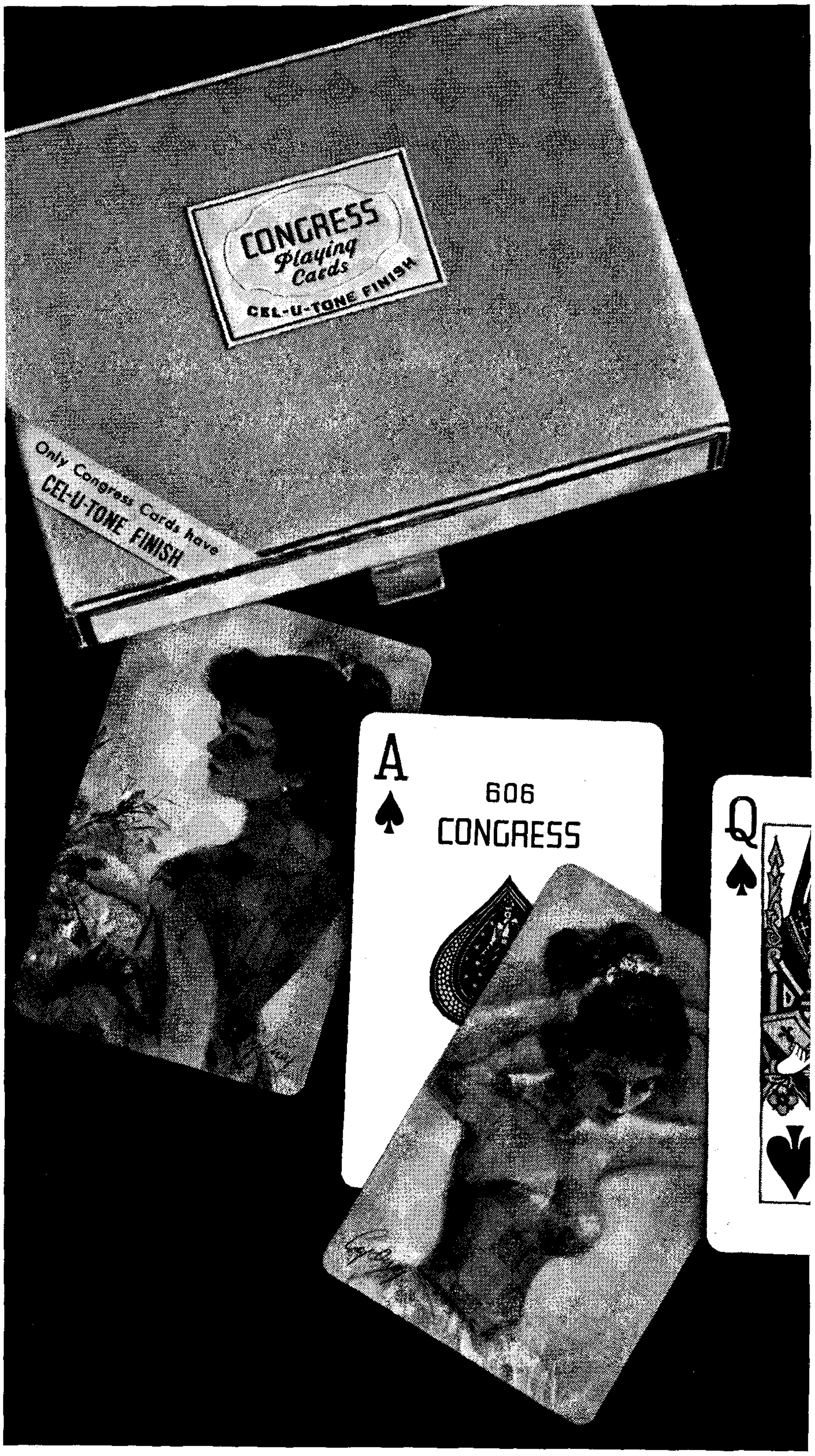
Dewey said, "Perry, let's review our position. Now, when you received parole, it was on condition that you never return to Kansas."

"The Sunflower State. I cried my eyes out."

"Feeling that way, why did you go back? You must have had some very strong reason."

"I told you. To see my sister. To get the money she was holding for me."

"Oh, yes. The sister you and



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Hickock tried to find in Fort Scott. Perry, how far is Fort Scott from Kansas City?"

Smith shook his head. He didn't know.

"Well, how long did it take you to drive there?"

No response.

"One hour? Two? Three? Four?"

The prisoner said he couldn't remember.

"Of course you can't. Because you've never in your life been to Fort Scott."

Until then, neither of the detectives had challenged any part of Smith's statement. He shifted in his chair; with the tip of his tongue he wet his lips.

"The fact is, nothing you've told us is true. You never set foot in Fort Scott. You never picked up any two girls and never took them to any motel—"

"We did. No kidding."

"What were their names?"

"I never asked."

"You and Hickock spent the night with these women and never asked their names?"

"They were just prostitutes."

"Tell us the name of the motel."

"Ask Dick. He'll know. I never remember junk like that."

Dewey addressed his colleague. "Clarence, I think it's time we straightened Perry out."

Duntz hunched forward. He is a heavyweight with a welterweight's spontaneous agility, but his eyes are hooded and lazy. He drawls; each word, formed reluctantly and framed in a cattle-country accent, lasts awhile. "Yes, sir," he said. " 'Bout time."

"Listen good, Perry. Because Mr. Duntz is going to tell you where you really were that Saturday night. Where you were and what you were doing."

Duntz said, "You were killing the Clutter family."

Smith swallowed. He began to rub his knees.

"You were out in Holcomb, Kansas. In the home of Mr. Herbert W. Clutter. And before you left that house you killed all the people in it."

"Never. I never."

"Never what?"

"Knew anybody by that name. Clutter."

Dewey called him a liar, and, conjuring a card that, in prior consultation, the four detectives had agreed to play face down, told him, "We have a living witness, Perry. Somebody you boys overlooked."

A full minute elapsed, and Dewey exulted in Smith's silence, for an innocent man would ask who was this witness, and who were these Clutters, and why did they think he'd murdered them—would, at any rate, say *something*. But Smith sat quiet, squeezing his knees.

"Well, Perry?"

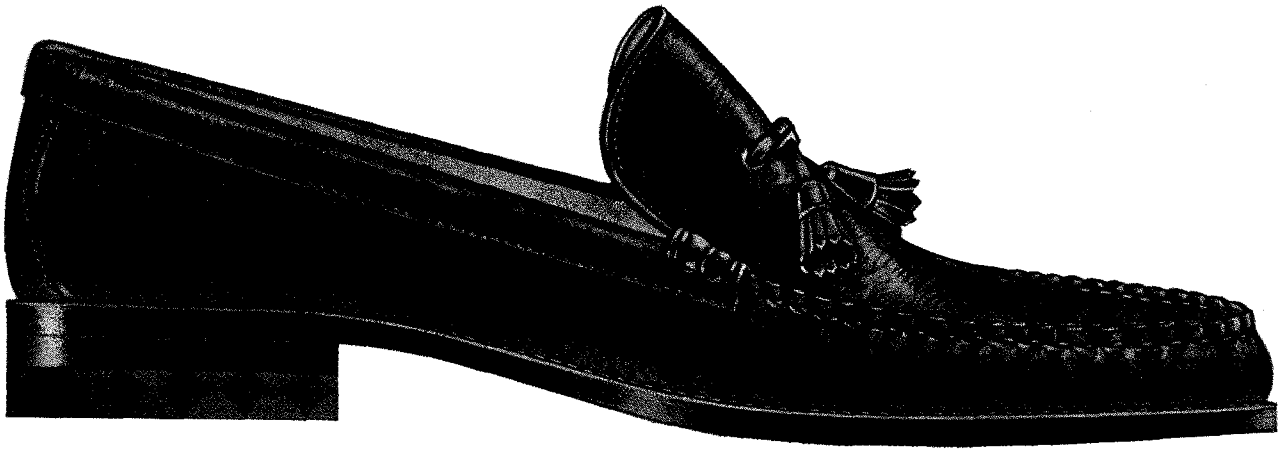
"You got an aspirin? They took away my aspirin."

"Feeling bad?"

"My legs do."

It was five-thirty. Dewey, intentionally abrupt, terminated the interview. "We'll take this up again tomorrow," he said. "By the way, do you know what tomorrow is? Nancy Clutter's birthday. She would have been seventeen."

"SHE would have been seventeen." Perry, sleepless in the dawn hours, wondered (he later recalled) if it was true that today was the girl's birthday, and decided no—that it was just another way of getting under his skin, like that phony business about "a witness—a living witness." There couldn't be. Or did they mean— If only he could talk to Dick! But he and Dick were being kept apart; Dick was locked in a cell on another floor. "Listen good, Perry. Because Mr. Duntz is going to tell you where you really were." Midway in the questioning, after he'd begun to notice the number of allusions to a particular November weekend, he'd nerved himself for what he knew was coming, yet when it did, when the big cowboy with the sleepy voice said, "You were killing the Clutter family"—well, he'd damn near died, that's all. He must have lost ten pounds in two seconds. Thank God he hadn't let them see it. Or hoped he hadn't. And Dick? Presumably they'd pulled the same stunt on him. Dick was smart, a convincing performer, but his "guts" were unreliable—he panicked too easily. Even so, and however much they pressured him, Perry was sure Dick would hold out. Unless he wanted to hang. "And before you left that house you killed all the people in it." It wouldn't amaze him if every Old Grad in Kansas had heard that line. They must have questioned hundreds of men, and no doubt accused dozens; he and Dick were merely two more. On the *other* hand—well, *would* Kansas send four Special Agents a thousand miles to pick up a small-time pair of parole violators? Maybe somehow they *had* stumbled on something, somebody—"a living witness." But that was impossible. Except— He'd give an arm, a leg



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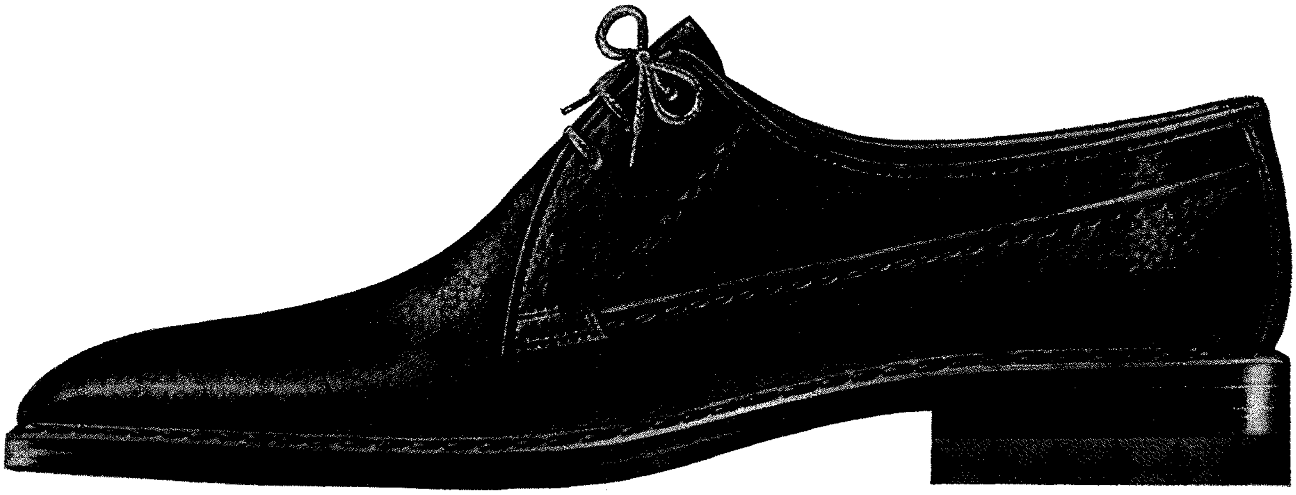

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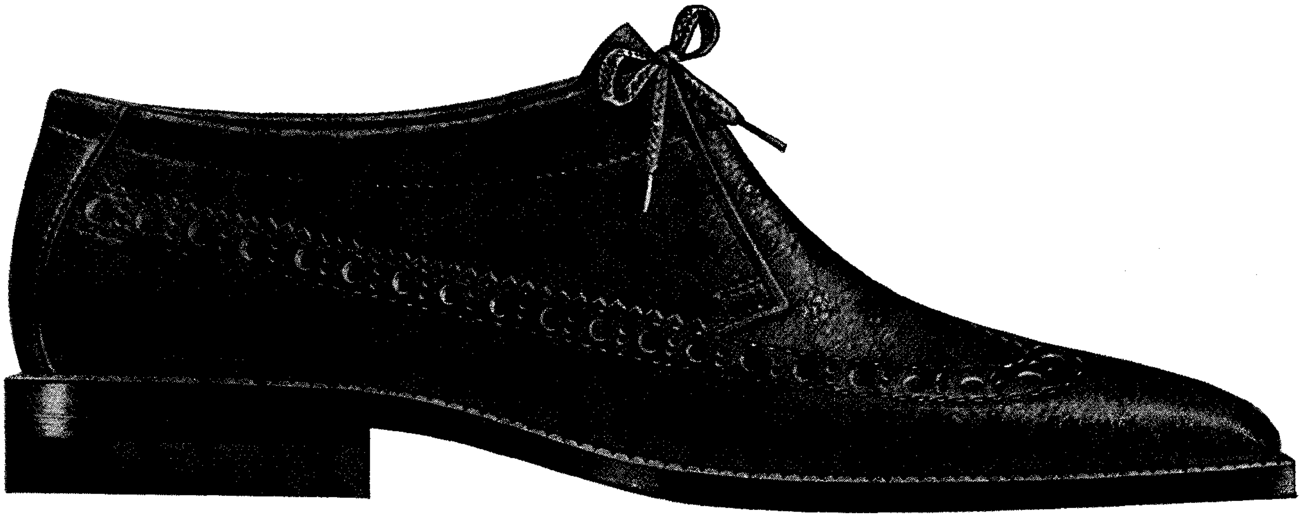

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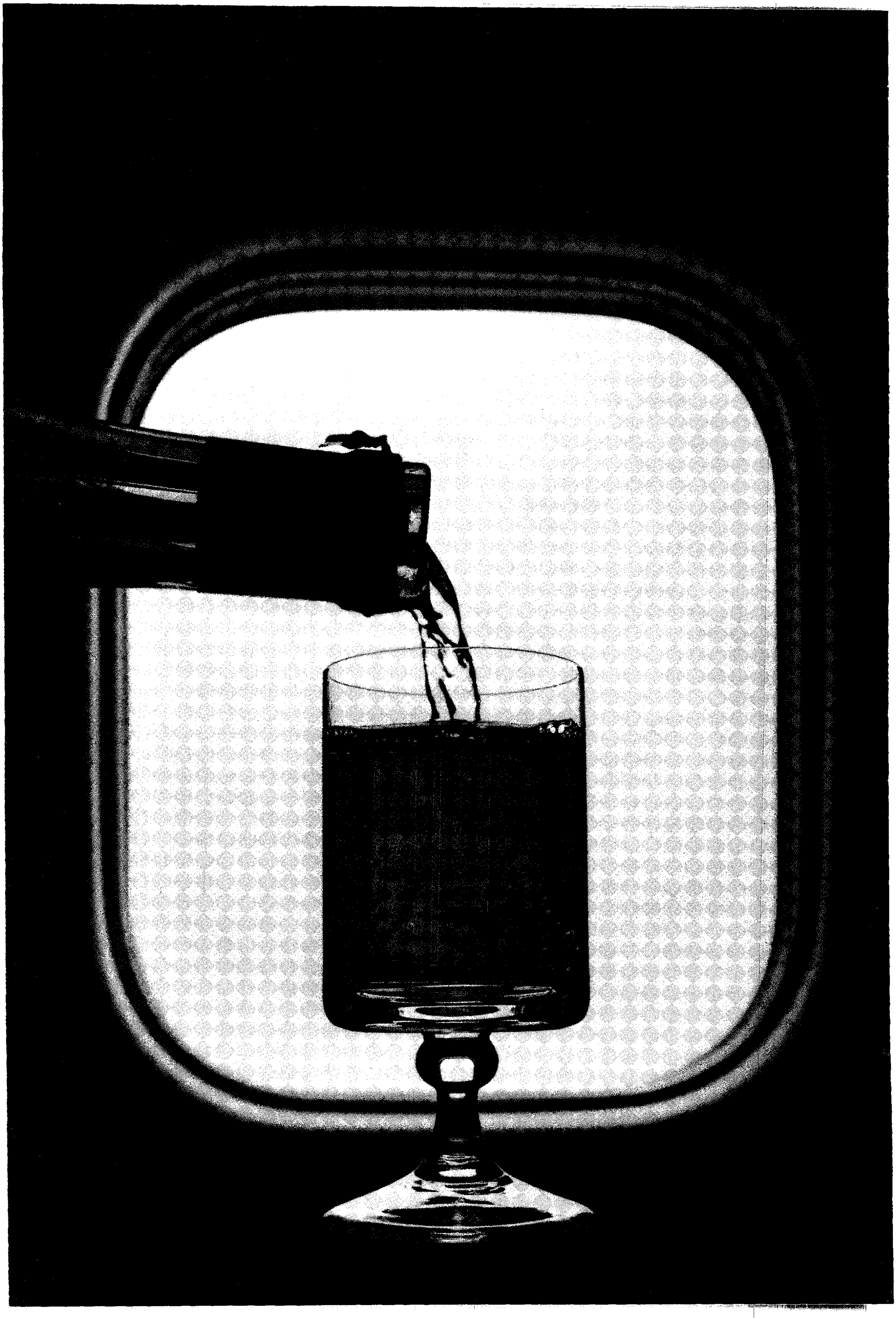

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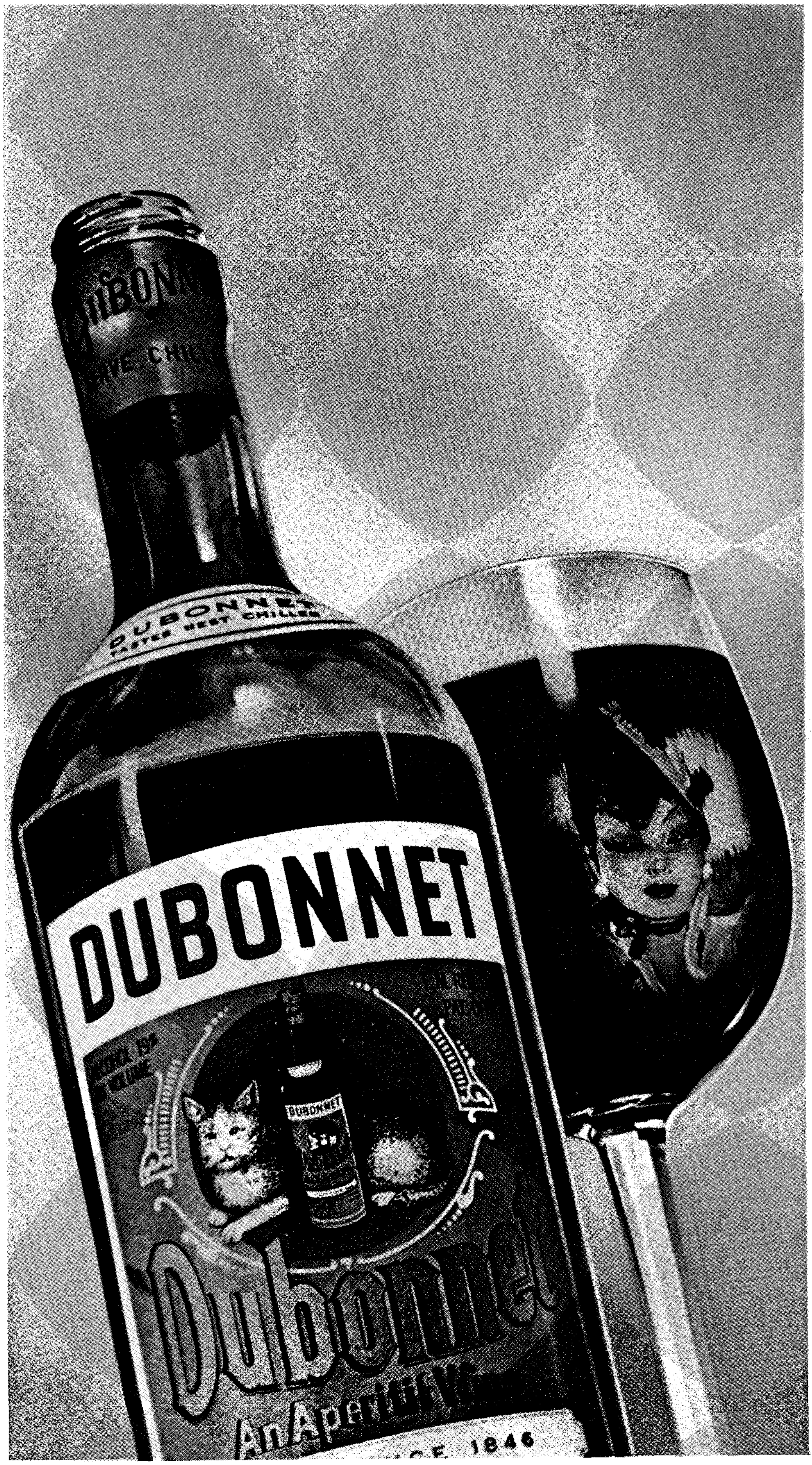
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to talk to Dick for just five minutes.

And Dick, awake in a cell on the floor below, was (he later recalled) equally eager to converse with Perry—find out what the punk had told them. Christ, you couldn't trust him to remember even the outline of the Fun Haven alibi—though they had discussed it often enough. And when those bastards threatened him with a witness! Ten to one the little spook had thought they meant an *eye*witness. Whereas he, Dick, had known at once who the so-called witness must be: Floyd Wells, his old friend and former cellmate. While serving the last weeks of his sentence, Dick had plotted to knife Floyd—stab him through the heart with a handmade "shiv"—and what a fool he was not to have done it. Except for Perry, Floyd Wells was the one human being who could link the names Hickock and Clutter. Floyd, with his sloping shoulders and inclining chin—Dick had thought he'd be too afraid. The son of a bitch was probably expecting some fancy reward—a parole or money, or both. But hell would freeze before he got it. Because a convict's tattle wasn't proof. Proof is footprints, fingerprints, witnesses, a confession. Hell, if all those cowboys had to go on was some story Floyd Wells had told, then there wasn't a lot to worry about. Come right down to it, Floyd wasn't half as dangerous as Perry. Perry, if he lost his nerve and let fly, could put them both in The Corner. And suddenly he saw the truth: It was *Perry* he ought to have silenced. On a mountain road in Mexico. Or while walking across the Mojave. Why had it never occurred to him until now? For now was much too late.

ULTIMATELY, at five minutes past three that afternoon, Perry admitted the falsity of the Fort Scott tale: "That was only something Dick told his family. So he could stay out overnight. Do some drinking. See, Dick's dad watched him pretty close—afraid he'd break parole. So we made up an excuse. About my sister. It was just to pacify Mr. Hickock." Otherwise, he repeated the same story again and again, and Duntz and Dewey, regardless of how often they corrected him and accused him of lying, could not make him change it—except to add fresh details. The names of the "prostitutes," he recalled today, were Mildred and Jane (or Joan). "They rolled us," he now remembered. "Walked off with all our dough while we were asleep." And though even Duntz had forfeited his composure—had shed, along with tie

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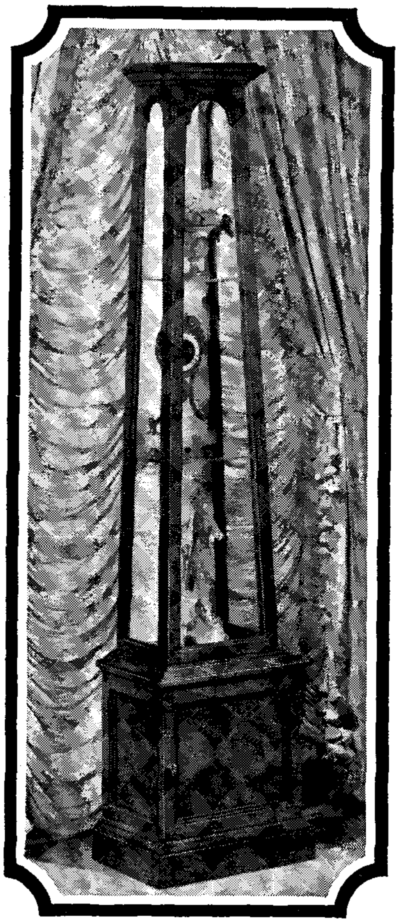

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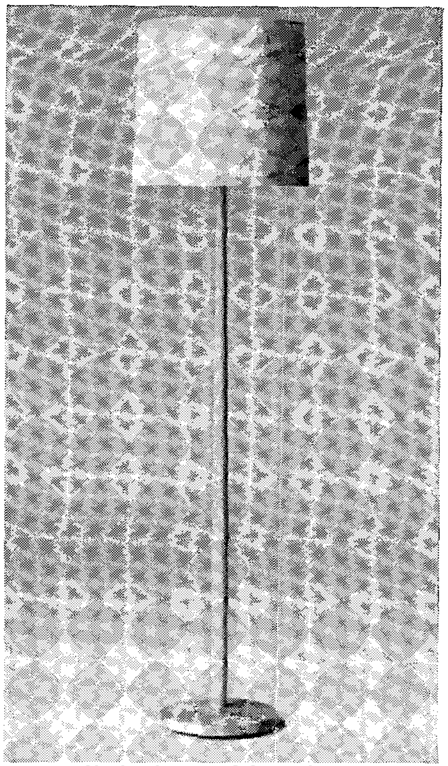
and coat, his enigmatic, drowsy dignity—the suspect seemed content and serene; he refused to budge. He'd never heard of the Clutters or Holcomb, or even Garden City.

Across the hall, in the smoke-choked room where Hickock was undergoing his second interrogation, Church and Nye were methodically applying a more roundabout strategy. Not once during this interview, now almost three hours old, had either of them mentioned murder—an omission that kept the prisoner edgy, expectant. They talked of everything else: Hickock's religious philosophy ("I know about Hell. I been there. Maybe there's a Heaven, too. Lots of rich people must think so"); his sexual history ("I've always behaved like a one-hundred-per-cent normal"); and, once more, the history of his recent cross-country hegira ("Why we kept going like that, the only reason was we were looking for jobs. Couldn't find anything decent, though. I worked one day digging a ditch"). But things unspoken were the center of interest—the cause, the detectives were convinced, of Hickock's escalating distress. Presently, he shut his eyes and touched the lids with trembling fingertips. And Church said, "Something wrong?"

"A headache. I get real bastards."

Then Nye said, "Look at me, Dick." Hickock obeyed, with an expression that the detective interpreted as a pleading with him to speak, to accuse, and let the prisoner escape into the sanctuary of steadfast denial. "When we discussed the matter yesterday, you may recall my saying that the Clutter murders were almost a perfect crime. The killers made only two mistakes. The first one was they left a witness. The second—well, I'll show you." Rising, he retrieved from a corner a box and a briefcase, both of which he'd brought into the room at the start of the interview. Out of the briefcase came a large photograph. "This," he said, leaving it on the table, "is a one-to-one reproduction of certain footprints found near Mr. Clutter's body. And here"—he opened the box—"are the boots that made them. Your boots, Dick." Hickock looked, and looked away. He rested his elbows on his knees and cradled his head in his hands. "Smith," said Nye, "was even more careless. We have his boots, too, and they exactly fit another set of prints. Bloody ones."

Church closed in. "Here's what's going to happen to you, Hickock," he said. "You'll be taken back to Kansas. You'll be charged on four counts of first-degree murder. Count One: That on or about the fifteenth day of November, 1959,



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one Richard Eugene Hickock did unlawfully, feloniously, willfully and with deliberation and premeditation, and while being engaged in the perpetration of a felony, kill and take the life of Herbert W. Clutter. Count Two: That on or about the fifteenth day of November, 1959, the same Richard Eugene Hickock did unlawfully—"

Hickock said, "Perry Smith killed the Clutters." He lifted his head, and slowly straightened up, like a fighter staggering to his feet. "It was Perry. I couldn't stop him. He killed them all."

Postmistress Clare, enjoying a coffee break at Hartman's Café, complained of the low volume of the café's radio. "Turn it up," she demanded.

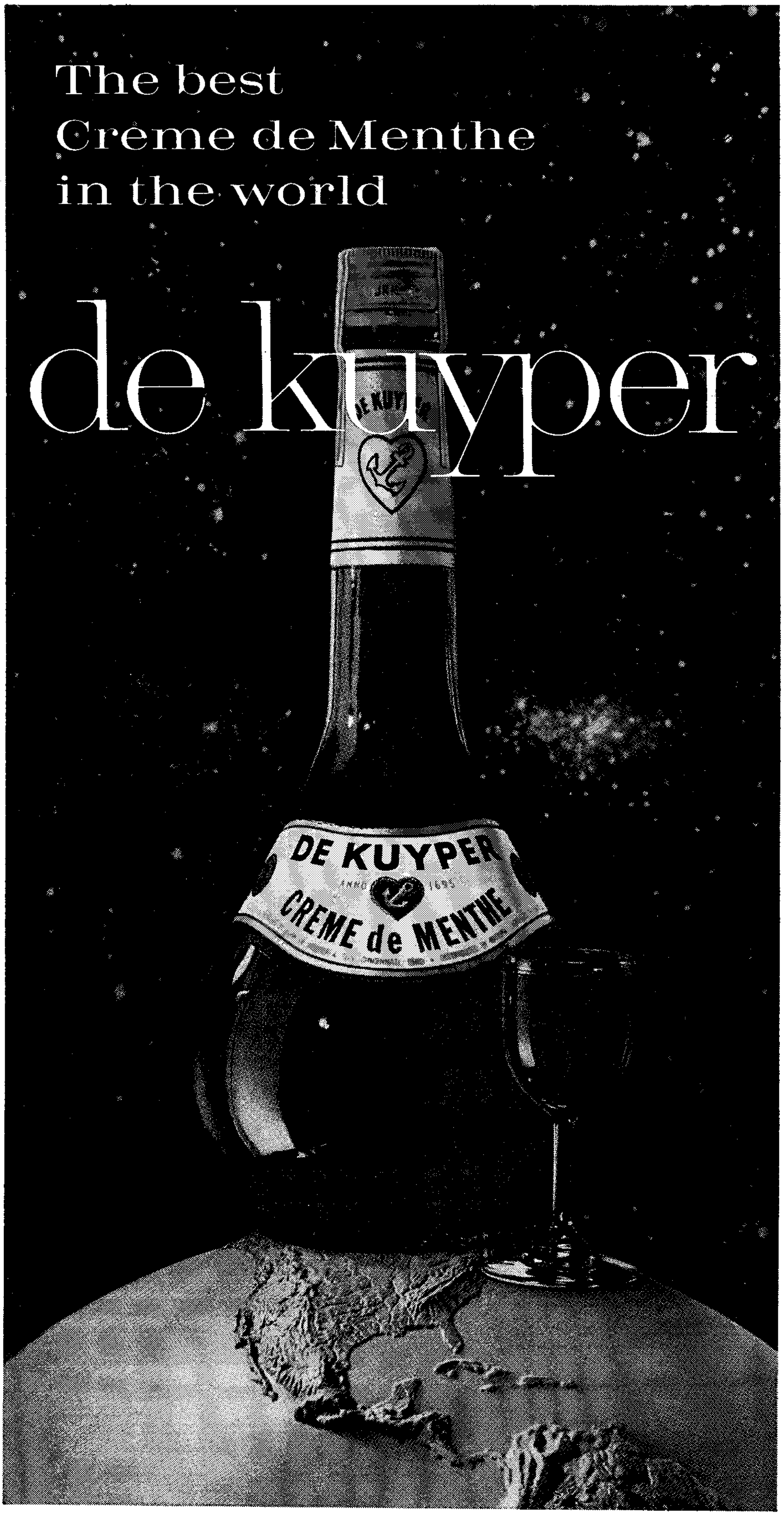
The radio was tuned to Garden City's Station KIUL. She heard the words ". . . after sobbing out his dramatic confession, Hickock emerged from the interrogation room and fainted in a hallway. K.B.I. agents caught him as he fell to the floor. The agents quoted Hickock as saying he and Smith invaded the Clutter home expecting to find a safe containing at least ten thousand dollars. But there was no safe, so they tied the family up and shot them one by one. Smith has neither confirmed nor denied taking part in the crime. When told that Hickock had signed a confession, Smith said, 'I'd like to see my buddy's statement.' But the request was rejected. Officers have declined to reveal whether it was Hickock or Smith who actually shot the members of the family. They emphasized that the statement was only Hickock's version. K.B.I. personnel, returning the two men to Kansas, have already left Las Vegas by car. It is expected the party will arrive in Garden City late Wednesday. Meanwhile, County Attorney Duane West . . ."

"One by one," said Mrs. Hartman. "Just imagine. I don't wonder the varmint fainted."

Others in the café—Mrs. Clare and Mabel Helm and a husky young farmer who had stopped to buy a plug of Brown's Mule chewing tobacco—muttered and mumbled. Mrs. Helm, Bonnie Clutter's confidante and for many years the family's housekeeper, dabbed at her eyes with a paper napkin. "I won't listen," she said. "I mustn't. I won't."

". . . news of a break in the case has met with little reaction in the town of Holcomb, a half mile from the Clutter home. Generally, townspeople in the community of two hundred and seventy expressed relief . . ."

The young farmer hooted. "Relief! Last night, after we heard it on the TV,



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know what my wife did? Bawled like a baby."

"Shush," said Mrs. Clare. "That's me."

". . . and Holcomb's postmistress, Mrs. Myrtle Clare, said the residents are glad the case has been solved, but some of them still feel others may be involved. She said plenty of folks are still keeping their doors locked and their guns ready. . . ."

Mrs. Hartman laughed. "Oh, *Myrt!*" she said. "Who'd you tell that to?"

"A reporter from the *Telegram.*"

The men of her acquaintance, many of them, treat Mrs. Clare as though she were another man. Possibly this is because she dresses like one. The farmer slapped her on the back and said, "Gosh, Myrt. Gee, fella. You don't still think one of us—anybody round here—had something to do with it?"

But that, of course, was what Mrs. Clare did think, and though she was usually unique in her opinions, this time she was not without company, for the majority of Holcomb's population, having lived for seven weeks amid unwholesome rumors, general mistrust, and suspicion, felt, it appeared, disappointed at being told that the murderer was not someone among themselves. Indeed, a sizable faction refused to accept the fact that two unknown men, two thieving strangers, were solely responsible. As Mrs. Clare now remarked, "Maybe they did it, these fellows. But there's more to it than that. Wait. Someday they'll get to the bottom, and when they do they'll find the one behind it. The one wanted Clutter out of the way. The *brains.*"

Mrs. Hartman sighed. She hoped Myrt was wrong. And Mrs. Helm said, "What *I* hope is, I hope they keep 'em locked up good. I won't feel easy knowing they're in our vicinity."

"Oh, I don't think you got to worry, Ma'am," said the young farmer. "Right now those boys are a lot more scared of us than we are of them."

ON an Arizona highway, a two-car caravan is flashing across sagebrush country—the mesa country, of hawks and rattlesnakes and towering red rocks. Dewey is driving the lead car; Perry Smith sits beside him; and Duntz is sitting in the back seat. Smith is handcuffed, and the handcuffs are attached to a security belt by a short length of chain—an arrangement so restricting his movements that he cannot smoke unaided. When he wants a cigarette, Dewey must light it for him and place it between his lips, a task that

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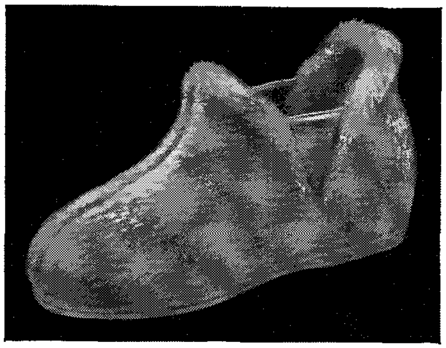

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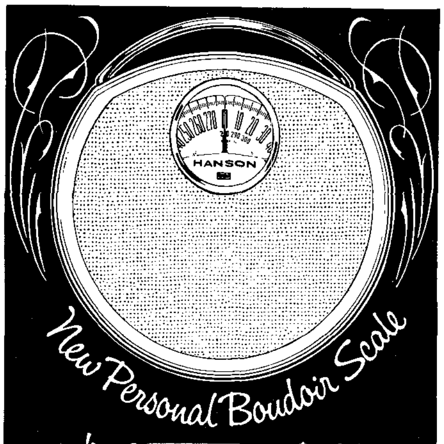

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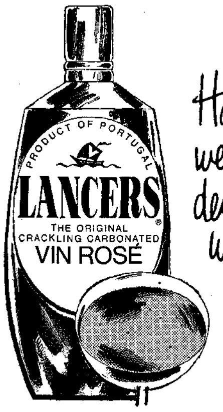

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the detective finds "repellent," for it seems such an intimate action—the kind of thing he'd done while he was courting his wife.

On the whole, the prisoner ignores his guardians and their sporadic attempts to goad him by repeating parts of Hickock's hour-long tape-recorded confession: "He says he tried to stop you, Perry. But says he couldn't. Says he was scared you'd shoot him, too," and "Yes, sir, Perry. It's all your fault. Hickock himself, he says he wouldn't harm the fleas on a dog." None of this—outwardly, at any rate—agitates Smith. He continues to contemplate the scenery, to read Burma-Shave doggerel, and to count the carcasses of shotgunned coyotes festooning ranch fences.

Dewey, not anticipating any exceptional response, says, "Hickock tells us you're a natural-born killer. Says it doesn't bother you a bit. Says one time out there in Las Vegas you went after a colored man with a bicycle chain. Whipped him to death. For fun."

To Dewey's surprise, the prisoner gasps. He twists around in his seat until he can see, through the rear window, the motorcade's second car, and see inside it: "The tough boy!" Turning back, he stares at the dark streak of desert highway. "I thought it was a stunt. I didn't believe you. That Dick let fly. The tough boy! Oh, a real brass boy. Wouldn't harm the fleas on a dog. Just run over the dog." He spits. "I never killed any nigger." Duntz agrees with him; Duntz, having studied the files on unsolved Las Vegas homicides, knows Smith to be innocent of this particular deed. "I never killed any niggers. But *he* thought so. I always knew if we ever got caught, if Dick ever really let fly, dropped his guts all over the goddam floor—I knew he'd tell about the nigger." He spits again. "So Dick was afraid of me? That's amusing. I'm very amused. What he don't know is, I almost did shoot him."

Dewey lights two cigarettes, one for himself, one for the prisoner. "Tell us about it, Perry."

Smith smokes with closed eyes, and explains, "I'm thinking. I want to remember this just the way it was." He pauses for quite a while. "Well, it all started with a letter I got while I was out in Buhl, Idaho. That was September or October. The letter was from Dick, and he said he was on to a cinch. The perfect score. I didn't answer him, but he wrote again, urging me to come back to Kansas and go partners with him. He never said what kind of score it was. Just that it was a 'surefire cinch.' Now, as it happened, I had another rea-

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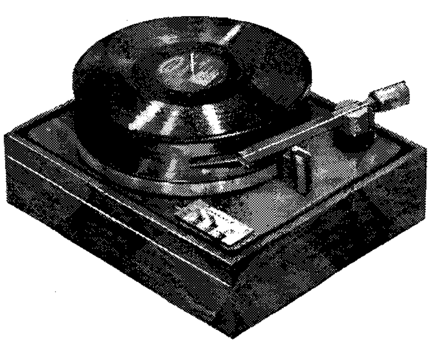

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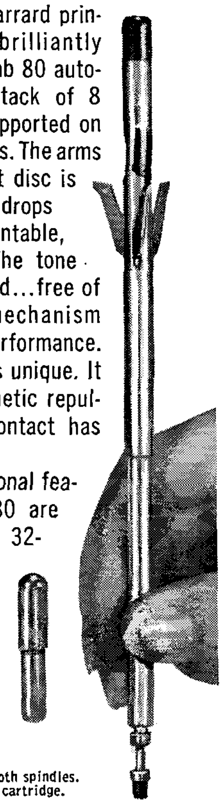
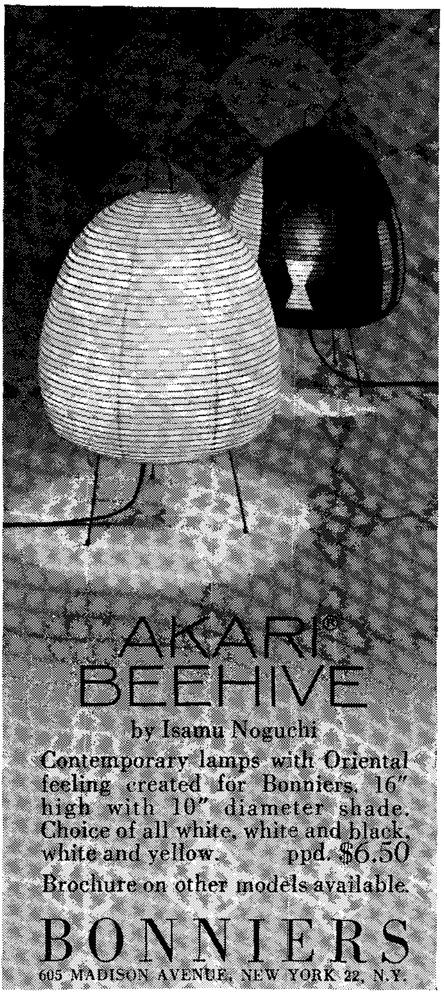


son for wanting to be in Kansas around about that time. A personal matter I'd just as soon keep to myself—it's got nothing to do with this deal. Only that otherwise I wouldn't have gone back there. But I did. And Dick met me at the bus station in Kansas City. We drove out to the farm, his parents' place. But they didn't want me there. I'm very sensitive; I usually know what people are feeling. Like you." He means Dewey, but does not look at him. "You hate handing me a butt. That's your business. I don't blame you. Any more than I blamed Dick's mother. The fact is, she's a very sweet person. But she knew what I was—a friend from The Walls—and she didn't *want* me in *her* house. Christ, I was glad to get out. Go to a hotel. Dick took me to a hotel in Olathe. We bought some beer and carried it up to the room, and that's when Dick outlined what he had in mind. He said after I'd left Lansing he celled with someone who'd once worked for a wealthy wheatgrower out in western Kansas. Mr. Clutter. Dick drew me a diagram of the Clutter house. He knew where everything was—doors, halls, bedrooms. He said one of the ground-floor rooms was used as an office, and in the office there was a safe—a wall safe. He said Mr. Clutter needed it because he always kept on hand large sums of cash. Never less than ten thousand dollars. The plan was to rob the safe, and if we were seen—well, whoever saw us would have to go. Dick must have said it a million times: 'No witnesses.' "

Dewey says, "How many of these witnesses did he think there might be? I mean, how many people did he expect to find in the Clutter house?"

"That's what I wanted to know. But he wasn't sure. At least four. Probably six. And it was possible the family might have guests. He thought we ought to be ready to handle up to a dozen."

Dewey groans, Duntz whistles, and Smith, *smiling wanly*, adds, "Me, too. Seemed to me that was a little off. Twelve people. But Dick said it was a cinch. He said, 'We're gonna go in there and splatter those walls with hair.' The mood I was in, I let myself be carried along. But also—I'll be honest—I had faith in Dick; he struck me as being very practical, the masculine type, and I wanted the money as much as he did. I wanted to get it and go to Mexico. But I hoped we could do it without violence. Seemed to me we could if we wore masks. We argued about it. On the way out there, out to Holcomb, I wanted to stop and buy some black silk stockings to wear over our heads. But Dick felt that even with



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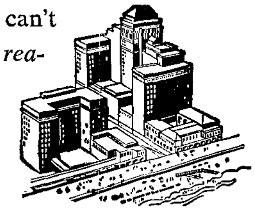

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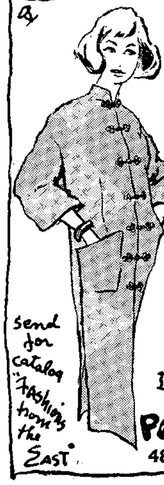

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a stocking he could still be identified. Because of his bad eye. All the same, when we got to Emporia—"

Duntz says, "Hold on, Perry. You're jumping ahead. Go back to Olathe. What time did you leave there?"

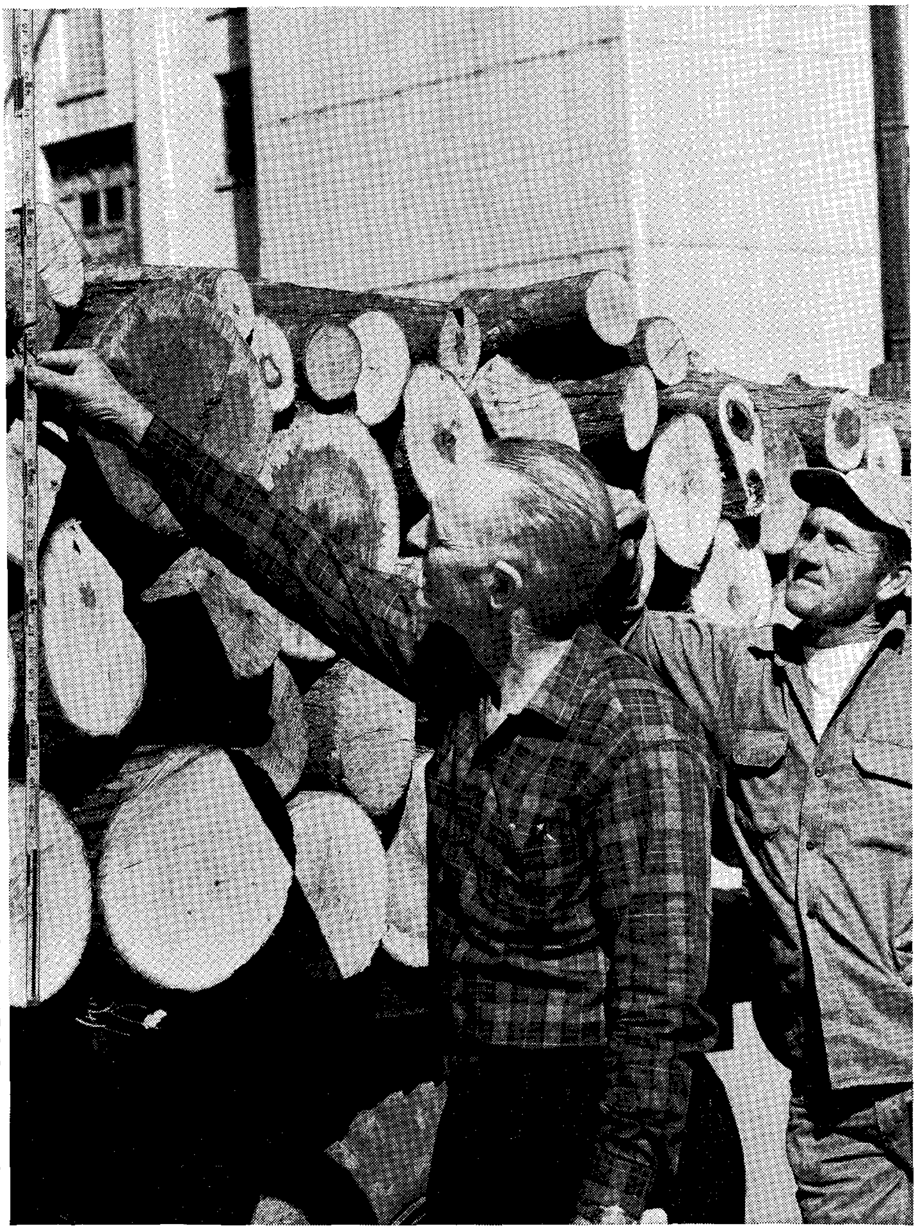
"One. One-thirty. We left just after lunch and drove to Emporia. Where we bought some rubber gloves and a roll of cord. The knife and shotgun, the shells—Dick had brought all that from home. But he didn't want to look for black stockings. It got to be quite an argument. Somewhere on the outskirts of Emporia, we passed a Catholic hospital, and I persuaded him to stop and go inside and try and buy some black stockings from the nuns. I knew nuns wear them. But he only made believe. Came out and said they wouldn't sell him any. I was sure he hadn't even asked, and he confessed it; he said it was a puky idea—the nuns would've thought he was crazy. So we didn't stop again till Great Bend. That's where we bought the tape. Had dinner there. A big dinner. It put me to sleep. When I woke up, we were just coming into Garden City. Seemed like a real dead-dog town. We stopped for gas at a filling station—"

Dewey asks if he remembers which one.

"Believe it was a Phillips 66."

"What time was this?"

"Around midnight. Dick said it was seven miles more to Holcomb. All the rest of the way, he kept talking to himself, saying this ought to be here and that ought to be there—according to the instructions he'd memorized. I hardly realized it when we went through Holcomb, it was such a little settlement. We crossed a railroad track. Suddenly Dick said, 'This is it, this has to be it.' It was the entrance to a private road. Lined with trees. We slowed down and turned off the lights. Didn't need them. Account of the moon. There wasn't nothing else up there—not a cloud, nothing. Just that full moon. It was like broad day, and Dick, when we started up the road, said, 'Look at this spread! The barns! That house! Don't tell me this guy ain't loaded.' But I didn't like the setup, the atmosphere; it was sort of *too* impressive. We parked in the shadows of a tree. While we were sitting there, a light came on—not in the main house but a house maybe a hundred yards to the left. Dick said it was the hired man's house; he knew because of the diagram. But he said it was a damn sight nearer the Clutter house than it was supposed to be. Then the light went off. Mr. Dew-



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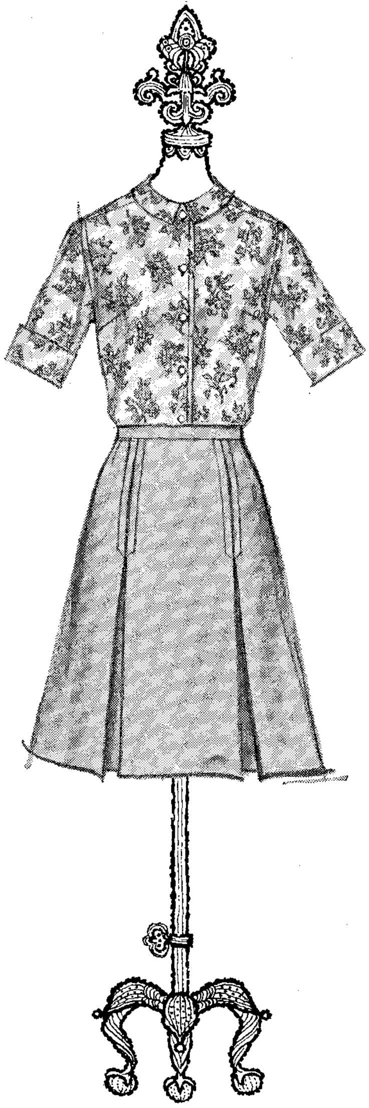

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ey—the witness you mentioned. Is that who you meant—the hired man?"

"No. He never heard a sound. But his wife was nursing a sick baby. He said they were up and down the whole night."

"A sick baby. Well, I wondered. While we were still sitting there, it happened again—a light flashed on and off. And that really put bubbles in my blood. I told Dick to count me out. If he was determined to go ahead with it, he'd have to do it alone. He started the car, we were leaving, and I thought, Bless Jesus. I've always trusted my intuitions; they've saved my life more than once. But halfway down the road Dick stopped. He was sore as hell. I could see he was thinking, Here I've set up this big score, here we've come all this way, and now this punk wants to chicken out. He said, 'Maybe you think I ain't got the guts to do it alone. But, by God, I'll show you who's got guts.' There was some liquor in the car. We each had a drink, and I told him, 'O.K., Dick. I'm with you.' So we turned back. Parked where we had before. In the shadows of a tree. Dick put on gloves; I'd already put on mine. He carried the knife and a flashlight. I had the gun. The house looked tremendous in the moonlight. Looked empty. I remember hoping there was nobody home—"

Dewey says, "But you saw a dog?"

"No."

"The family had an old gun-shy dog. We couldn't understand why he didn't bark. Unless he'd seen a gun and bolted."

"Well, I didn't see anything or nobody. That's why I never believed it. About eyewitness."

"Not *eye*witness. Witness. Someone whose testimony associates you and Hickock with this case."

"Oh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Him. And Dick always said he'd be too scared. Ha!"

Duntz, not to be diverted, reminds him, "Hickock had the knife. You had the gun. How did you get into the house?"

"The door was unlocked. A side door. It took us into Mr. Clutter's office. Then we waited in the dark. Listening. But the only sound was the wind. There was quite a little wind outside. It made the trees move, and you could hear the leaves. The one window was curtained with Venetian blinds, but moonlight was coming through. I closed the blinds, and Dick turned on his flashlight. We saw the desk. The safe was supposed to be in the wall directly behind the desk. But

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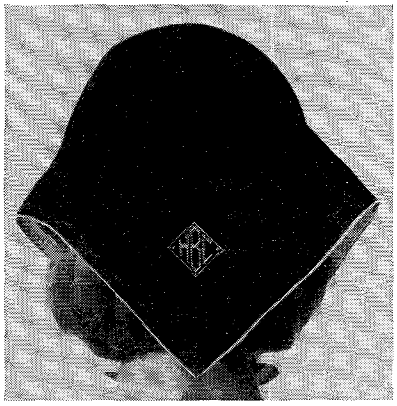

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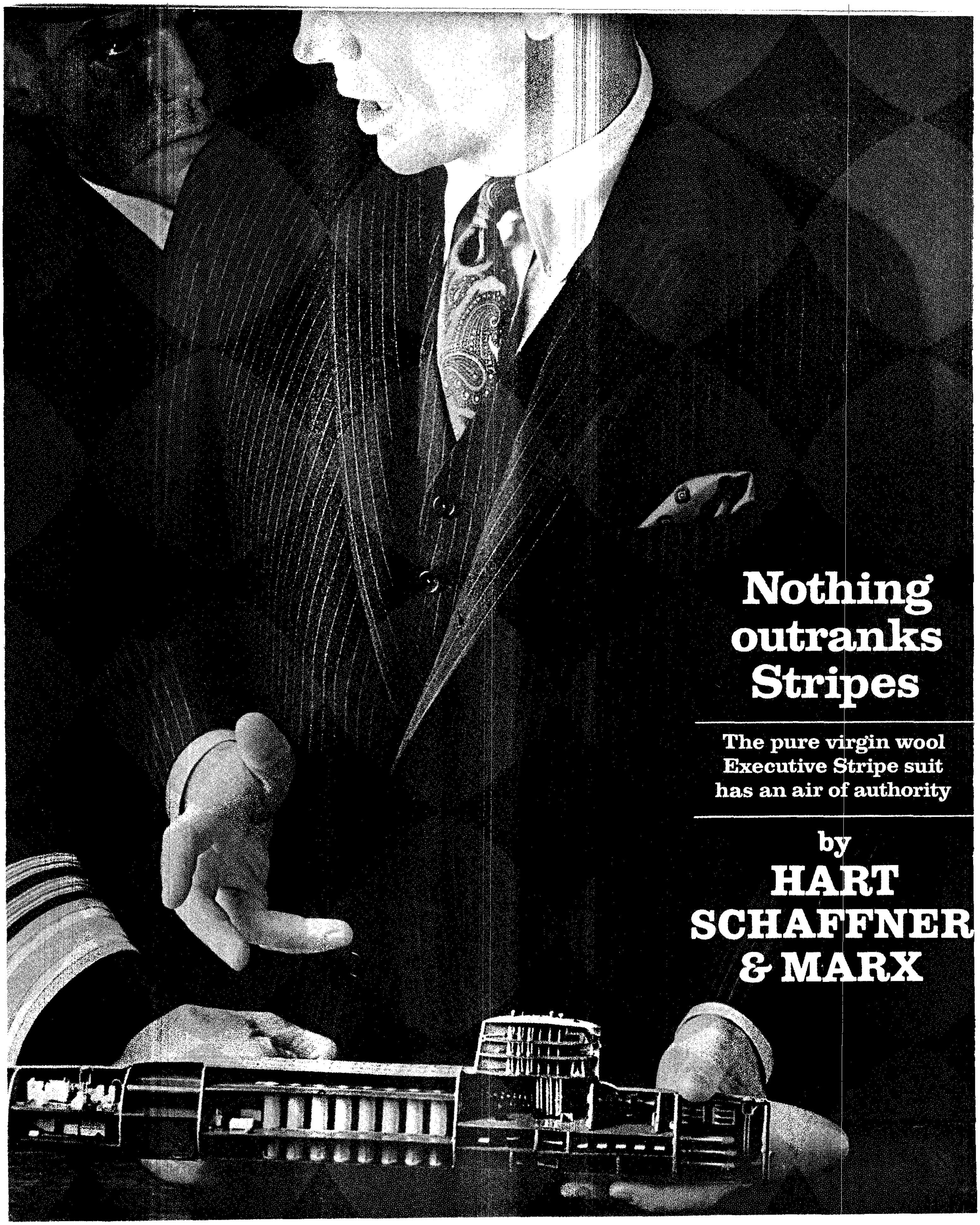
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we couldn't find it. It was a panelled wall, and there were books and framed maps; and I noticed, on a shelf, a terrific pair of binoculars. I decided I was going to take them with me when we left there."

"Did you?" asks Dewey, for the binoculars had not been missed.

Smith nods. "We sold them in Mexico."

"Sorry. Go on."

"Well, when we couldn't find the safe, Dick doused the flashlight and we moved in darkness out of the office and across a parlor, a living room. Dick whispered to me, couldn't I walk quieter. But he was just as bad. Every step we took made a racket. We came to a hall and a door, and Dick, remembering the diagram, said it was a bedroom. He shined the flashlight and opened the door. A man said, 'Honey?' He'd been asleep, and he blinked, and said, 'Is that you, honey?' Dick asked him, 'Are you Mr. Clutter?' He was wide awake now; he sat up and said, 'Who is it? What do you want?' Dick told him, very polite, like we were a couple of door-to-door salesmen, 'We want to talk to you, sir. In your office, please.' And Mr. Clutter, barefoot, just wearing pajamas, he went with us to the office and we turned on the office lights. Up till then he hadn't been able to see us very good. I think what he saw hit him hard. Dick says, 'Now, sir, all we want you to do is show us where you keep that safe.' But Mr. Clutter says, 'What safe?' He says he don't have any safe. I knew right then it was true. He had that kind of face. You just knew whatever he told you was pretty much the truth. But Dick shouted at him, 'Don't lie to me, you son of a bitch! I know goddam well you got a safe!' My feeling was nobody had ever spoken to Mr. Clutter like that. But he looked Dick straight in the eye, and told him, being very mild about it—said, Well, he was sorry but he just didn't have any safe. Dick tapped him on the chest with the knife, says, 'Show us where that safe is or you're gonna be a good bit sorrier.' But Mr. Clutter—oh, you could see he was scared, but his voice stayed mild and steady—he went on denying he had a safe. Sometime along in there, I fixed the telephone. The one in the office. I ripped out the wires. And I asked Mr. Clutter if there were any other telephones in the house. He said yes, there was one in the kitchen. So I took the flashlight and went to the kitchen—it was quite a distance from the office. When I found the telephone, I removed the receiver and cut

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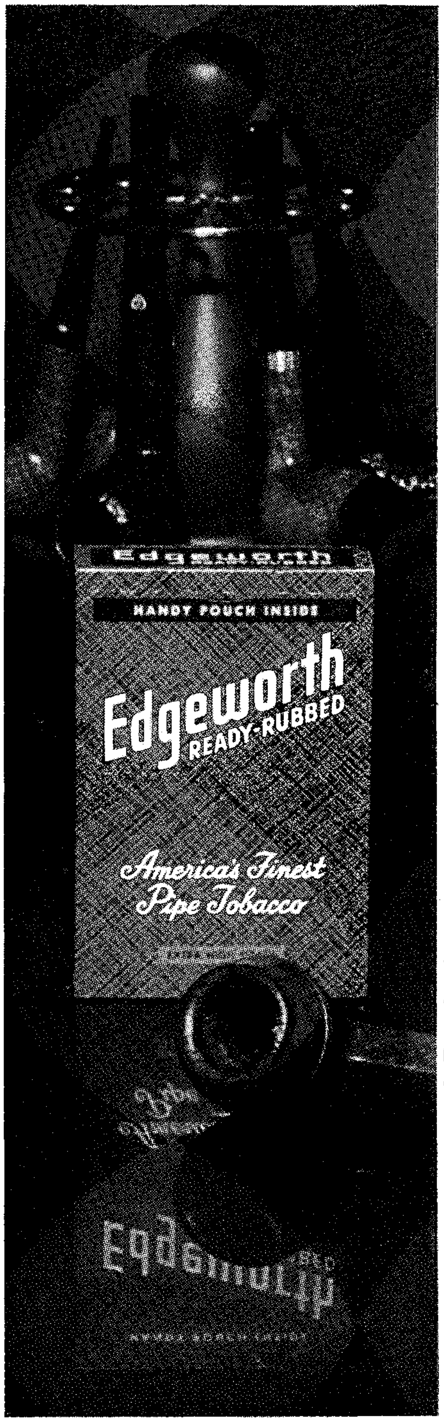

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the line with a pair of pliers. Then, heading back, I heard a noise. A creaking overhead. I stopped at the foot of the stairs leading to the second floor. It was dark, and I didn't dare use the flashlight. But I could tell there was someone there. At the top of the stairs. Silhouetted against a window. A figure. Then it moved away."

Dewey imagines it must have been Nancy. He'd often theorized, on the basis of the gold wristwatch found tucked in the toe of a shoe in her closet, that Nancy had awakened, heard persons in the house, thought they might be thieves, and prudently hidden the watch, her most valuable property.

"For all I knew, maybe it was somebody with a gun. But Dick wouldn't even listen to me. He was so busy playing tough boy. Bossing Mr. Clutter around. Now he'd brought him back to the bedroom. He was counting the money in Mr. Clutter's billfold. There was about thirty dollars. He threw the billfold on the bed, and told him, 'You've got more money in this house than that. A rich man like you. Living on a spread like this.' Mr. Clutter said that was all the cash he had, and explained he always did business by check. He offered to write us a check. Dick just blew up—'What kind of Mongolians do you think we are?'—and I thought Dick was ready to smash him, so I said, 'Dick. Listen to me. There's somebody awake upstairs.' Mr. Clutter told us the only people upstairs were his wife and a son and a daughter. Dick wanted to know if the wife had any money, and Mr. Clutter said if she did, it would be very little, a few dollars, and he asked us—really kind of broke down—please not to bother her, because she was an invalid, she'd been very ill for a long time. But Dick insisted on going upstairs. He made Mr. Clutter lead the way. At the foot of the stairs, Mr. Clutter switched on lights that lighted the hall above, and as we were going up, he said, 'I don't know why you boys want to do this. I've never done you any harm. I never saw you before.' That's when Dick told him, 'Shut up! When we want you to talk, we'll tell you.' Wasn't anybody in the upstairs hall, and all the doors were shut. Mr. Clutter pointed out the rooms where the boy and girl were supposed to be sleeping, then opened his wife's door. He lighted a lamp beside the bed and told her, 'It's all right, sweetheart. Don't be afraid. These men, they just want some money.' She was a thin, frail sort of woman in a long white nightgown. The minute she opened her eyes, she

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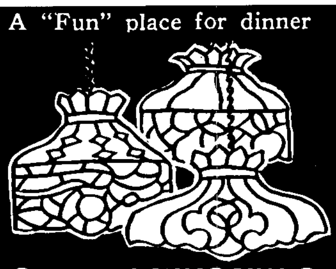
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started to cry. She says, talking to her husband, 'Sweetheart, I don't have any money.' He was holding her hand, patting it. He said, 'Now don't cry, honey. It's nothing to be afraid of. It's just I gave these men all the money I had, but they want some more. They believe we have a safe somewhere in the house. I told them we don't.' Dick raised his hand, like he was going to crack him across the mouth. Says, 'Didn't I tell you to shut up?' Mrs. Clutter said, 'But my husband's telling you the God's truth. There isn't any safe.' And Dick answers back, 'I know goddam well you got a safe. And I'll find it before I leave here. Needn't worry that I won't.' Then he asked her where she kept her purse. The purse was in a bureau drawer. Dick turned it inside out. Found just some change and a dollar or two. I motioned to him to come into the hall. I wanted to discuss the situation. So we stepped outside, and I said—"

Duntz stops him to ask if Mr. and Mrs. Clutter could overhear the conversation.

"No. We were just outside the door. Where we could keep an eye on them. But we were whispering. I told Dick, 'These people are telling the truth. The one who lied is your friend Floyd Wells. There isn't any safe, so let's get the hell out of here.' But Dick was too ashamed to face it. He said he wouldn't believe it till we searched the whole house. He said the thing to do was tie them all up, then take our time looking around. You couldn't argue with him. He was so excited. The glory of having everybody at his mercy, that's what excited him. Well, there was a bathroom next door to Mrs. Clutter's room. The idea was to lock the parents in the bathroom, and wake the kids and put them there, then bring them out one by one and tie them up in different parts of the house, and then, says Dick, after we've found the safe, we'll cut their throats. Can't shoot them, he says—that would make too much noise."

Perry frowns, rubs his knees with his manacled hands. "Let me think a minute. Because along in here things begin to get a little complicated. I remember. Yes. Yes, I took a chair out of the hall and stuck it in the bathroom. So Mrs. Clutter could sit down. Seeing she was said to be an invalid. When we locked them up, Mrs. Clutter was crying and telling us, 'Please don't hurt anybody. Please don't hurt my children.' And her husband had his arms around her, saying, like, 'Sweetheart, these fellows don't mean to hurt anybody. All they want is some money.' We went to the

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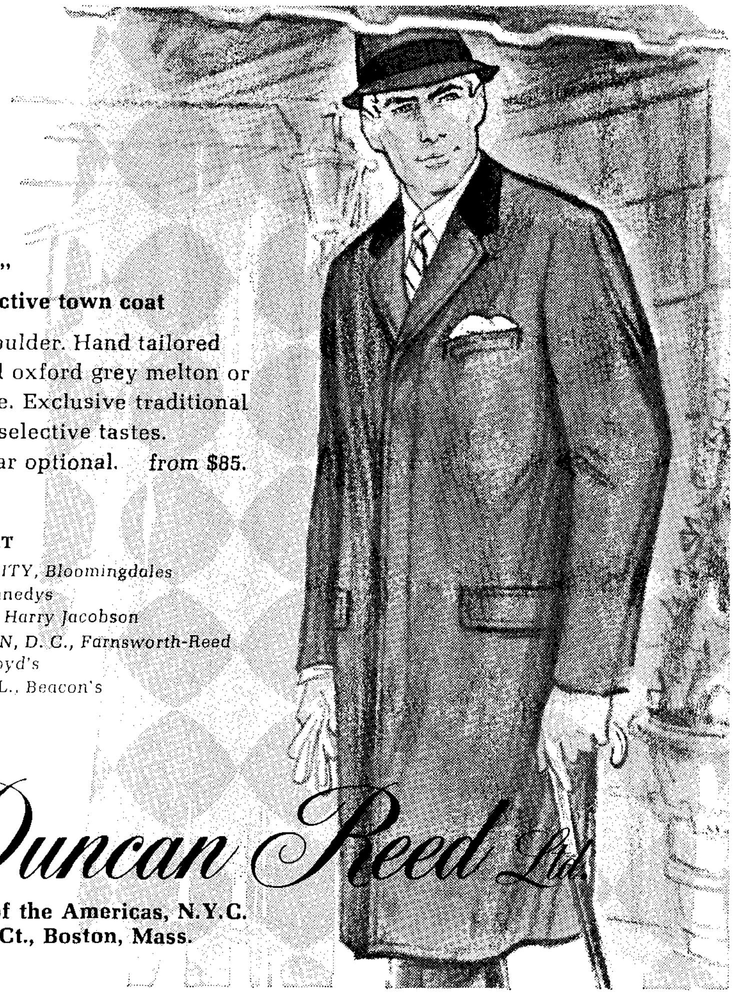

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boy's room. He was awake. Lying there like he was too scared to move. Dick told him to get up, but he didn't move, or move fast enough, so Dick punched him, pulled him out of bed, and I said, 'You don't have to hit him, Dick.' And I told the boy—he was only wearing a T shirt—to put on his pants. He put on a pair of blue jeans, and we'd just locked him in the bathroom when the girl appeared—came out of her room. She was all dressed, like she'd been awake some while. I mean, she had on socks and slippers, and a kimono, and her hair was wrapped in a bandanna. She was trying to smile. She said, 'Good grief, what is this? Some kind of joke?' I don't guess she thought it was much of a joke, though. Not after Dick opened the bathroom door and shoved her in. . . ."

Dewey envisions them: the captive family, meek and frightened but without any premonition of their destiny. Herb *couldn't* have suspected, or he would have fought. He was a gentle man but strong and not unbrave. Herb, his friend Alvin Dewey felt certain, would have fought to the death defending Bonnie's life and the lives of his children.

"Dick stood guard outside the bathroom door while I reconnoitred. I frisked the girl's room, and I found a little purse. Like a doll's purse. Inside it was a silver dollar. I dropped it somehow, and it rolled across the floor. Rolled under a chair. I had to get down on my knees. And just then it was like I was outside myself. Watching myself in some nutty movie. It made me sick. I was just disgusted. Dick, and all his talk about a rich man's safe, and here I am crawling on my belly to steal a child's silver dollar. One dollar. And I'm crawling on my belly to get it." Perry squeezes his knees, asks the detectives for aspirin, thanks Duntz for giving him one, chews it, and resumes talking. "But that's what you do. You get what you can. I frisked the boy's room, too. Not a dime. But there was a little portable radio, and I decided to take it. Then I remembered the binoculars I'd seen in Mr. Clutter's office. I went downstairs to get them. I carried the binoculars and the radio out to the car. It was cold, and the wind and the cold felt good. The moon was so bright you could see for miles. And I thought, Why don't I walk off? Walk to the highway. Hitch a ride. I sure Jesus didn't want to go back in that house. And yet— How can I explain this? It was like I wasn't part of it. More as though I was reading a story. And I had to know what was going to happen. The

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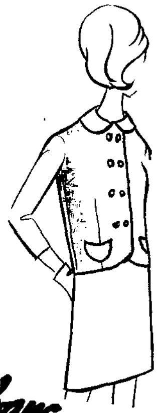

Janet Sloane
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end. So I went back upstairs. And now, let's see—uh-huh, that's when we tied them up. Mr. Clutter first. We called him out of the bathroom, and I tied his hands together. Then I marched him all the way down to the basement—"

Dewey says, "Alone and unarmed?"

"I had the knife."

Dewey says, "But Hickock stayed guard upstairs?"

"To keep them quiet. Anyway, I didn't need help. I've worked with rope all my life."

Dewey says, "Were you using the flashlight, or did you turn on the basement lights?"

"The lights. The basement was divided into two sections. One part seemed to be a playroom. I took him to the other section, the furnace room. I saw a big cardboard box leaning against the wall. A mattress box. Well, I didn't feel I ought to ask him to stretch out on the cold floor. So I dragged the mattress box over, flattened it, and told him to lie down."

The driver, via the rearview mirror, glances at his colleague, attracts his eye, and Duntz slightly nods, as if in tribute. Dewey had all along argued that the mattress box had been placed on the floor for the *comfort* of Mr. Clutter, and, taking heed of similar hints, other fragmentary indications of ironic, erratic compassion, the detective had conjectured that at least one of the killers was not altogether uncharitable.

"I tied his feet. Then tied his hands to his feet. I asked him was it too tight, and he said no, but said would we please leave his wife alone. There was no need to tie her up—she wasn't going to holler or try to run out of the house. He said she'd been sick for years and years, and she was just beginning to get a little better, but an incident like this might cause her to have a setback. I know it's nothing to laugh over, only I couldn't help it—him talking about a 'setback.' Next thing, I brought the boy down. First I put him in the room with his dad. Tied his hands to an overhead steampipe. Then I figured that wasn't very safe. He might somehow get loose and undo the old man. Or vice versa. So I cut him down and took him to the playroom, where there was a comfortable-looking couch. I roped his feet to the foot of the couch, roped his hands, then carried the rope up and made a loop around his neck, so if he struggled he'd choke himself. Once, while I was working, I put the knife down on this—well, it was a freshly varnished cedar chest; the whole cellar smelled of varnish—and he asked me not to put my knife there. The chest was a wedding present he'd built for

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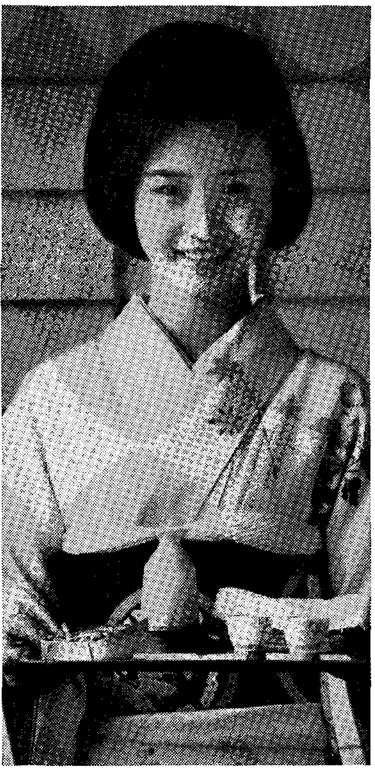

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somebody. A sister, I believe he said. Just as I was leaving, he had a coughing fit. So I stuffed pillows under his head. Then I turned off all the lights—"

Dewey says, "But you hadn't taped their mouths?"

"No. The taping came later. After I'd tied both the women in their bedrooms. Mrs. Clutter was still crying, at the same time she was asking me about Dick. She didn't trust him, but said she felt I was a decent young man. 'I'm *sure* you are,' she says, and made me promise I wouldn't let Dick hurt anybody. I think what she really had in mind was her daughter. I was worried about that myself. I suspected Dick was plotting something. Something I wouldn't stand for. When I finished tying Mrs. Clutter, sure enough, I found he'd taken the girl to her bedroom. She was in the bed, and he was sitting on the edge of it talking to her. I stopped that; I told him to go look for the safe while I tied her up. After he'd gone, I roped her feet together and tied her hands behind her back. Then I pulled up the covers, tucked her in till just her head showed. There was a little easy chair near the bed, and I thought I'd rest a minute; my legs were on fire—all that climbing and kneeling. I asked Nancy if she had a boy friend. She said yes, she did. She was trying hard to act casual and friendly. I really liked her. She was really nice. A very pretty girl, and not spoiled or anything. She told me quite a lot about herself. About school, and how she was going to go to a university to study music and art. Horses. Said next to dancing what she liked best was to gallop a horse, so I mentioned my mother had been a champion rodeo rider. And we talked about Dick. I was curious, see, what he'd been saying to her. Seems she'd asked him why he did things like this. Rob people. And, wow, did he toss her a tear-jerker—said he'd been raised an orphan in an orphanage, and how nobody had ever loved him, and his only relative was a sister who lived with men without marrying them. All the time we were talking, we could hear the lunatic roaming around below. Looking for the safe. Looking behind pictures. Tapping the walls. Tap tap tap. Like some nutty woodpecker. When he came back, just to be a real bastard I asked had he found it. Course he hadn't. But he said he'd come across another purse in the kitchen. With seven dollars."

Duntz says, "How long now had you been in the house?"

"Maybe an hour."

Duntz says, "And when did you do the taping?"

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"Right then. Started with Mrs. Clutter. I made Dick help me. Because I didn't want to leave him alone with the girl. I cut the tape in long strips, and Dick wrapped them around Mrs. Clutter's head like you'd wrap a mummy. He asked her, 'How come you keep on crying? Nobody's hurting you,' and he turned off the bedside lamp, and said, 'Good night, Mrs. Clutter. Go to sleep.' Then he says to me, as we're heading along the hall toward Nancy's room, 'I'm gonna bust that little girl.' And I said, 'Uh-huh. But you'll have to kill me first.' He looked like he didn't believe he'd heard right. He says, 'What do you care? Hell, you can bust her, too.' Now, that's something I despise. Anybody that can't control themselves sexually. Christ, I hate that kind of stuff. I told him straight, 'Leave her alone. Else you've got a buzz saw to fight.' That really burned him. But he realized it wasn't the time to have a flat-out free-for-all. So he says, 'O.K., honey. If that's the way you feel.' The end of it was we never even taped her. We switched off the hall light and went down to the basement." Perry hesitates. He has a question but phrases it as a statement: "I'll bet he never said anything about wanting to rape the girl."

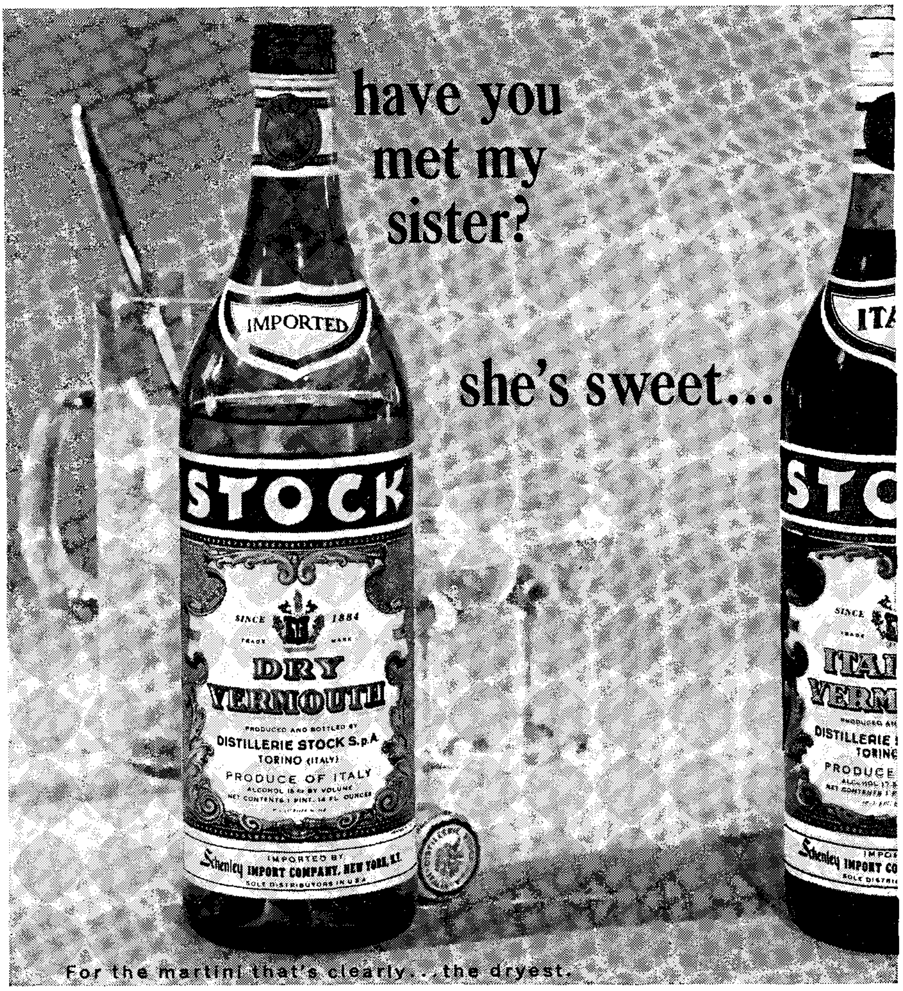
Dewey admits it, but he adds that, except for an apparently somewhat expurgated version of his own conduct, Hickock's story supports Smith's. The details vary, the dialogue was not identical, but in substance the two accounts—thus far, at least—corroborated one another.

"Maybe. But I knew he hadn't told about the girl. I'd have bet my shirt."

Duntz says, "Perry, I've been keeping track of the lights. The way I calculate it, when you turned off the upstairs light, that left the house completely dark."

"Did. And we never used the lights again. Except the flashlight. Dick carried the flashlight when we went to tape Mr. Clutter and the boy. Just before I taped him, Mr. Clutter asked me—and these were his last words—wanted to know how his wife was, if she was all right, and I said she was fine, she was ready to go to sleep, and I told him it wasn't long till morning, and how in the morning somebody would find them, and then all of it, me and Dick and all, would seem like something they dreamed. I wasn't kidding him. I didn't want to harm the man. I thought he was a very nice gentleman. Soft-spoken. I thought so right up to the moment I cut his throat.

"Wait. I'm not telling it the way it was." Perry scowls. He rubs his legs;



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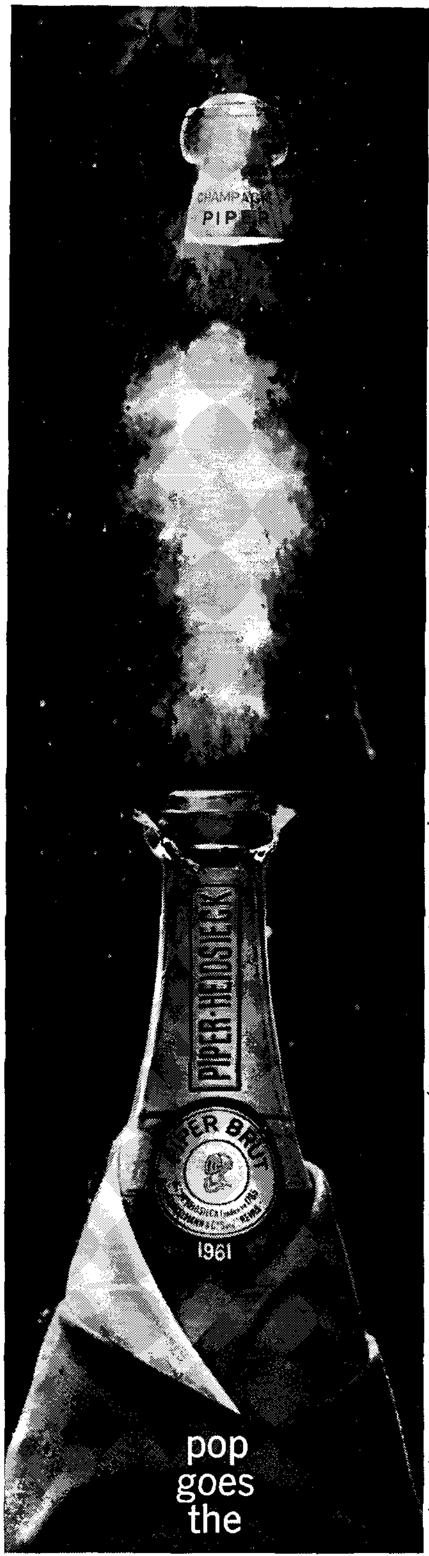
the handcuffs rattle. "After—see, after we'd taped them, Dick and I went off in a corner. To talk it over. Remember, now, there were hard feelings between us. Just then it made my stomach turn to think I'd ever admired him. Lapped up all that brag. I said, 'Well, Dick. Any qualms?' He didn't answer me. I said, 'Leave them alive, and this won't be any small rap. Ten years the very least.' He still didn't say anything. He was holding the knife. I asked him for it, and he gave it to me, and I said, 'All right, Dick. Here goes.' But I didn't mean it. I meant to call his bluff, make him argue me out of it, make him admit he was a phony and a coward. See, it was something between me and Dick. I knelt down beside Mr. Clutter, and the pain of kneeling—I thought of that goddam dollar. Silver dollar. The shame. Disgust. And they told me never to come back to Kansas. But I didn't realize what I'd done till I heard the sound. Like somebody drowning. Screaming under water. I handed the knife to Dick. I said, 'Finish him. You'll feel better.' Dick tried. Or pretended to. But the man had the strength of ten men—he was half out of his ropes, his hands were free. Dick panicked. Dick wanted to get the hell out of there. But I wouldn't let him go. The man would have died anyway, I know that, but I couldn't leave him like he was. I told Dick to hold the flashlight. Focus it. Then I aimed the gun. The room just exploded. Went blue. Just blazed up. Jesus, I'll never understand why they didn't hear the noise twenty miles around."

Dewey's ears ring with it—a ringing that almost deafens him to the whispery rush of Smith's soft voice. But the voice plunges on, ejecting a fusillade of sounds and images: Hickock hunting the discharged shell; hurrying, hurrying, and Kenyon's head in a circle of light, the murmur of muffled pleadings, then Hickock again scrambling after a used cartridge; Nancy's room, Nancy listening to boots on hardwood stairs, the creak of the steps as they climb toward her, Nancy's eyes, Nancy watching the flashlight's shine seek the target ("She said, 'Oh, no! Oh, please! No! No! No! No! Don't! Oh, please don't! Please!' I gave the gun to Dick. I told him I'd done all I could do. He took aim, and she turned her face to the wall"); the dark hall, the assassins hastening toward the final door. Perhaps, having heard all she had, Bonnie welcomed their swift approach.

"That last shell was a bitch to locate. Dick wiggled under the bed to get it.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Then we closed Mrs. Clutter's door and went downstairs to the office. We waited there, like we had when we first came. Looked through the blinds to see if the hired man was poking around. Or anybody else who might have heard the gunfire. But it was just the same. Not a sound. Just the wind—and Dick panting like wolves were after him. Right there, in those few seconds before we ran out to the car and drove away, that's when I decided I'd better shoot Dick. He'd said over and over, he'd drummed it into me: *No witnesses.* And I thought, *He's* a witness. I don't know what stopped me. God knows I should've done it. Shot him dead. Got in the car and kept on going till I lost myself in Mexico."

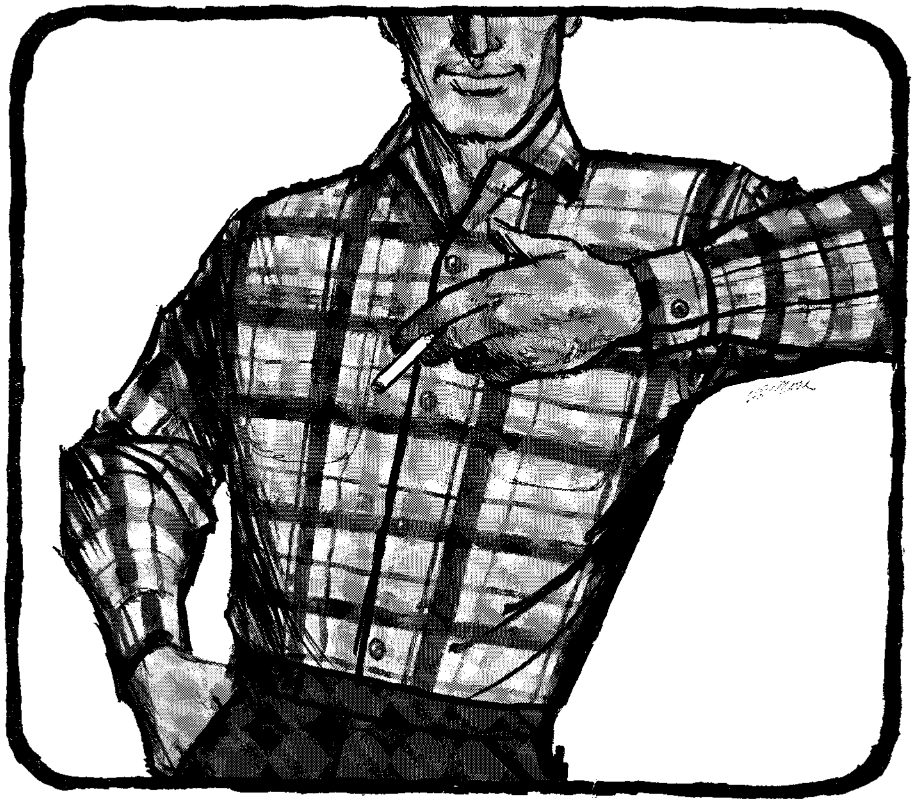
A hush. For ten miles and more, the three men ride without speaking.

Sorrow and profound fatigue are at the heart of Dewey's silence. It had been his ambition to learn "exactly what happened in that house that night." Twice now he'd been told, and the two versions were very much alike, the only serious discrepancy being that Hickock attributed all four deaths to Smith, while Smith contended that Hickock had killed the two women. But the confessions, though they answered questions of how and why, failed to satisfy his sense of meaningful design. The crime was a psychological accident, virtually an impersonal act; the victims might as well have been killed by lightning. Except for one thing: they had experienced prolonged terror, they had suffered. And Dewey cannot forget their sufferings. Nonetheless, he finds it possible to look at the man beside him without anger—with, rather, a measure of sympathy—for Perry Smith's life has been no bed of roses but pitiful, an ugly and lonely progress toward one mirage and then another. Dewey's sympathy, however, is not deep enough to accommodate either forgiveness or mercy. He hopes to see Perry and his partner hanged—hanged back to back.

Duntz asks Smith, "Added up, how much money did you get from the Clutters?"

"Between forty and fifty dollars."

AMONG Garden City's animals are two gray tomcats who are always together—thin, dirty strays with strange and clever habits. The chief ceremony of their day is performed at twilight. First, they trot the length of Main Street, stopping to scrutinize the engine grilles of parked automobiles, and particularly those stationed in front of the two hotels, the Windsor and Warren,



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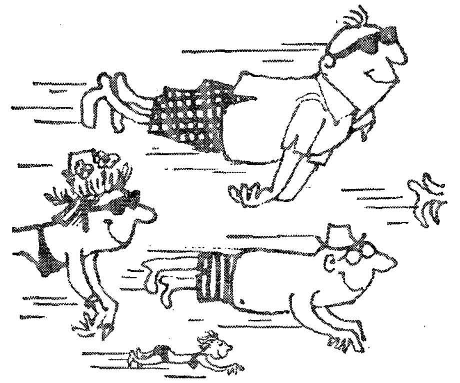

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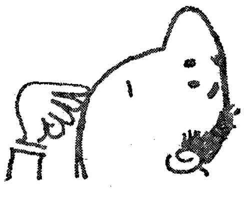

for these cars, usually the property of travellers from afar, often yield what the bony, methodical creatures are hunting: slaughtered birds—crows, chickadees, sparrows foolhardy enough to have flown into the path of oncoming motorists. Using their paws as though they were surgical instruments, the cats extract from the grilles every feathery particle. Having cruised Main Street, they invariably turn the corner at Main and Grant, then lope along toward Courthouse Square, another of their hunting grounds—and a highly promising one on the afternoon of Wednesday, January 6th, for the area swarmed with Finney County vehicles, the cars that had brought to town part of the crowd populating the square.

The crowd started forming at four o'clock, the hour that the County Attorney had given as the probable arrival time of Hickock and Smith. Since Sunday evening, and the announcement of Hickock's confession, newsmen of every style had assembled in Garden City: representatives of the major wire services, photographers, newsreel and television cameramen, reporters from Missouri, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas, and, of course, all the principal Kansas papers—twenty or twenty-five men. Many of them had been waiting three days without much to do except interview the service-station attendant James Spor, who, after seeing published photographs of the accused killers, had identified them as customers to whom he'd sold three dollars and six cents' worth of gas the night of the Holcomb tragedy. It was the return of Hickock and Smith that these professional spectators were on hand to record, and Captain Gerald Murray, of the Highway Patrol, had reserved for them ample space on the sidewalk fronting the courthouse steps—the steps the prisoners must mount on their way to the county jail, an institution that occupies the top floor of the four-story limestone structure. One reporter, Richard Parr, of the Kansas City *Star*, had obtained a copy of Monday's Las Vegas *Sun*. The paper's headline raised rounds of laughter: "FEAR LYNCH MOB AWAITING RETURN OF KILLER SUSPECTS." Captain Murray remarked, "Don't look much like a necktie party to me."

Indeed, the congregation in the square might have been expecting a parade, or attending a political rally. High-school students, among them former classmates of Nancy and Kenyon Clutter, chanted cheerleader rhymes, bubbled bubble gum, gobbled hot dogs and soda pop. Mothers soothed wailing babies. Men strode

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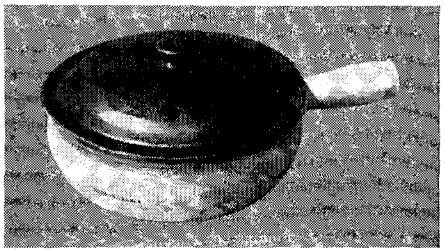

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about with young children perched on their shoulders. The Boy Scouts were present—an entire troop. And the middle-aged membership of a women's bridge club arrived en masse. Mr. J. P. (Jap) Adams, head of the local Veterans Commission office, appeared, attired in a tweed garment so oddly tailored that a friend yelled, "Hey, Jap! What ya doin' wearin' ladies' clothes?"—for Mr. Adams, in his haste to reach the scene, had unwittingly donned his secretary's coat. A roving radio reporter interviewed sundry other specimens, asking them what, in their opinion, the proper retribution would be for "the doers of such a dastardly deed," and while most of his subjects said gosh or gee whizz, one student replied, "I think they ought to be locked in the same cell for the rest of their lives. Never allowed any visitors. Just sit there staring at each other till the day they die." And a tough, strutty little man said, "I believe in capital punishment. It's like the Bible says. An eye for an eye. And, even so, we're two pair short!"

The day, as long as the sun lasted, had been dry and warm—October weather in January. But when the sun descended, when the shadows of the square's giant shade trees met and combined, the coldness as well as darkness numbed the crowd. Numbed and pruned it. By six o'clock, fewer than three hundred persons remained. Newsmen, cursing the undue delay, stamped their feet and slapped frozen ears with ungloved, freezing hands. Suddenly a murmuring arose on the south side of the square. The cars were coming. Although none of the journalists anticipated violence, several had predicted shouted abuse. But when it caught sight of the murderers, with their escort of blue-coated highway patrolmen, the crowd fell silent, as though amazed to find them humanly shaped. The handcuffed men, white-faced and blinking blindly, glistened in the glare of flash bulbs and floodlights. The photographers, pursuing the prisoners and the police into the courthouse and up three flights of stairs, photographed the door of the county jail slamming shut.

No one lingered—neither the press corps nor any of the townspeople. Warm rooms and warm suppers beckoned them, and, as they hurried away, leaving the cold square to the two gray cats, the miraculous autumn departed, too; the year's first snow began to fall.

—TRUMAN CAPOTE

(*This is the third part of a four-part article.*)

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THE THEATRE

DURABLE DOWAGER

Ruth Gordon, still an energetic elf at the age of sixty-eight, lets herself go in all directions in "A Very Rich Woman," at the Belasco, and it's a good thing she does, for without her unflagging ebullience in the central role the play, I'm afraid, would not amount to much. As written by Miss Gordon herself, who based her work upon a French drama by Philippe Hériat, "A Very Rich Woman" introduces us to a seventy-five-year-old Boston widow who is loaded with cash, full of high spirits, and preoccupied with the notion of having a prolonged hedonistic fling while time is running out on her. What with a town house in Boston, a summer place in Newport, and the likelihood that she will soon take over a fine big yacht, she certainly seems in a splendid position to make her declining years glorious, and Miss Gordon, as she struts and bounces about, gives us a beguiling portrait of an old girl so full of beans that it is impossible to imagine she will ever have to act her age. Miss Gordon, however, is not the only chronological wonder in the cast. Also on hand are Ethel Griffies, aged eighty-seven, who plays an antic maid addicted to hep talk; Ernest Truex, aged seventy-six, who plays a lawyer mentally and physically in the pink; Raymond Walburn, aged seventy-eight, who has plenty of comic assurance in the role of a butler; and Madge Kennedy, also mature, who plays Miss Gordon's special confidante.

Although her ancient pals are with our heroine in her determination to live fast and furiously, she has a couple of stylish daughters (Joan Wetmore and Carrie Nye) who are afraid that before Mother quits kicking up her heels their inheritance will be dissipated, so they scheme to have her declared incompetent to handle her affairs. The husband of one of them (Peter Turgeon) is a wicked financial manipulator, and presently he and the conniving females have arranged for the immurement of the poor rich lady in a sanatorium, where a shady psychiatrist (Stefan Schnabel) sets about proving to her that she isn't all there. Obviously, this segment of the play isn't a very humorous business, but it gives Miss Gordon an opportunity to demonstrate her versatility in running through the assorted emotions of a bewildered woman suddenly wrenched from her happy home and tossed into a bleak and lonely cell. Having allowed Miss Gordon a chance to indulge in some highly charged histrionics, the play then resumes its comic course, and everything winds up cozily, with the dowager not only completely triumphant in her struggles with her daughters but also the merry bride of a young proletarian (Jack Ryland) whom she has, somewhere along the line, befriended to the extent of helping him organize a taxi company.

As you can gather from the foregoing, "A Very Rich Woman" is fairly ragged in construction and pretty implausible in plot, but it has a pleasant old-fashioned air about it, and Miss Gordon and her associates, who perform here under the direction of Garson Kanin, are an agreeable group.

—John McCarten

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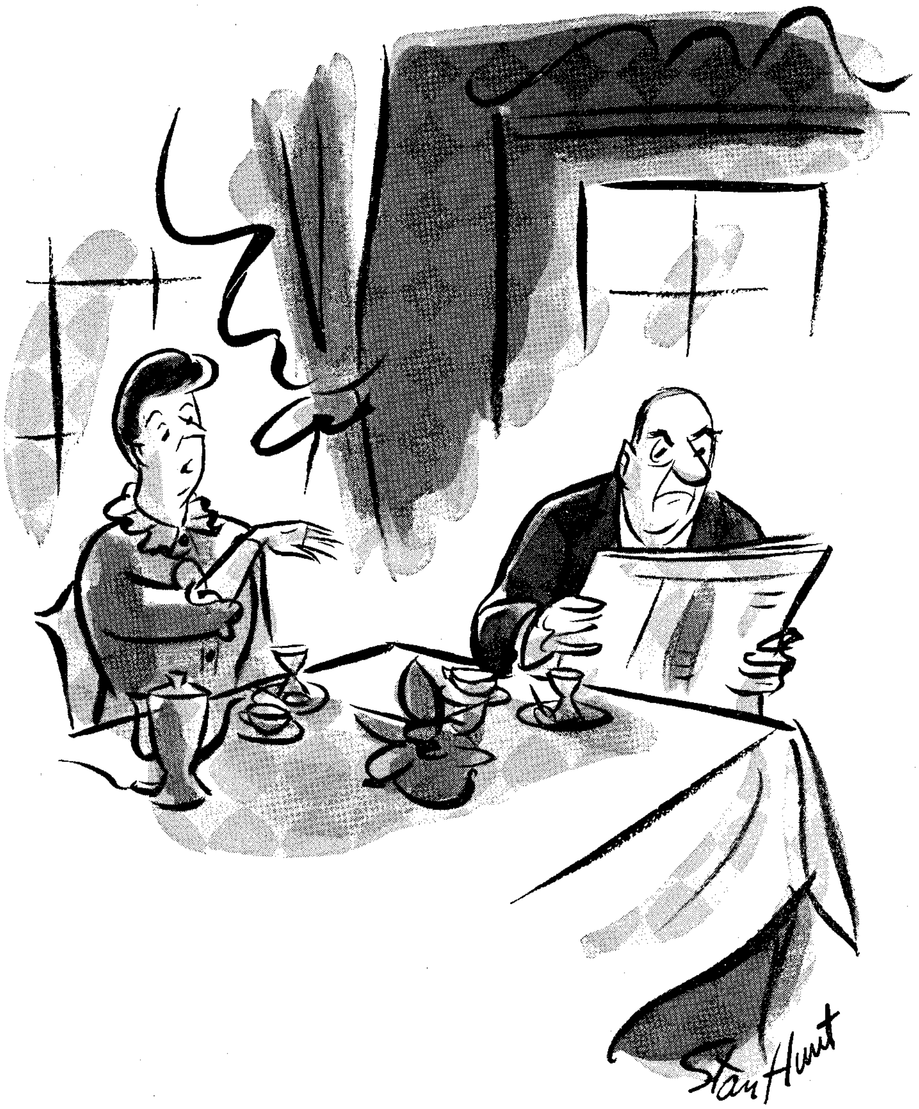

"It's eight-thirty, Ashley. Shouldn't you be storming off to the office?"

Operational thinking will at first prove to be an unsocial virtue; one will find oneself perpetually unable to understand the simplest conversation of one's friends, and will make oneself universally unpopular by demanding the meaning of apparently the simplest terms of every argument. Possibly after every one has schooled himself to this better way, there will remain a permanent insocial tendency, because doubtless much of our present conversation will then become unnecessary. The socially optimistic may venture to hope, however, that the ultimate effect will be to release one's energies for more stimulating and interesting interchange of ideas. —*"The Logic of Modern Physics," by P. W. Bridgman.*

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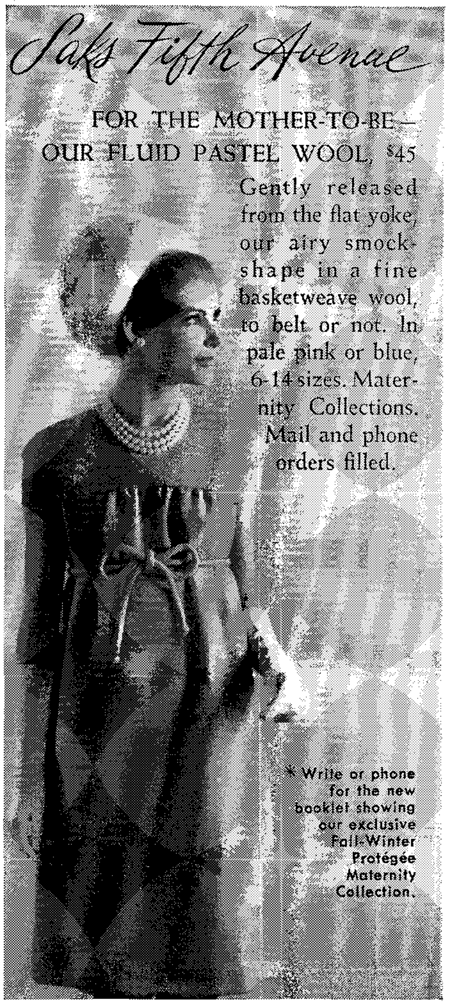
FOOTBALL

Big Business

WATCHING football on tape is not the perfect solution of the time-space equation. You are looking not at news in the making but at history, and often the football is quicker than the camera's eye. But even with the knowledge that U.C.L.A. was going to beat Penn State, 24–22, no one could resist sticking it out as Penn State, after insisting all afternoon that its weekend guest keep the ball, turned grim at the start of the fourth quarter (State's ball, with ninety-nine yards to go) and almost got out of the 24–7 hole it was in by knocking off fifteen points with two touchdowns. State College, Pennsylvania, is a small community even by college-town standards, and its population must have been quintupled last Saturday, but in spite of its big stadium it retains its rural air.

So does Baker Field, a few minutes' walk from the New York Central's Marble Hill station (the only air-conditioned way to reach it). There, while Penn State was being taped and beaten, twenty thousand of us (and that is a large Ivy League attendance these days) watched a match that was just as one-sided, but for four of the quarters instead of three, while Princeton (31) showed Columbia (0) how to make eleven the easy way. Whether Princeton can make it twelve wins in a row, against Cornell (it was Cornell 49, Lehigh 13 last weekend), is another matter. For an instant, the one-sidedness almost ended when Ballantine, Columbia's new quarterback, was finally allowed by the Princeton defense to throw the pass he had wanted all afternoon to throw. A Columbia touchdown was now only three yards away, but that was where it stayed, and after that the sole matters of interest were whether Princeton's Gogolak would get another field goal (he did, twenty-two seconds before the match ended) and whether Princeton's Landeck would ever stop running and throwing the ball (he didn't). Landeck, a useful fellow all along, has been bothered for two seasons by his underpinning, but when attrition of manpower moved him up to first-string tailback this fall, he magically acquired wings instead of pains for his feet.

Meanwhile, up at West Point, in



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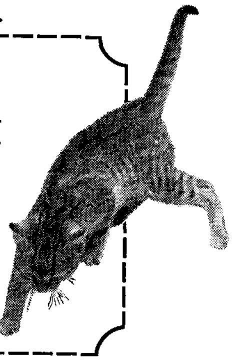

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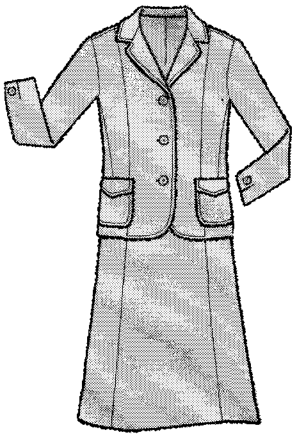

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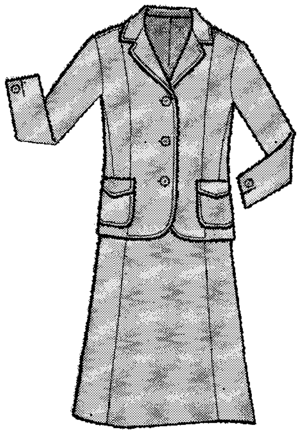

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another rural setting (there is none better than Michie Stadium), a full house watched Army's Kurilko, another chap with troublesome underpinning, stand off the one remaining humdinger in the East's Box Office League—Boston College—by simply punting so magnificently and so loftily that his eight kicks were run back a total of just twenty-two yards. It is rarely worthwhile listening to the axioms of coaches, but a trial one sent up on Saturday by Dietzel, Army's faculty adviser, may do: "The team that plays the shortest field wins the game." Because of Kurilko's footwork, Army (not the world's strongest on offense) was often in Boston College's back yard, and the punt-and-pray policy paid off—Boston's first bobble brought about Nickerson's field goal (he beat Navy with one last fall), and the second brought about Champi's touchdown (Army 10, a much too expectant Boston College 0).

Those of us who, during the Second World War, commuted on the old interurban from Oklahoma City to Norman, where the Navy had a mighty educational installation, remember that the countryside looked exactly as it does in "Oklahoma!" Though Oklahoma City is sprawling down toward Norman now, the town was still fairly rural last weekend, when Navy made a return visit, and a happy one (Navy 10, a much too expectant Oklahoma 0). Three of the points were Bassi's elegant thirty-six-yard field goal.

Other events, back home, went much more to plan. Pennsylvania, now under new management (Bob Odell), was neat if not gaudy in beating Brown, 7–0. Harvard was both neat and gaudy, with its superabundance of backs, in beating greenhorn little Tufts, 33–0. Yale was neat and unlucky in losing, 7–0, to a Colgate that seemed not quite as ferocious as it had against Cornell. Why not, by the way, take Colgate, which does so well against the Ivy League, into the League? If you can't lick them, let them join—isn't that the idea? —J. W. L.

•

NEW YORK, Sept. 16—William F. Buckley Jr. said Wednesday that the differences between his opponents were "biological not political" and neither was capable of bringing reform to New York. . . .

Asked to explain what he meant by "biological differences," Mr. Buckley said: "Beame is fat, Lindsay is tall. Beame is fat, Lindsay is thin—you take it from there."—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Prefer to leave it, thanks.

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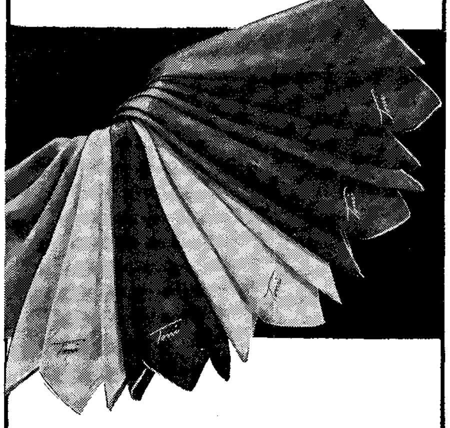

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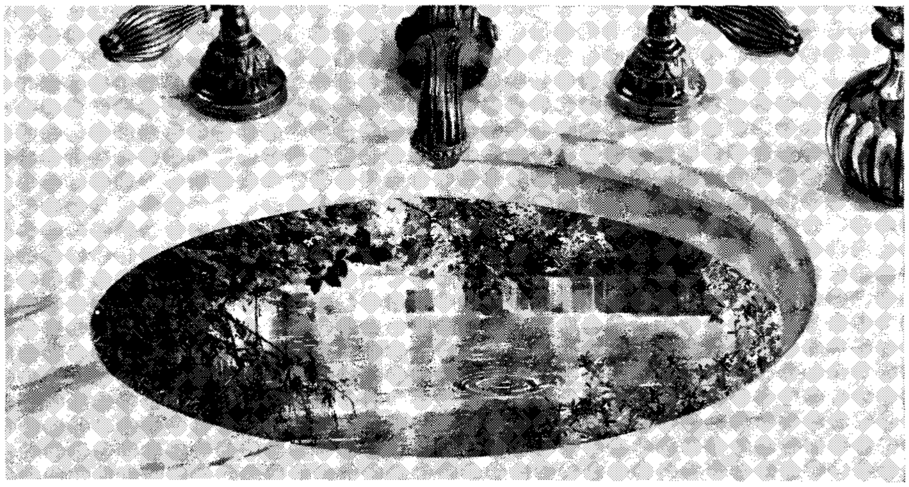
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Many Sufferers

I'VE a lively sense of how irritating it must be for the makers of a movie to be congratulated for having taken certain bold chances and, in the same breath, be damned for letting those chances lead them straight into failure. Last week, I felt obliged to both commend and condemn Arthur Penn's interesting but unsuccessful "Mickey One," and now I've some similarly double-edged, and therefore no doubt exasperating, remarks to offer in respect to "The Hill," a harsh, disagreeable, impassioned, and finally incoherent film produced by Kenneth Hyman and directed by Sidney Lumet. To their credit, Mr. Hyman and Mr. Lumet have chosen an unsympathetic, if familiar, subject of considerable substance—no less a subject, indeed, than that evil, however well disguised by the accoutrements of power, compounds evil and annihilates good—and in dealing with it they have made no concessions whatever to that great barking seal of a mass audience which, according to conventional Hollywood reasoning, must be thrown the fishy sops of sex, an upbeat ending, and a cast that boasts as many famous actors as possible, including one to play the handsome hero. "The Hill" is almost womanless and has an ending that hurts like a blow in the face, while the only two celebrated members of the cast are Sean Connery, who, looking totally unlike his suave impersonation of James Bond, makes a gross, battered, and far from handsome hero, and Sir Michael Redgrave, in a small, uncomfortable role.

The movie concerns a British military stockade somewhere in North Africa sometime during the Second World War, and to this stockade is brought a diverse consignment of thieves, bullies, and cowards, all subject to the discipline, indistinguishable from torture, of a sadistic regimental sergeant major. (The title of the movie refers to a steep artificial mound of sand inside the stockade, which prisoners in need of punishment are made to climb and descend, climb and descend, until they faint from exhaustion.) The screenplay, taken by Ray Rigby from a play by Mr. Rigby and



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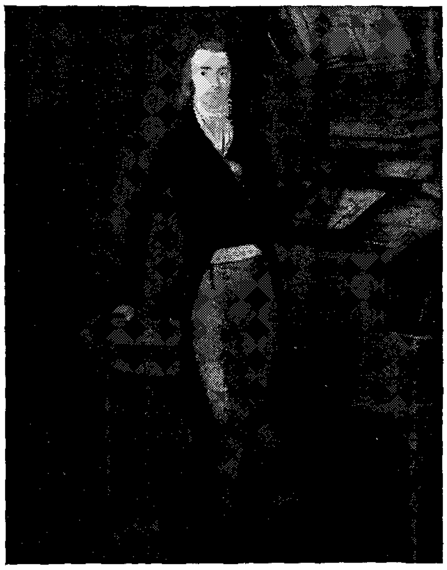

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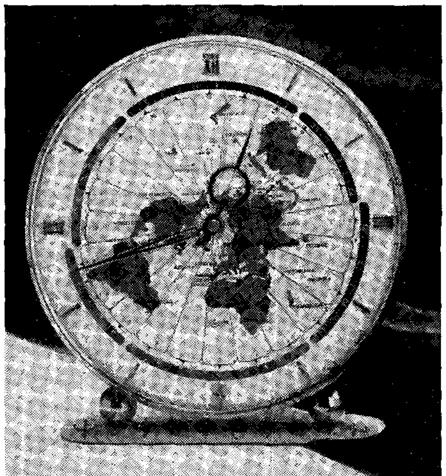
R. S. Allen, is simple enough in structure but shares with Mr. Lumet's direction the fault of a relentless overemphasis on symbolic actions and pat effects; author and director are plainly so bent upon squeezing the last drop of dramatic utility out of their rich material that they simultaneously heighten and coarsen every scene, scorching our eyes and piercing our eardrums with sights and sounds that not only call undue attention to themselves (yes, the desert sun is very bright, and, yes, sergeant majors make a fearful racket when they bellow their commands) but hector us into divining precisely what these sensations are intended to convey in metaphorical terms. Even the note of hysteria that underlies the picture is so cunningly manipulated according to some seeming schedule of degrees of the unbearable that it strikes us at last as imposed and not intrinsic. If only Mr. Lumet had been easier on himself and his extremely capable cast and cameramen, and had granted us the boon of an occasional moment of old-fashioned directorial inattentiveness—for the concentrated energy that he has poured into "The Hill" would drive a locomotive clear across the country, and this particular locomotive required only enough energy to reach, let's say, Terre Haute.

"Repulsion" is an accurate title, if not a very catchy one. (I see it as winning a place among movie titles roughly comparable to that won among novel titles by Sartre's "Nausea.") This morbid thriller by the young Polish director Roman Polanski, who gained recognition here with his "Knife in the Water," should have been subtitled "Homage to Hitchcock," because that is what it is and what is wrong with it. Many young European directors dote on the Master and feel that they owe him the tribute of at least one film in his vein, but they frequently make the mistake of executing in dead earnest what Hitchcock, with the not unattractive venality of age and expertise, executes tongue in cheek. "Repulsion" is such a serious picture that it threatens constantly to become a silly one; moreover, the cardinal action that might have justified its seriousness has taken place before the picture begins. We are in the presence of a beautiful girl who is as mad as Ophelia and as murderous as Lady Macbeth, but what has driven her to madness we never learn. She lives with her sister, whose carefree sexual pleasure with a boy friend drives our heroine into a state of



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hallucinatory shock. Why? That is Mr. Polanski's secret, and he keeps it all too well. As the homicidal zombie, Catherine Deneuve plays her role to the hilt, which is, unfortunately, a boring thing to watch. Nevertheless, a crumb or two of praise: Mr. Polanski's camerawork is impeccable, and the murders, when they start happening, are up to the highest Hitchcock standard of *Schrecklichkeit*.

"THE PLAYGROUND" was produced and directed by a young American movie-maker named Richard Hilliard, who calls it "a crazy comedy," intended to poke fun at our contemporary attitudes toward life, death, funeral customs, psychiatry, prostitution, marriage, the theatre, religion, and, just possibly, the motorcycle fad. Mr. Hilliard is, in short, terribly ambitious; he is also terribly pretentious. The screenplay of "The Playground," written by George Garrett, is too high-flown to be shot down by any publishable words of mine. It includes the device of letting us see Mr. Hilliard himself directing his picture as a picture about a stage director directing a play. I urge Mr. Hilliard and Mr. Garrett never to play this tiresome trick again. Few of us are Pirandellos, and perhaps not even Pirandello would care to be Pirandelloesque in 1965. —BRENDAN GILL

•

Concern for protecting shareholders and their corporations should not obliterate concepts of fairness to those who are expected to govern their conduct under the federal law of corporations, which under rule 10b-5 at present is hardly a model of clarity.—*Northwestern University Law Review.*

Is anything, really?

•

Below a certain level (given by circumstances and objectives) poverty is a servitude, and its elimination an essential process that will make man truly himself. On the other hand

Mr. Benhard's column hereafter will appear on the Editorial Page.

—*San Francisco Daily Commercial News.*

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[*Adv. in The New Yorker*]

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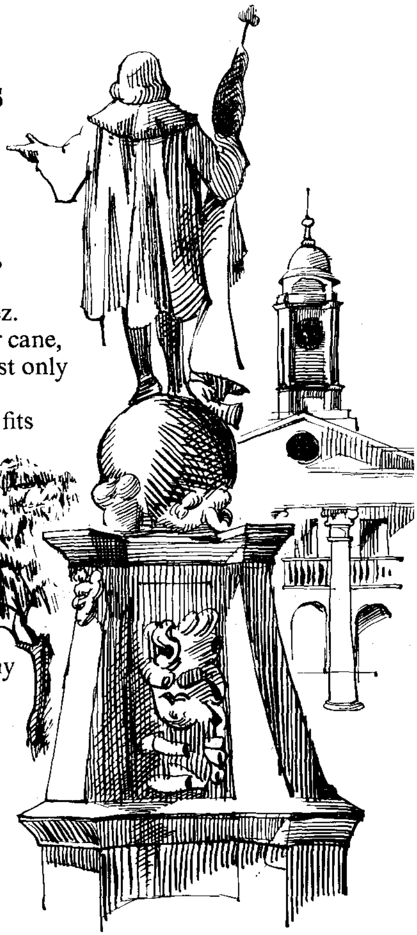

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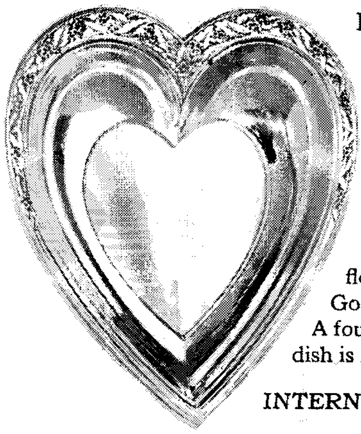
THE SPORTING SCENE

HORSESHOE PIAZZA, HORSESHOE STADIUM

FUTURE sports historians will have a hard time, I should think, deciding whether this past season was a rather auspicious or a somewhat disappointing one for American tennis. On the one hand, general interest in the game, which has been burgeoning nicely during the prosperous past decade, expanded in every direction. More Americans than ever before played tennis, sent their children to tennis camps, bought white woollen socks and cable-knit sweaters, and attended the tournaments; indeed, the huge turnout for the United States Lawn Tennis Championships at the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills, last month—there were upward of ninety thousand spectators during the ten days of the tournament—more than doubled the previous record attendance, set in 1963, and this was quite fitting, because the West Side Club was celebrating its golden anniversary as the scene of the Nationals. On the other hand, with the gleaming exception of Arthur Ashe, Jr., a twenty-two-year-old U.C.L.A. senior who came on very fast, American players distinguished themselves hardly at all in the big championships, and, on top of this, for the third time in five years the American Davis Cup team failed to reach the Challenge Round. In mid-August, our team was soundly defeated by Spain, four points to one, in the Interzone Final, and not too surprisingly, either, for the match was held on the notoriously slow clay courts of the Real Club de Tenis, in Barcelona, and the No. 1 Spanish player, Manuel Santana, has been regarded for several years now as the best clay-court player in the world. (This past July, for example, on clay at Båstad, in Sweden, Santana polished off Roy Emerson, the Australian veteran who has dominated amateur tennis for the last three years, by the eye-popping score of 6–1, 6–1, 6–4.) Our Davis Cup team had qualified to meet Spain by defeating Mexico, 4–1, two weeks earlier, on the Laykold composition courts of the Samuell-Grand Tennis Center, in Dallas, and the circumstances surrounding this match merit a word of comment. It goes without saying that it is a sizable advantage for a team to play an international match on familiar home courts and before a rabidly patriotic gallery, and, accordingly, it is ordained in Davis Cup competition that when two nations face each other almost annually, as do the United States and Mexico, they take turns acting as host. This year's match had been scheduled for Mexico City, where the rarefied cordilleran air and the spongy clay courts of the Chapultepec Sports Center always make the Mexicans very tough to beat; they defeated us there in 1962, for example, and last year they gave the Australians all they could handle. However, the men who run the Mexican Tennis Federation were offered a sum in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars by a Dallas syndicate if they would agree to have the 1965 match switched to Dallas, and they accepted. By doing so, they of course forfeited any chance their team had of beating the United States. The Mexican officials have since explained that they needed the money in order to finance a junior development program—an explanation that, in the world of sports, has now become the last refuge of all operators. Not that we came off looking any too admirable ourselves. Our arrogance in buying the venue of the match smacked a good deal of *imperialismo Yanqui*, and nobody in Mexico, except the officials who made the deal, is very happy about the incident.

With our Davis Cup squad—Ashe, Dennis Ralston, Frank Froehling III, Marty Riessen, Clark Graebner, and Hamilton Richardson—busy preparing for and playing its matches with Mexico and Spain, the ranking American players, for the first summer in quite some time, were absent from the weekly succession of grass-court tournaments along the Atlantic Coast that traditionally forms the prelude to the National Doubles Championships, at Longwood, and the National Singles Championships, at Forest Hills. Knowing that the absence of marquee names would hurt these tournaments considerably, the United States Lawn Tennis Association perspicaciously arranged for Emerson and his sidekick Fred Stolle, the second-ranking Australian, who has been runner-up to Emerson twice at Wimbledon and once (last year) at Forest Hills, to forgo their usual summer tour of the European tennis capitals and play our circuit instead. Their presence gave our tournaments a rather curious complexion, for everything was discussed in terms of how the two visitors were doing. Considering that they were conspicuously overtennised when they arrived here, after an almost uninterrupted diet of competitive play since March, they fared about as expected. In their first start, in the Pennsylvania State Championships, at Merion, the last week in July, Stolle was put out in straight sets in the semifinals by Charlie Pasarell, of Puerto Rico, a big, strapping young fellow who can play brilliant, hard-hitting tennis on occasion, and who did so again the next day in beating Emerson in four sets in the final. The following week, in the Eastern Grass Court Championships, at South Orange—in which Pasarell, incidentally, was eliminated in the third round—Stolle and Emerson made their way to the final, where Stolle won in four sets. They split up the week after that, Stolle winning the Middle Atlantic Invitational, at Baltimore, and Emerson the Nassau Bowl, at Glen Cove, and then rejoined forces at the Meadow Club, in Southampton, where Emerson was beaten in the fourth round by Jerry Cromwell, a young Californian, and Stolle was beaten in the quarter-finals by Ian Crookenden, a touring New Zealander. Next stop, the Newport Casino Invitation Tournament. There, with the championships rapidly approaching, the Australians began to work harder on their games. Both reached the final at New-



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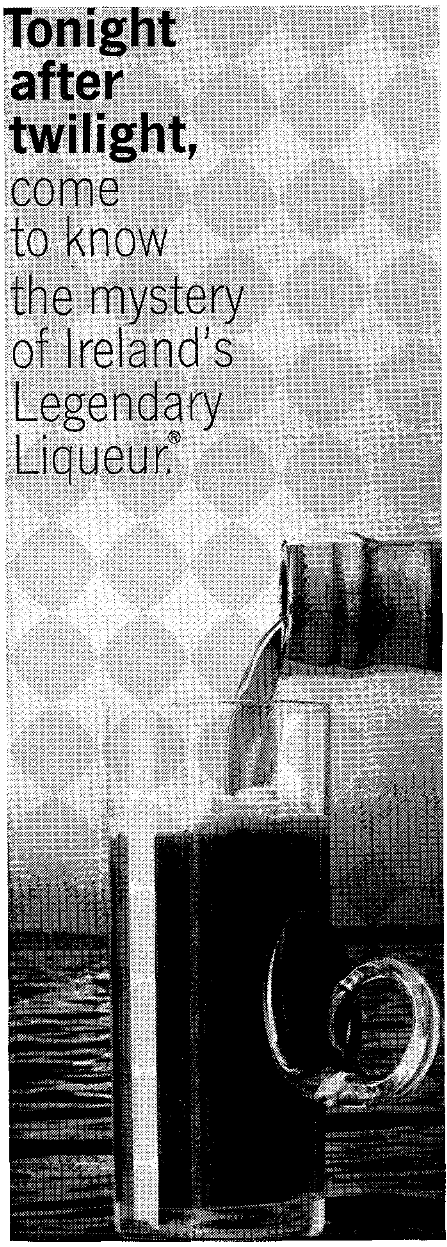
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port, and Emerson won in straight sets. At Longwood—it was now the last week in August—they looked fairly impressive as they won the doubles championship, defeating Riessen and Graebner in a spirited semifinal and then Froehling and Pasarell in the final, another good match. When they arrived at Forest Hills, Stolle, a tall, lean Sydneysider with a lurching, plowboy walk, seemed a little stale and weary, but Emerson, the defending champion, appeared to have paced himself well over the arduous summer and to be all set for the big one. Emerson's readiness surprised no one, for people in tennis believe that, even at the advanced age of twenty-nine, he is probably the best-conditioned athlete in the world. The refreshing thing about all this is that Emerson is no professional ascetic; he smokes a few cigarettes a day and drinks a few beers and goes to all the parties. On the other hand, he continues to be as conscientious as he was ten years ago, when he made his first international tour, about eating sensibly, retiring early and getting lots of sleep, and running an average of eight miles a day. When he is able to do his training on a proper cinder track, he runs a number of laps slowly, a number at a good tilt, and a few backward. Small wonder he is rated the best five-set player in the world.

DURING their pre-Forest Hills campaign, I caught Emerson and Stolle only once—at the Newport Casino tournament. To be candid, my reason for making the trip was not so much to watch the Australians as to see the Casino, which I had never before visited. This summer seemed the right time to rectify this omission, for just as 1965 marked Forest Hills' golden anniversary, so it also marked half a century, more or less, since the championships were held for the last time at the Casino, their original home. (In 1914, in that final Newport championship, R. Norris Williams at length defeated his old friend and rival Maurice McLoughlin, the California Comet.) The Casino, which covers an area of about a city block, stands in the center of town, its main building, a two-and-a-half-story gabled structure, fronting on Bellevue Avenue, the principal thoroughfare. At the present time, the ground floor of this building is rented to the La Forge Casino Restaurant and five shops—Peck & Peck, E. Braun & Co. (linens), Thompson-Forbes (sportswear), Jack's Shoes, and Bellevue Liquors—and I would guess that most tourists who visit Newport walk

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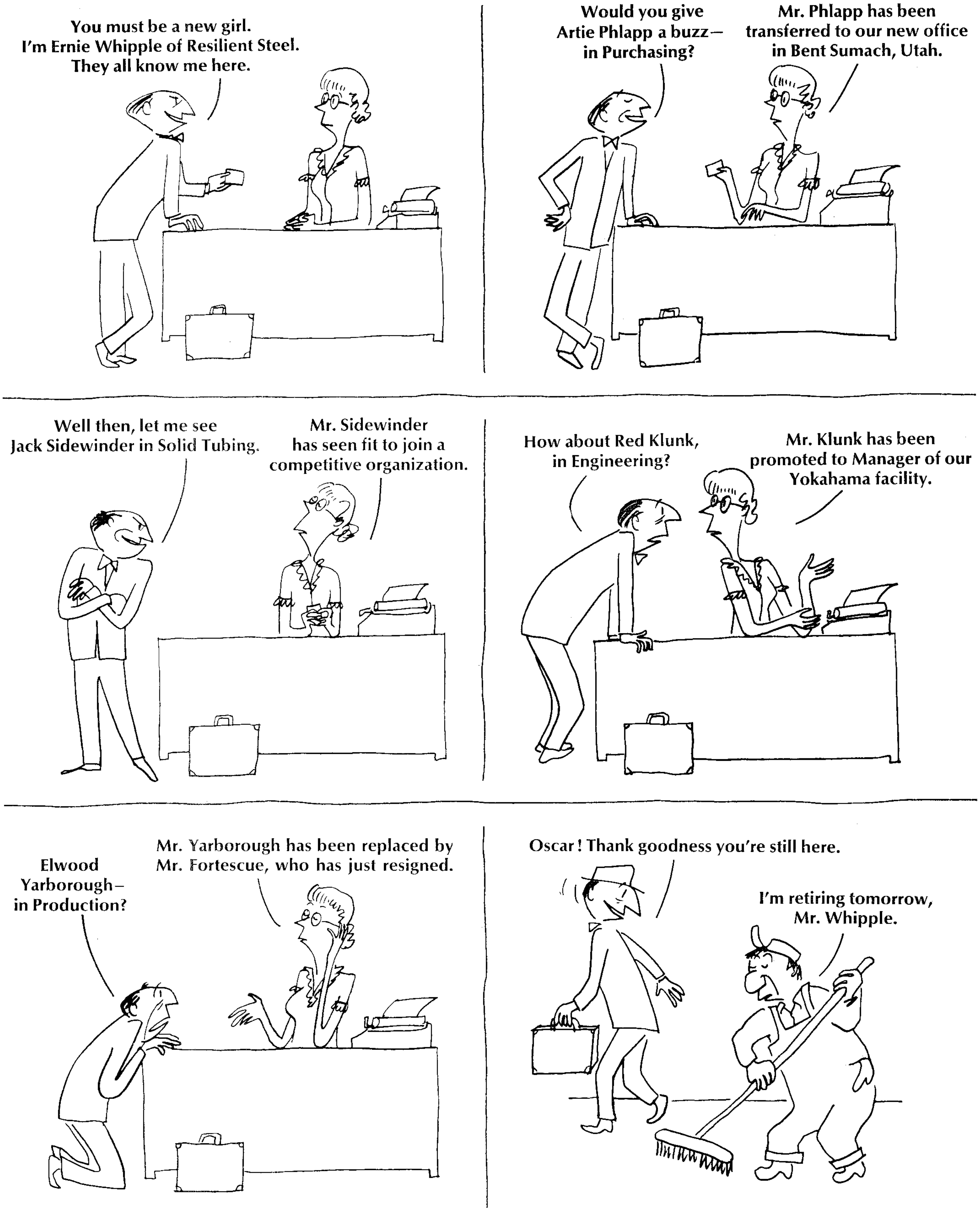
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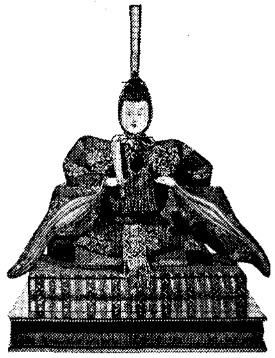

IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO
T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

past the Casino without really noticing it. One enters the interior quadrangle through an archway of dull-red brick and comes out into a strange, vanished world that suggests Dick Williams and Maurice McLoughlin less than it does that eminent mixed-doubles team of Edith Wharton and William Dean Howells. It is a placid world of blue and white hydrangeas, English elms and copper beeches, and, in particular, old wooden buildings faced with weather-beaten, ornately patterned shingles and trimmed in old-fashioned New England colors like dark green and raspberry. A huge yellow-faced clock in a shingled turret shaped like a London bobby's helmet looks down on the upper court, which is separated from the lower court by the quadrangle's dominant architectural feature, the graceful Horseshoe Piazza, which was the center of social activity when the Casino was at its height, in the years before the First World War. The building that originally housed the Casino's ballroom has long since been converted into a summer theatre, and the court-tennis court in the clubhouse building, at the far end of the lower court, was destroyed by fire some twenty years ago, but, for the most part, the general aspect of the Casino is probably very close to what it was when the place was built, eighty-five years ago. Scattered around the grounds are thirteen grass tennis courts and three clay courts, but it takes a while for a first-time visitor to turn his attention to the anachronistic young people in shorts bounding over them.

The founder of the Casino was James Gordon Bennett, Jr., the publisher of the New York *Herald*, and—as is so often the case in matters of this kind—his motivation was a giant-sized pique. In the summer of 1879, one Captain Candy, an English polo player who was Bennett's guest in Newport, was riding his pony up Bellevue Avenue past the ultra-conservative club known as the Reading Room when a member, rocking on the veranda, challenged him to ride into the club. Captain Candy proceeded to maneuver his pony neatly up the stairs and into the main hallway, and, for his artistry, was forthwith banned from the club. Indignant at this treatment of his guest, Bennett resigned from the Reading Room and commissioned McKim, Mead & White to design buildings for a rival club, to go up on a plot opposite his home, also on Bellevue Avenue. He entrusted the operation of the Casino, as the new club was called, to a corporation composed of a number of his dependable Newport friends. The

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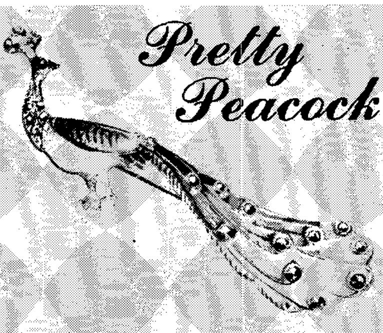

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Casino was opened in the summer of 1881, a month or so after the United States Lawn Tennis Association had been formed, and it occurred to the new organization that here was the ideal place to stage its first championships. They were held in August, before a sparse gallery seated in a row of chairs alongside the court. The winner of the singles was Richard D. Sears, a Bostonian with a sprightly net game, who successfully defended his title for the next six summers and then retired. By then, the championships had become one of the gala occasions of the Newport season, and they remained so until 1915, when the West Side Tennis Club, which had been founded in 1892 on Central Park West and moved to more ample quarters in Forest Hills in 1913, managed to persuade the U.S.L.T.A. that tennis had outgrown Newport, where the focus of interest was not the players but the people watching them, and that the championships deserved to be held at a club that, like the West Side, was devoted to tennis and, moreover, was readily accessible to fans from all sections of the country who wanted to see the famous champions and challengers. The Casino substituted an invitation tournament and quietly went its way until 1938, when its plant suffered heavy damage in the terrible September hurricane of that year. The big change came the following season, when the Spouting Rock Beach Association (Spouting Rock Beach is the official name of what is usually called Bailey's Beach) rebuilt its clubhouse, which the hurricane had destroyed, and decided to put in four clay courts alongside it. The new courts caught on immediately, for after taking a swim the members of the tennis set no longer had to go to the bother of changing into their white flannels and driving to the Casino—not when they could play right there in their bathing suits.

After the Second World War, the Casino entered upon a serious decline. In its halcyon period, it had been standard practice for residents of the summer colony to call in at least once a day, but now only a few ever dropped by. In 1947, the board of governors, tiring of their white elephant, sold off a couple of acres of the club property, where an A. & P. supermarket and a couple of other stores now stand, and it was generally assumed that the governors were only waiting for a handsome, unrejectable offer before selling the rest of it for a shopping center or a public school. The man who saved the Casino was James H. Van Alen, a fourth-gen-

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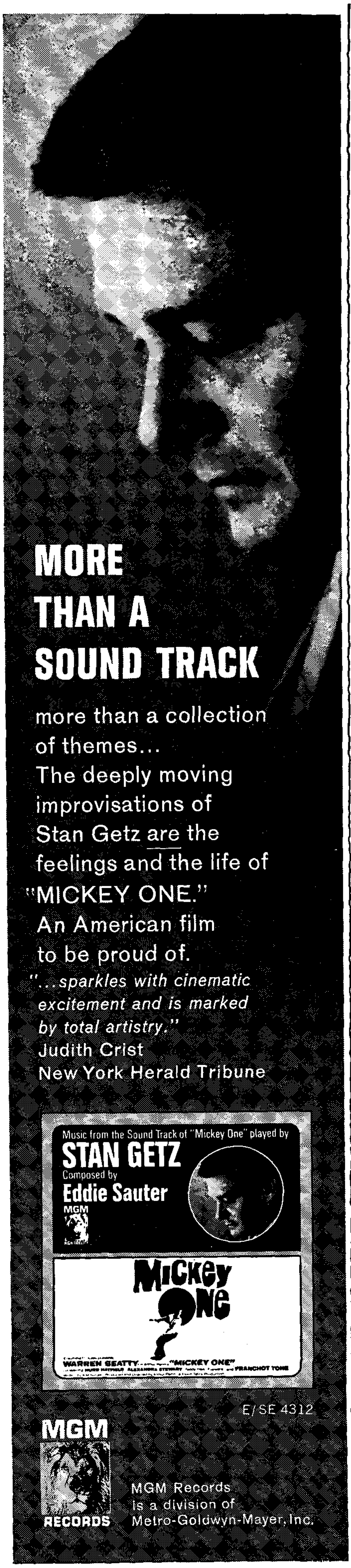
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eration Newporter and three-time United States court-tennis champion. Van Alen has been closely identified with lawn tennis since 1924, when he was captain of the Cambridge University team, and it is typical of him that he utilized that office to set up the first Oxford and Cambridge vs. Princeton and Cornell tennis match, for he is an incurable idea man and organizer. Some of his projects have been a little far out. At one time, for example, feeling that the native American robin was "disgustingly bosomy," he sought to introduce the svelter English robin to this country. This attempt was a failure, and so, to date, have been his efforts to persuade some wealthy foundation to endow the Newport home of Clement Clark Moore, the author of "A Visit from St. Nicholas," as a "museum of Santa Clausiana." Where the Casino was concerned, however, Van Alen was all sureness and acumen. His first move, in 1954, was to get the U.S.L.T.A. to sanction the Casino as the official home of the National Lawn Tennis Hall of Fame—the equivalent of baseball's Valhalla in Cooperstown. In 1957, he became president of the Hall of Fame Corporation and soon succeeded in inducing some of the largest shareholders in the Casino to donate their shares to the Hall; by 1959 the Hall had acquired fifty-four per cent of the shares and held a controlling interest in the Casino. Since then, Van Alen has been gradually revitalizing the old place. Among other things, he has bought back the old ballroom-theatre, which had been sold to a summer-theatre group in 1948, and has greatly improved accommodations for the tennis spectators by constructing a grass bank for box seats on three sides of the Centre Court and canopying not only these new installations but the old Centre Court grandstand. He has also built a new court, called the Hall of Fame Court, and he has kept in motion the machinery whereby a board of twenty-five directors annually elects a number of past heroes and heroines for enshrinement in the Hall of Fame. The Casino has not yet come all the way back, and the Hall has a long way to go before it is fit to carry Cooperstown's bat, but things are moving and the grass is greener.

This year, the Casino's tournament went extremely well, with several thousand fans turning out for the semifinals and finals. During the week of the tournament, Van Alen, a chirrupy, boyish, haberdashing man of sixty-three, was all over the place, attired in a wide-brimmed straw hat with a

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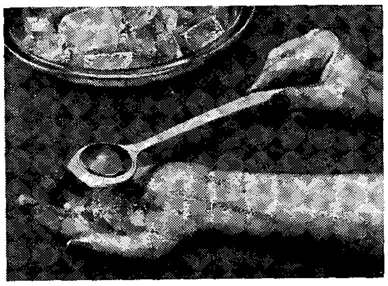

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club band—the Casino's colors are green, silver, and yellow—and such coördinated outfits as apple-green shirt, olive-green trousers, chartreuse socks, and forest-green suède shoes. At a dinner for the players and officials held on the Horseshoe Piazza on Wednesday evening—the third day of the tournament—he introduced the speakers, played the ukulele, and recited a few poems of his own composition. On Thursday, the whole cast was invited to a cocktail party and buffet given by his mother, Mrs. Louis S. Bruguière, at Wakehurst, a pre-Breakers villa built by Van Alen's grandfather in 1884. On Friday, Van Alen made a television tape for the National Broadcasting Company, in which, as Emerson and Stolle played a sample set, he explained VASSS, which is short for the Van Alen Simplified Scoring System. (In VASSS, to put it briefly, the server stands three feet behind the baseline—a change that minimizes the importance of the serve—and the first player to win thirty-one points wins the match, eliminating the possibility of tedious marathons. Early this summer, Van Alen put on a VASSS tournament for the professional troupe at the Casino, and while the galleries and some of the players seemed to find it very enjoyable, general acceptance of the system doesn't appear likely.) Then, on the afternoon of the finals, James H. Van Alen himself—along with the late Ellen Hansell, our first women's champion; Watson Washburn, a star of the pre-Tilden era; Don McNeill, national champion in 1940; and Pauline Betz Addie, national women's champion from 1942 through 1944 and again in 1946—was inducted into the National Lawn Tennis Hall of Fame.

Forest Hills is no Wimbledon, by a long shot, but, with its abundance of sun-tanned blondes, its neo-Tudor clubhouse, its polyglot galleries, and its concrete horseshoe stadium seating almost fourteen thousand, it presents a far more contemporary and animated picture than the Newport Casino. Months before the first ball was served at Forest Hills this year, it was practically assured that the golden-anniversary championships would be the best attended and most lucrative ever, for instead of waiting until practically the eve of the event, as most of his predecessors had done, J. Donald McNamara, the new president of the West Side Tennis Club, began to promote the championships as early as last October, and on an unprecedentedly intensive

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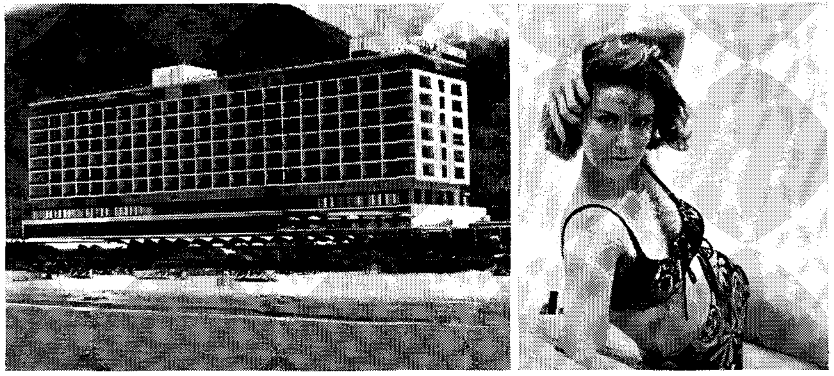

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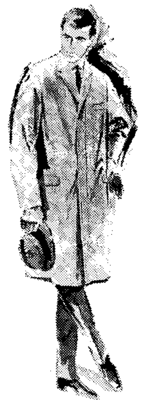

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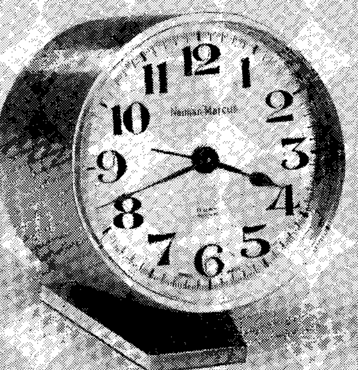

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scale. As a result, on Friday, September 3rd, the opening day of the tournament, a good-sized crowd streamed into the stadium and around the field courts, although few matches of any consequence were on tap that early, and over the Labor Day weekend there were long queues at the ticket booths and the general-admission section of the stadium was sold out. All that was needed was some interesting tennis, and on Sunday, in the second round, a very exciting match—the first upset of the tournament—took place. Up against Stolle, who was seeded second, Pasarell, who was unseeded, defeated him much more convincingly than he had five weeks before at Merion. The scores were 6–3, 6–4, and 6–2, and they accurately represented Pasarell's wide measure of superiority. In most of his matches, even against players of Pasarell's calibre, Stolle, one of the strongest servers in amateur tennis, doesn't have to extend himself to hold service, and conserves his energy for breaking through once in each set, whenever his opponent serves a weak game. That day, however, Stolle's service lacked its usual authority, and it was Pasarell who scored the first service break. It came in the eighth game. At 15–all, Stolle double-faulted, and Pasarell then banged back two forehand returns of service so fiercely that Stolle could handle neither, hitting the first into the net and the second well out of court. Pasarell served out the set at love. In the second set, Stolle, after dropping his opening service game, made his stand. He broke Pasarell in the sixth game to draw even at 3–3, and pulled out the next game from 15–40 with a fine succession of volleys. Just when it looked as if he had played himself back into the match, suddenly it was all over. Pasarell broke him at 15 in the ninth game and again served out at love for the set, whereupon, in the third set, Stolle once more dropped his opening service, and that was that. It has been a long, long time since an American defeated a ranking Australian so decisively in a major championship, and although Stolle was visibly off form and tired from his surfeit of tennis, there was no doubt that Pasarell played a nearly perfect match, in which his return of service, hit with tremendous pace, was really something to see. Pasarell, a streak player, has weeks when anyone can beat him and weeks when almost no one can. Against Stolle, he was so impressive that Arthur Ashe, for one, felt at the time that the young Puerto Rican would quite likely go all the way to the final.

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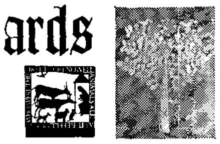

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The way the draw was set up, Pasarell was in the fourth quarter along with Rafael Osuna, of Mexico, the surprise winner in 1963, who was seeded sixth this year. The other prospective quarter-finalists were Ralston (seeded third) and Cliff Drysdale, of South Africa (seeded eighth), in the third quarter; Santana (seeded fourth) and Chuck McKinley (seeded seventh) in the second quarter; and Ashe (seeded fifth) and Emerson (seeded first) in the top quarter. With one exception, the tournament proceeded according to form: in the fourth round, McKinley was eliminated in straight sets by Antonio Palafox, the No. 2 Mexican player. This was not totally unexpected, since McKinley, our top player in recent years, went into business here in the city last autumn and has since found time for little competitive tennis. The quarter-finals, however, were something else again. Aside from Santana, who played well in defeating Palafox, all the favorites were upset. The first to go was Ralston. In winning the first two sets from Drysdale, 6–2 and 6–3, Ralston, a twenty-three-year-old Californian who, most observers agree, has everything he needs to become a champion except a resolute temperament, was completely in charge. In the third set, he had two excellent chances to take Drysdale's service and wrap things up then and there, but he failed to press his openings, and shortly after this, as has happened so often in the past, he began to play careless strokes and to drift into petulance, and finally ceded the initiative to his opponent. (Incidentally, we had witnessed a typical example of this unfortunate tendency of Ralston's the day before, when he went to sleep after leading Ron Holmberg two sets to one and was lucky to salvage the fifth set and the match. Since Holmberg possesses almost as much natural talent as Ralston, and has been able to do practically nothing with it, their encounter was referred to by the hard men of tennis as the Losers' Bowl.) Anyhow, Ralston let Drysdale off the hook, lost the third set, 7–5, and the fourth, 6–3, and at length, after fighting off three match points for Drysdale and holding one himself, lost the deciding set, 8–6. Perhaps when Ralston is a few years older and is considered washed up, he may at last be able, like pitchers in baseball who learn how to win only after they have lost their youth and their fast ball, to do the things that have eluded him these past three or four years. I don't know. As for Pasarell, he was equally disap-

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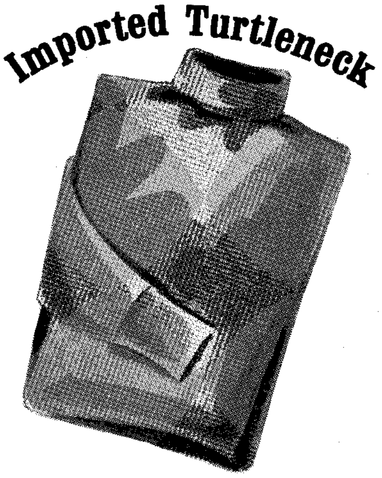

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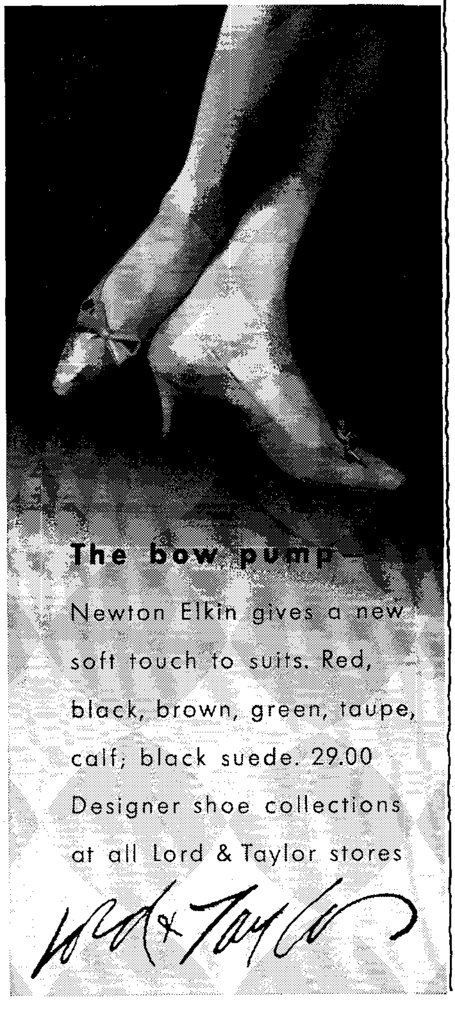

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pointing. Against Osuna, who has shown very little last year and this, Pasarell started where he had left off against Stolle. Hitting everything smack in the center of the racket, he swept through the first set with the loss of only one game. Like a great many of our young players, Pasarell thrives on pace, and it is no secret that the way to play him is to feed him soft stuff—"move him around and cut him up with junk," as the boys in the clubhouse say. This, of course, is precisely what Osuna, a guileful strategist, had tried to do in the first set, with no success, but he persisted, and midway through the second Pasarell's timing began to waver. Then, in what was literally a matter of minutes, his big, powerful game had fallen utterly apart. He stopped stroking the ball, he either went for impossible winners or played too timidly, and in his desperation he tried at one stretch to outfox Osuna at his own game, which was the worst idea of all. The scores were 1–6, 6–3, 6–3, 7–5, and the match, I'm afraid, was a classic illustration of the tennis precept that a player who isn't able to modify his game sufficiently to cope with all kinds of tactics is doomed to remain on the periphery of the top class.

Whatever despondency the spectators at Forest Hills may have felt about the future of American tennis after the resounding failure of Ralston and Pasarell was entirely dispelled by Ashe's magnificent conquest of Emerson (13–11, 6–4, 10–12, 6–2) in the last quarter-final match. It should be stated at the outset, I think, that the Emerson that Ashe beat was not the best Emerson—certainly not the stonewall defender, the ever-harrying attacker we saw in the 1964 Davis Cup Challenge Round. Just before his meeting with Ashe, in defeating Pierre Barthes, of France, in three rough sets (6–4, 13–11, 6–4), Emerson had looked sluggish, and had missed what was for him a large number of shots when he had control of the court. Against Ashe, he was similarly erratic. He double-faulted an incredible seventeen times, and his ground strokes were hurried and uncertain. On the other hand, in a game like tennis, as everybody knows, it is difficult to ascertain to what degree a man is playing below par because he is somewhat off form that day and to what degree he is playing below par because of the pressure exerted by his opponent—and Ashe put enormous pressure on Emerson. Ashe, a tall, slender Negro—he stands six feet and weighs a hundred and fifty pounds—is exceptionally agile for a

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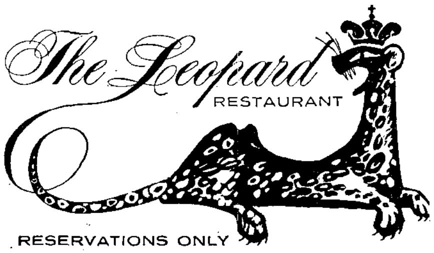

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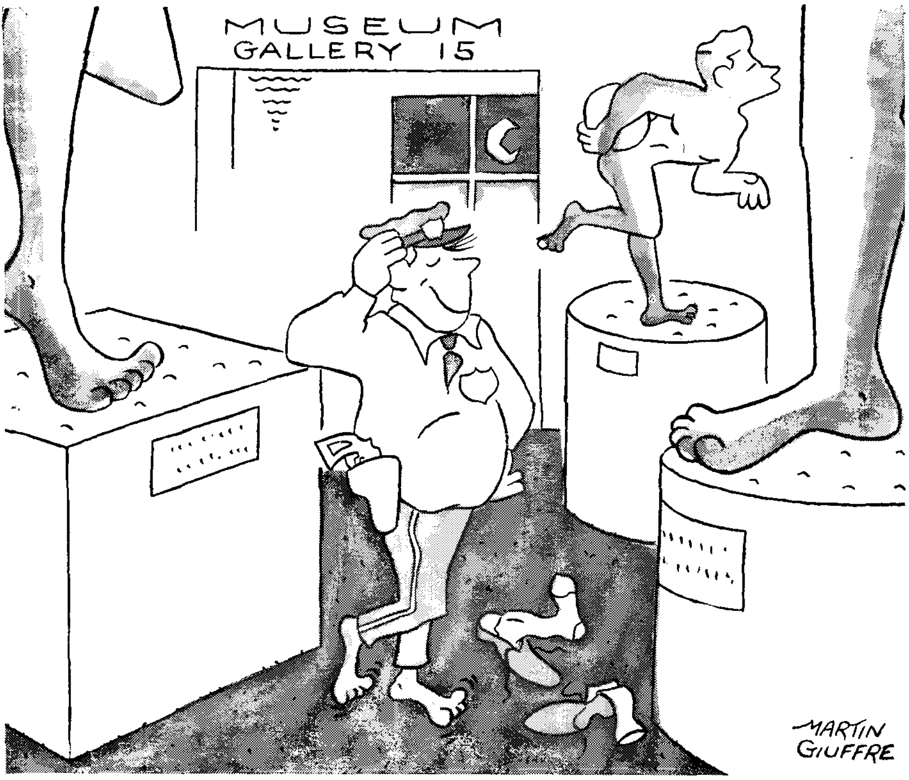
man of his build and has very fast hands. Under the tutelage of Pancho Gonzales, he has developed a sound all-court game, but his service is generally regarded as his strongest point. His first serve, an authentic cannonball, really explodes off his racket, and following its flight is no easy matter. (I would hate to be a linesman charged with calling the service line in one of his matches.) However, it was not his service that saw him home against Emerson. It wasn't that he served poorly—he served very well, in fact—but fairly early in the first set, after he had been having trouble getting his first serve in, he switched to a slower, spin service and, when it proved effective, stayed with it until the fourth set, by which time his cannonball was working again. Rather, it was his return of service that proved to be his most formidable weapon, as Pasarell's had been against Stolle. This was no accident. Several times in the days preceding the match, which, by the way, was Ashe's first encounter with Emerson since he lost to him, 6–3, 6–2, 7–5, at Wimbledon in 1964, Ashe had consulted with his friend Dick Savitt, the 1951 Wimbledon champion, on the best way to play the Australian. Savitt's counsel had been firm and explicit: "Crack those returns of service. Everyone just chips them back against Emerson. Don't you. Hit them, hit them, hit them. Put four of them in and you've got the game." Most of the time, Ashe uses a 16-gauge gut, but for his match with Emerson he had some rackets strung with thinner, more resilient 17-gauge, expressly to increase the velocity of his return of service. In the extended first set—it was a great set, too, producing some of the boldest, sharpest tennis since the duels between Hoad and Trabert in the mid-nineteen-fifties—Ashe's robust returns put a severe strain on Emerson's service and indirectly led to two double faults that cost him the twenty-third game and the set. At the beginning of the second set, with Emerson obviously concerned about his inability to get his service functioning properly, and Ashe a notch more confident that he could continue to match Emerson's speed of foot, speed of reflex, and speed of stroke, Ashe became even more aggressive in returning service. He belted the ball back with an abandon one rarely sees except in informal warmups, and time after time his returns—particularly his top-spin backhands, hit crosscourt like a shot—went for outright placements or forced Emerson into volleying errors. Even in the third set, when Ashe's game



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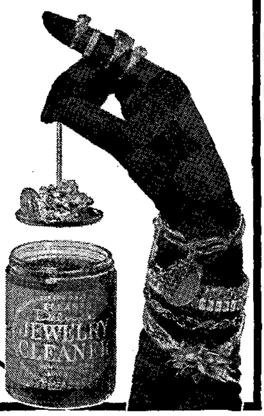

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suffered a slight but noticeable letdown, Emerson remained on the defensive during most of his service games, and, to tell the truth, it was not Emerson's play so much as his wonderful pertinacity, plus that elusive quality which derives from experience, that enabled him to pull out the third set in the twenty-second game and prolong the match. During the ten-minute intermission that followed, everyone I talked with agreed that if Emerson could manage to take Ashe to a fifth set the odds would be in his favor. When play was resumed, however, Emerson was surprisingly slow getting started. He dropped his first service at 30. Ashe moved quickly to 3–1, and then broke Emerson again, this time at 15. Three games later, Ashe served out with spectacular ease for the set and the match, and walked off the court to one of the most vibrant ovations ever heard at Forest Hills.

The following day, after Drysdale had defeated Osuna in four sets in the first semifinal, Ashe met Santana. In repose, Santana, who stands five feet eight inches tall and is chunkily built, looks more like a soccer player than a tennis player. He is twenty-seven, brown-haired, and, for a Spaniard, comparatively soft-eyed, and when he smiles his prominent smile he brings Fernandel to mind. With the possible exception of Rod Laver, he has the most flexible wrist of any player today, and on clay, where the slower, higher bounce of the ball gives him more time to get set for his shots than he has on grass, the variety of his spins, his changes of pace, and the acuteness of his angles can be dazzling. On grass, he is usually far less intimidating. Last year, when he made one of his rare appearances at Forest Hills, he was put out in the third round by a journeyman player. This year, he was in much better form, and improving with each match, but it was felt that Ashe could beat him if he could summon the kind of game he had played against Emerson. Ashe started out in brilliant form. He took the opening set, 6–2, overwhelming Santana with his power and allowing him only three points in the last four games. Early in the second set, the two pivotal games of the match took place. In the third game, Santana dug in hard to see if he could find a way to handle Ashe's cannonball, for Ashe had been getting it in regularly and had already ripped through three service games at love. In this third game, whenever Santana read from Ashe's delivery that a cannonball was coming, he backpedalled a few quick steps behind the baseline and took it

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much better; then he remained at the baseline or came in a step to receive Ashe's less fiery second serve. A series of solid returns and Santana moved out in front, 15–40, in this game. On the next point, Ashe blew a big first serve by him for a clean ace, then pulled up to deuce with a backhand drive off a weak return of service. Advantage Ashe, the point set up by a fine serve. Then deuce again, Santana winning a flurry at net. A netted return by Santana—advantage Ashe. A beautiful backhand return of service down the line for a perfect placement—deuce again. A crosscourt forehand return of service that Ashe couldn't touch—advantage Santana. Another clean ace by Ashe—deuce once more. An error by Ashe on a low volley—advantage Santana. A marvellous forehand right at Ashe's feet—game Santana. The second pivotal game followed immediately. Inspirited by this breakthrough, Santana, who had been serving spottily, poured in four fast deep serves and won four quick points. After that, he never lost his service again. Indeed, after that he was in full command, for his whole game began to bloom with assurance and, as it did, Ashe's declined correspondingly. The effort he had expended in his long match with Emerson had patently taken a lot out of him, and he could no longer stay with Santana as the Spaniard, shrewdly keeping the ball low when Ashe came in to volley and keeping him off balance with his ducking top-spin forehand, his down-the-line backhand, and his gallimaufry of touch shots, ran out the last three sets, 6–4, 6–2, 6–4.

I hasten to add that, for all the conclusiveness of Santana's victory, Ashe remained a hero in defeat. His match with Emerson had not been an unduly burdensome assignment; he had had everything to gain and nothing to lose. The Santana match was different. Then everyone expected the world of him, and that was a little more than the young man, up against the world's two most accomplished amateurs on consecutive days, could carry off. The important point, though, is that Arthur Ashe has arrived—no question about it—as a player of the very top order. He has improved immensely over the past three years, moving from eighteenth to sixth to third (and now, presumably, to first) in the national rankings, and since he is a sound and diligent as well as an altogether engaging young man, he should continue to improve in the next few seasons. In his twenty-two years, he has

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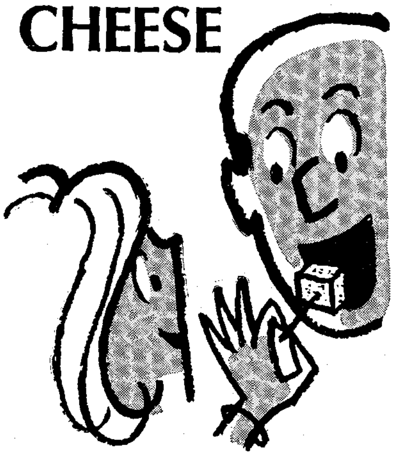

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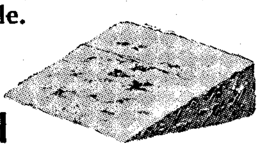

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come a long way. He grew up in Richmond, Virginia, where his father is now a probation officer. Barred from entering that city's tournaments, he transferred, with the assistance of his tennis adviser, Dr. R. Walter Johnson, of Lynchburg, to an integrated high school in St. Louis. There he won the National Schoolboy Championship once and the National Indoor Junior Championship twice, and also won a tennis scholarship to U.C.L.A. He is a very attractive player, with superb court manners—a welcome change from some of our recent hot shots who outsulk Jackie Searl whenever the going gets rough. He is a bright young man, too, and it is a pleasure to hear him say, with a little smile, as he did on the eve of the Emerson match, that he was "quasi-confident of winning," or, as he said after that match, that a certain racket of his "had passed the optimum point of resiliency." All other things being equal, he should develop into our finest player since Pancho Gonzales. It is something to look forward to.

SANTANA and Drysdale met on a gray, windy Sunday afternoon, following the women's final, in which Margaret Smith, of Australia, had just enough to edge past Billie Jean Moffitt, of California, 7–5, 8–6. (Maria Bueno, of Brazil, Miss Smith's regular vis-à-vis in championship finals, had gone down before Miss Moffitt the day before.) While Santana and Drysdale had both reached the semifinals at Wimbledon—Santana in 1963, Drysdale this year—neither had previously been a finalist in a major grass-court championship, and the immense importance this match held for them undoubtedly accounted for the tentativeness and overdeliberateness of much of their play. Nevertheless, it was not a dull match, largely because of the prepossessing qualities of the two men. Santana, who began his career at ten as a ball boy in Madrid, plays with the flair that, in any sport, only the self-taught seem to possess. Drysdale, the son of a stationer in Port Elizabeth, is, at twenty-three, perhaps the handsomest man in tennis today—a sort of cross between Richard Chamberlain and John Lindsay. Cool and poised and articulate, he has the pleasant habit on the court (as quite a few South Africans have) of patting the face of his racket to applaud an opponent's good shots. Now and then, he uses this gesture mockingly to register his displeasure at what he feels has been a bad call by a linesman, but basically he is a most agreeable young man and a much

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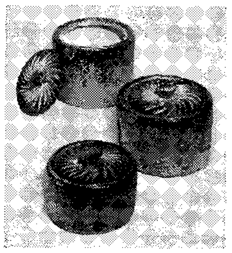

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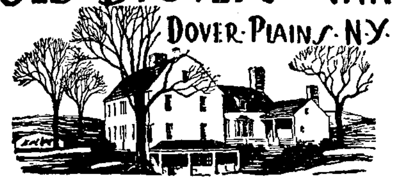

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tougher and more talented player than he looks to be—particularly when he is given a chance to paste the ball with his extraordinarily strong two-handed backhand. He and Santana split the first two sets and were locked at 5–5 in the third when a rain squall forced a forty-minute interruption. Upon the resumption of play, Drysdale had lost his touch completely, and Santana, who had been playing moodily, as if he wanted to win his points exquisitely or not at all, rediscovered his resolve and took eight of the next nine games to run the match out, 6–2, 7–9, 7–5, 6–1. Coasting home in the last set, he cut loose with his full repertoire of fluent, imaginative shots and, for good measure, threw in a delicate backhand lob volleyed with overspin. He was extremely modest in victory and seemed especially delighted at having performed so much better here than he had last year. He said that he thought the difference lay in the fact that in 1964 he had come over only two days before the tournament, allowing himself far too short a time to adjust his game to grass, whereas this year he had had two full weeks of practice. To be at his very best, he would need six weeks, he said. He added apologetically that while he likes our grass, he honestly prefers the surface at Wimbledon, where the turf is harder and faster.

The championship, by the way, ended on a wonderfully happy note. As Santana left the stadium, he was hoisted on the shoulders of proud and excited countrymen. Then there materialized out of nowhere a troupe of entertainers from the Spanish Pavilion at the World's Fair—about a dozen men and women in native costume, complete with guitars and castanets—and Santana was carried in triumph to the clubhouse to the strains of "Aragonesa." On the clubhouse terrace, which is seldom used for such things, the troupe serenaded their hero—the first Spaniard ever to win an important championship in an important sport in this country—with a colorful ten-minute floor show. Everyone loved it, but, of course, it may have set a dangerous precedent. If an American, say, wins at Forest Hills next year, I suppose we can expect the dancers from "Hullabaloo" and "Shindig"—or, at least, James Van Alen and his ukulele.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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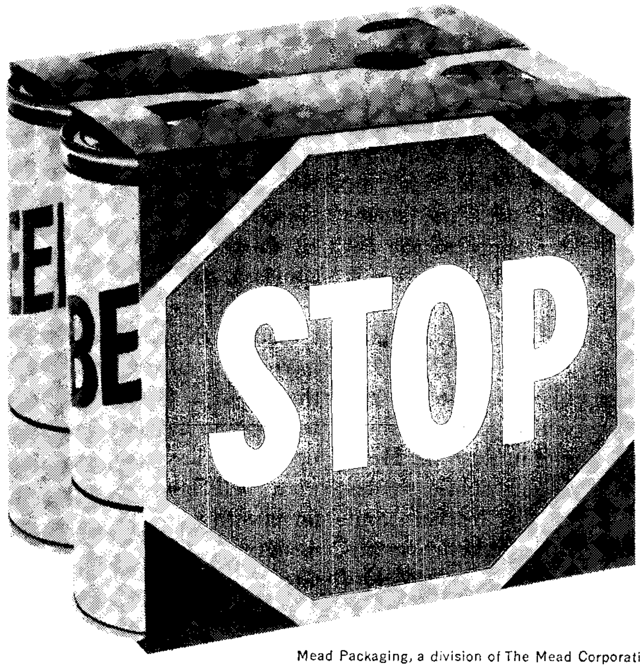

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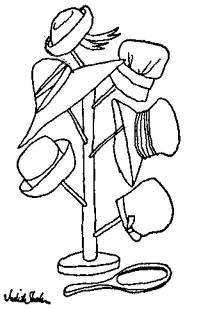
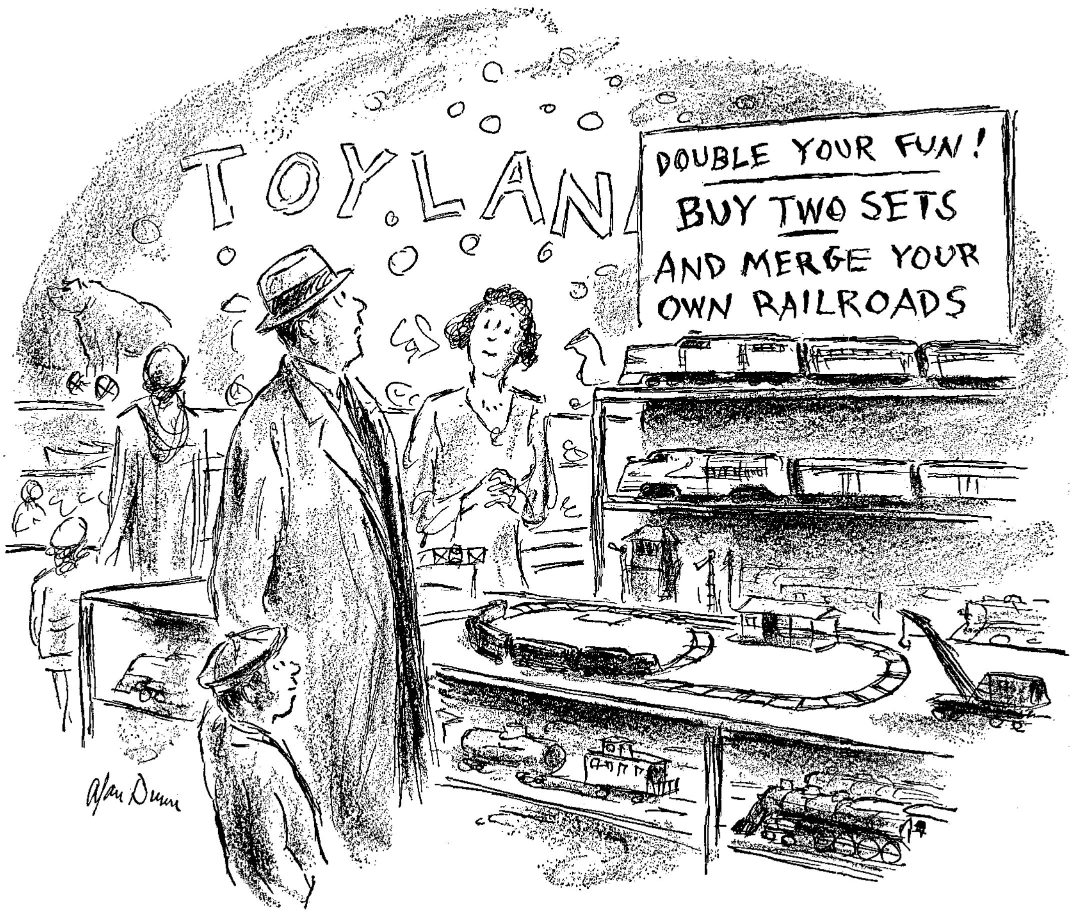


THIS little essay is for those who get autumn invitations from country friends, or go to football games, or live a fairly grand country life themselves. (It does not apply to *really* grand places, like Rumson, where, if you are not to be considered parvenu, you bury a new sports outfit for three days in wet peat moss along with the suède patches you will later apply to the elbows, then dig it up and tromp on it with muddy brogues for another few days to age it, then wear it without self-consciousness.)

Leather (particularly suède) is supreme, as always, with Bonnie Cashin, who is, as always, well in the van. How she manages to get such subtle shades of suède and smooth leather and jersey and tweed to match exactly baffles me. A new tone of hers is Veldt, which to me is the color of pea-soup fog. Saks Fifth Avenue teems with her efforts, but Lord & Taylor and the rest are not far behind. There are the familiar hardware fastenings on her coats and her simple shifts. Often these are of jersey and bound with leather—either long-sleeved or sleeveless, and sometimes topped by her turtleneck collar (eight inches deep) that can double as a hood. Her tent coats of suède, flaring wide at the sides because of deep-pleat manipulation but hanging straight down the front, are around, too. One, at Bonwit's Country Place, uses a smooth and matching leather for its small pointed collar and (below the shoulders) for its straight, narrow sleeves. Another tent shape of hers occurs at Lord & Taylor. It's of tan suède, three-quarter length, and raccoon does for the long shawl collar and the cuffs. And she has concocted over-and-under cashmere sweaters (Ballantyne makes them, and I saw them at Abercrombie & Fitch)—an oversweater with a wide, standup collar and small gold buttons down the front, plus an undersweater with that deep turtleneck. The oversweater is kind of tweedy, the other one is in horizontal stripes. These are $105 a set. Plain skirts with elasticized waistbands can tag along.

Anne Klein is a designer who can challenge Cashin at suède. At Splendiferous is her superb Carole Lombard low-belted coat of suède in a dark chamois, very slender and lightweight, with a long shawl collar and cuffs—all these of fox dyed beige-and-white. (A bit dressy for real country life, but I couldn't resist including it.) Altman's Studio III is in love with her wares, including the damnedest pair of pants I have seen in a town that is full of them—of a brassy gold suède, sitting low on the hips and going into a laced-up V (no less) below the stomach and then bell bottoms; $145. They are lined with yellow China silk. Here, also, is her jacket of charcoal suède. It is piped with tan leather, even at the buttonholes, and the whole thing suggests a blazer. The pleated skirt with it is of wool in a tan-white-and-charcoal check; a long, skinny, turtlenecked white sweater completes the job; $145, all in all.

If Rudi Gernreich would let me, I'd like to think of him as the original King of the Kooks, even though he has gone a trifle Konservative (I read Krazy Kat when I was a Kid) at a time when his followers, both here and overseas, have gone quite mad. This is not to say that he is no longer daring. I offer in evidence the new color he calls Caviar—not Kaviar. It's sort of a muddy brown. On it he sometimes puts black pin stripes, sometimes small black windowpane checks, and sometimes he combines them. Bonwit's Country Place has an extra-long Gernreich tunic of Caviar striped vertically. It misses the knees by a few inches, but bell-bottom pants, striped down to those knees and crossbarred below, fill in the gap. The material is wool knit, the cost is $80. Bendel has a skimpy Gernreich dress with a crossbarred yoke and stripes through the rest of it; the long stockings are striped above the kneecaps and crossbarred below them. This time the material is wool. A more wearable effort (Gernreich is nothing if not versatile) is a two-piece dress—a hip-length overblouse of black jersey with white crossbars, and a black skirt. An inch-wide band of red descends the front of the



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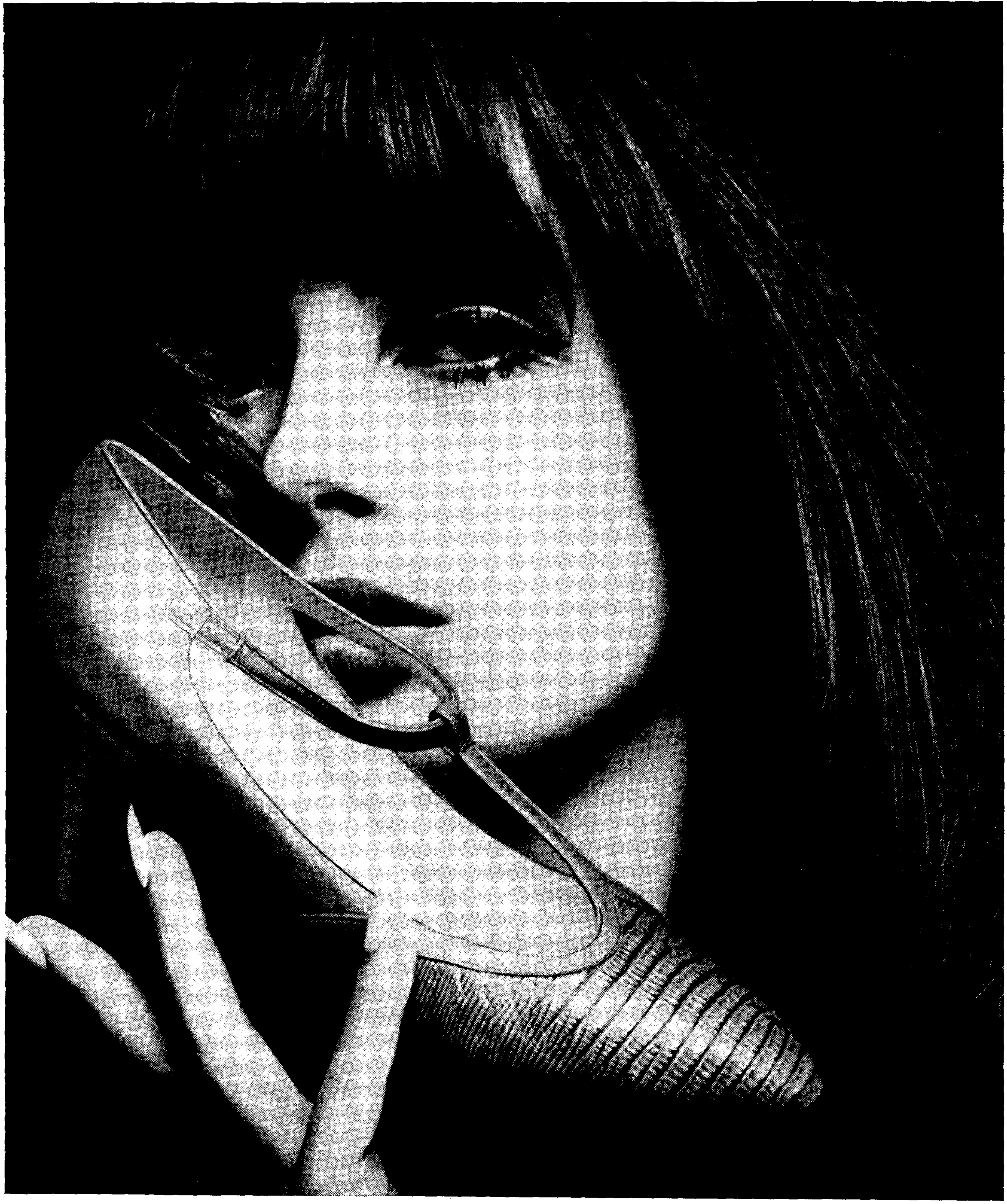
ANYTHING?



ANY PALIZZIO IS BETTER THAN NO **palizzio**
SHOES AND HANDBAGS.

entire job; $50 at Bonwit Teller. In poison green on black, and with a magenta stripe, it's at Lord & Taylor. Gernreich also admires tweeds in savage combinations of black and white, and from him Robert Leader has acquired a suit in this mood—a three-button little-boy jacket and a straight skirt, both in a scrambled, mixed-up sort of chevron pattern; $175. Wool in a real horse-blanket plaid goes into the making of Gernreich's dress with a small turtleneck, long sleeves, and an A-line skirt; this is in Bloomingdale's Sutton Place Shop, at $100.

Reversible coats have never been more reversible than they are this fall. Again we are at Splendiferous, and again Gernreich is the performer, with a wraparound coat of dark-brown horsehide and burnt-orange suède; $400. Below the dropped shoulders there are bell sleeves. On Ohrbach's fifth floor are other prizes, such as a long reversible coat (and a reversible skirt, for that matter) of charcoal and camel fleece; $99.95. There, as well, are reversible fur-lined raincoats that I have to call stupendous—bronzy-brown poplin on one side and guanaco on the other, at $325, or gray twill backed by raccoon, at $229.95. Samuel Roberts, a manufacturer for whom Courrèges has designed a whole collection of outfits, has properly stocked Bonwit's Country Place with them. What really knocked me out was the reversible coat of black leather with a crocodile print and unprinted white leather. This double-breasted deal has broad lapels and a low waist seam; $290, and Bonwit's *thinks it should* be accompanied by a white leather skimmer. Not for zero weather, I would say, but tremendous. And, if I may mention just one *un*reversible coat at this juncture, there is Anne Klein's contribution to Altman's—white leather with a low hip seam and a guanaco lining.

I note everywhere an inclination toward long toppers, some of them actual pea jackets and some of them, in the same length, slightly fitted through the middle. They are to be worn over both skirts and slacks, although it is advisable to be tall and skinny if they are to go with skirts, since slacks are better for nearly everyone at this length. The jackets are, moreover, much less clumsy than full coats for clambering into station wagons and such. What comes first to mind in my memory of this particular scene is the double-breasted pea jacket at Jax, in red, navy, or camel fleece, with the Navy-regulation up-and-down pockets

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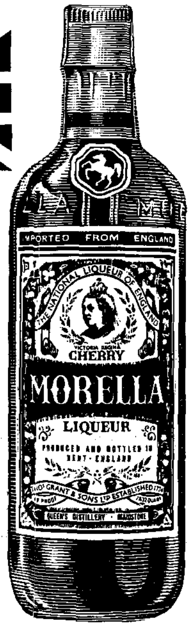

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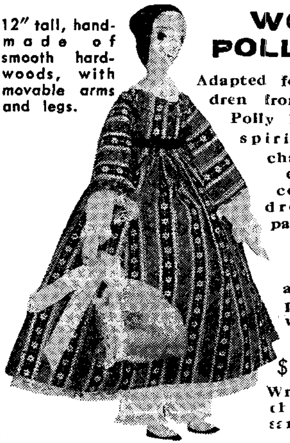

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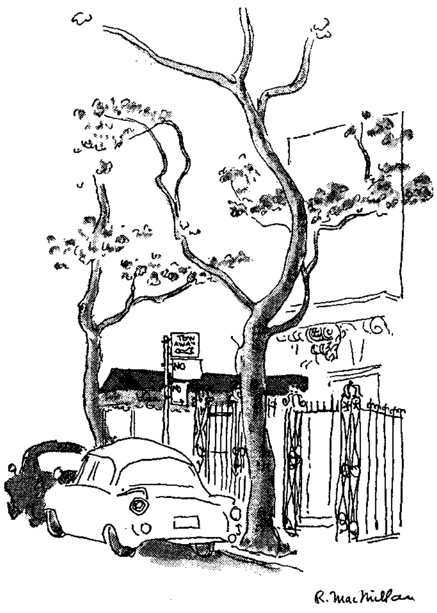
at the front of the ribs and horizontal flap pockets below; $150. Ohrbach's equivalent appears in tan fleece with a double-breasted array of brass buttons and a quilted lining; $39.99. And Bloomingdale's has unearthed a very special Belgian who does, by hand, the long toppers that used to be called surtouts; with double saddle stitching and all, they're $100. Gerald McCann's pea jacket (at Saks Fifth Avenue and nowhere else) is of a bold black-and-white checked wool, and its $90 provides a skirt of the same wool and a black turtlenecked sweater. Matching slacks come to $20. Many of the samples at Bendel are casual to the point of what-the-devil. One, of white corduroy, has a wide bateau neck and short kimono sleeves. (Get out your black turtlenecked sweater!) It's $85, and a matching skirt is possible.

Still, for the easygoing life I prefer corduroys in darker shades, since they have a sheen that makes them suitable for lounging in the evening as well as for an active daytime. The separates that Ūlla has made especially for Splendiferous are of a wide-wale corduroy in a deep coffee. On the long jackets, the corduroy is a patchwork—blocks of it with the wale horizontal, blocks of it with the wale vertical—and the quilted inside makes them serviceable for skiing. They are $40, and so is a long, skinny turtlenecked topper of black, brown, or gray ribbed wool. Her hipster pants ($19) are vertically striped, and her brief, brief, brief skirts wear a wide suède belt at hip level. Not all of Ūlla is corduroy, though. Black or brown bogus broadtail (this, too, only at Splendiferous) makes her stunning hostess job, which starts with a long tunic (an imperceptible zipper down the back, plus long sleeves and a



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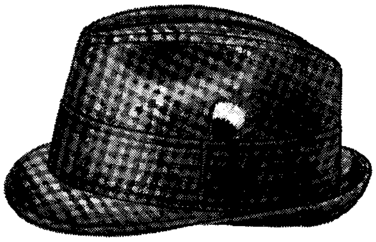

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Garbo turtleneck), at $40, and goes on to matching pants, at $23.

In practically any place you have a charge account you are going to find shifts and more shifts in light wools and jerseys, many of them with a leather belt slung low through loops and many of them with no belt at all. So the only thing I can do as I prattle along is to talk about the ones that are unusually unusual.

That's all there is to my preamble. It is now time to get things into alphabetical order, as witness:

THE unusually unusual in shift dresses crops up repeatedly at Abercrombie & Fitch, beginning with the idea of doing those Irish fishermen's sweaters into dresses; Pallas *fecit.* They're in fancy patterns in the traditional light-cream wool, and the $45 they cost includes either sharp, pointed collars or soft cowl necks. Spain, that stronghold of decorum, is now producing skimpy jersey dresses upon which vigorous ornamentations in suède are applied; one in black bears a huge red tulip head below a shoulder, the green stem trailing all the way to the hem, and other examples bear a variety of sunburst designs (in sunset shades) below the neck. These rodomontade operations come to $50 a copy. Anyone who wants to go all-out for suède should move on to Mallory's sheepskin-lined jacket of curry suède, with a round undershirt sort of neck and buttons below, not to mention the piping of smooth black leather; $70. The most untamed jacket on the premises is, though, Walt Stiel's invention—of silver-to-charcoal seal so deftly welded to an elastic base that it has a real sidewise stretch. Among its other possessions are a round, childish collar and an anything but childish tag—$650.

ALTMAN'S Meadowbrook Shop has laid in Bonnie Cashins by the mile, including a suit of bright-green suède whose fairly long jacket, riding-habit style, has low-down bellows pockets that can bulge, shooting-jacket style. (I was going to ask if this notion would make anyone *quail,* but no, no, no, I guess not.) The skirt that belongs to it has an inverted pleat, and the blouson top (this part is jersey) matches exactly. The blouson bit is piped in suède. Another long-jacket suit is of a really thick blue-and-green mohair-and-wool blend—all except the overblouse, which Cashin calls midnight green and I call slime. Great, just the same. The top is collarless, but a long turtleneck on the blouson addi-

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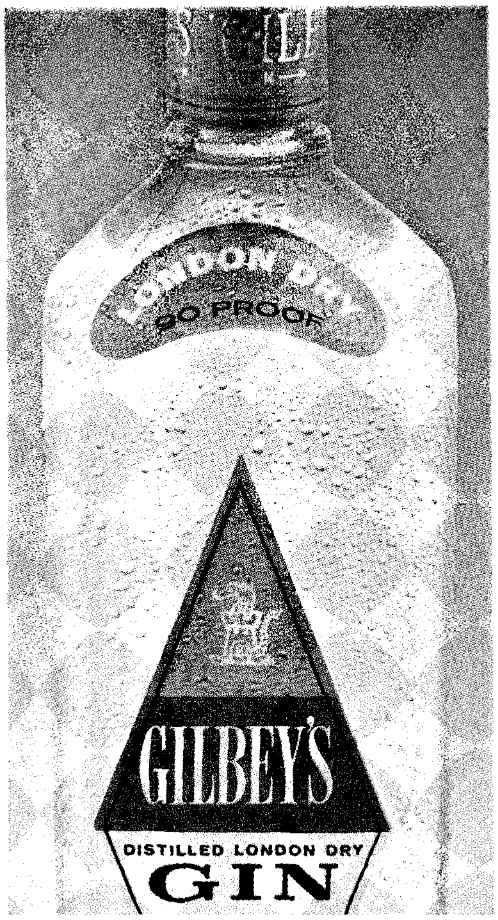
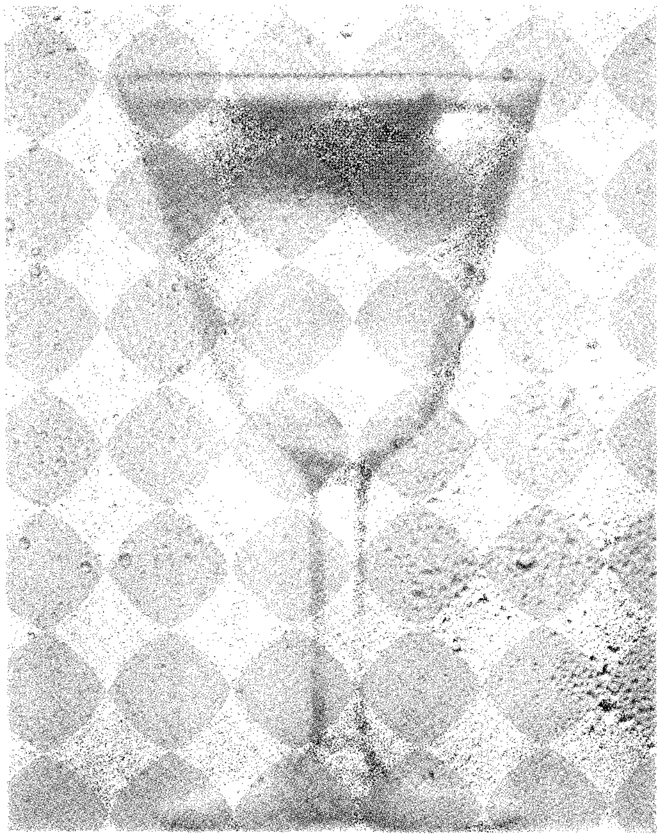


Gilbey's famous frosty bottle pours a martini as crisp as a cold snap



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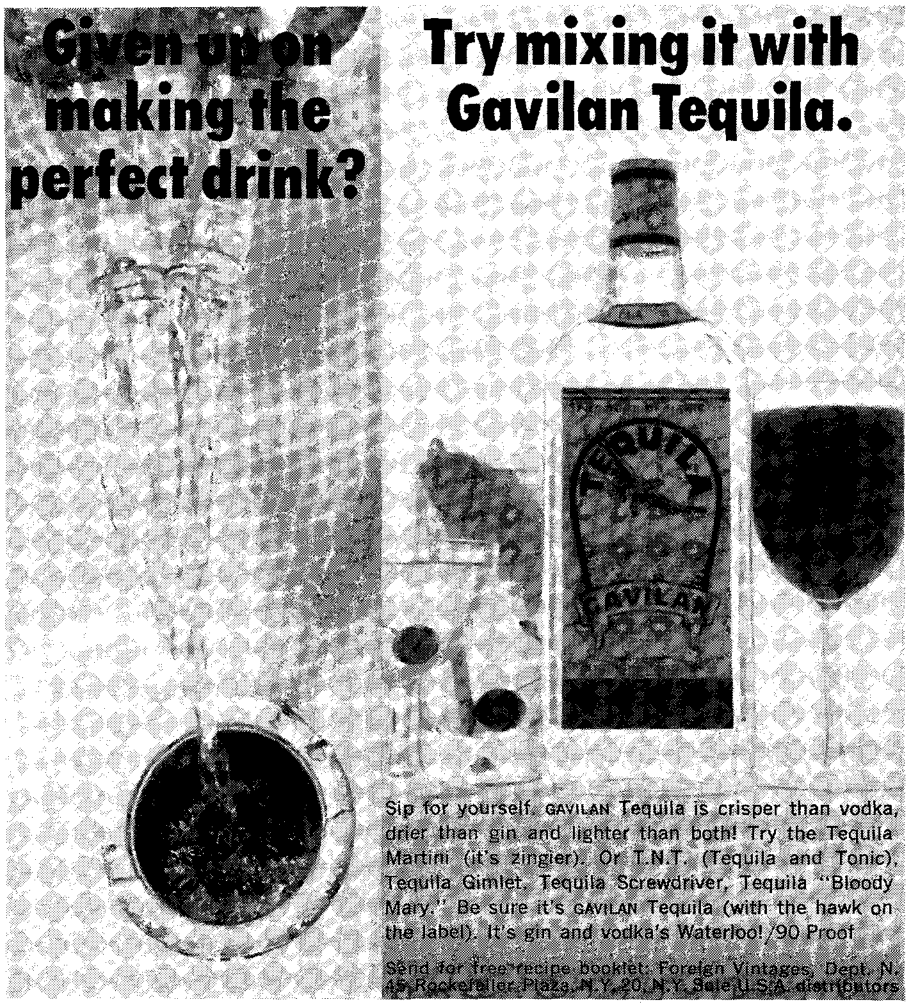
tion pops up to save the day, or night. Parting with $215 for this is sweet sorrow.

THE Courrèges sort of above-the-knee, squared-off skirt is epidemic (Ohrbach's emporium is filled with handsome instances), but Bendel's Cachet Shop is going on and on about dirndls. Ellen Brooke has made, solely for Bendel, such delights as skirts of wool in blue and orange or paprika and gold checks ($50), to be accompanied by a vast stole lined with jersey in one of these colors (another $50) and a long-sleeved turtlenecked blouse of the jersey ($40). On the Gernreich dirndls here are those blessed elasticized tops of his; tweeds in tobacco and white checks, savage black and white checks, et al. go into the making, and $55 or $65 is what you will pay. Anyone who is allergic to wool might try the classic, round-necked Bendel sweaters (classic except for the dolman sleeves, that is) of synthetic chenille, in one of many solid hues and at the stupefyingly generous sum of $18. The chenille also composes a long-sleeved dress in orange, say, with a wide band of maroon above the very high hem and another at the end of each sleeve. And anyone who must glitter by night at a price (thank heaven, I always declare, for Lurex) should think about an outfit that begins with a middy-length top (loose turtleneck, long sleeves) in gray knit shot with that selfsame Lurex to give it a gunmetal hue. This is $23, for quite a show, which gets even better with the cuffed pants of gray flannel that can accompany it. Back to daylight to examine a Bendel import from France—a little knit dress, in one or another of lots of colors, that is a series of vertical, bumpy stripes that start at the collarless neck and descend to an irregular line around the hips. A joy, and $50.

BECAUSE mercy really is not infinite, there are women with waistlines larger than their hips, but into their lives has entered Bergdorf Goodman, whose Country and Casual Shop leaps with pants and pullovers produced by Geist & Geist for their special benefit. The pants have elasticized waistbands, and this year they are slightly bell-bottom; $26. Their mix-or-match button-on cummerbunds are $6. The pullovers, horizontally (and frantically) striped, are, like the pants, of heavy jersey, and one of the many combined hues in a given pullover is sure to match one of the many solid colors of the pants. The price:



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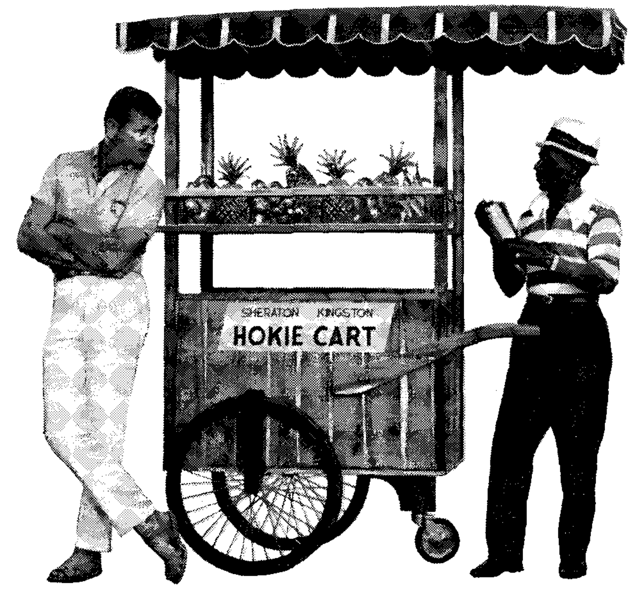

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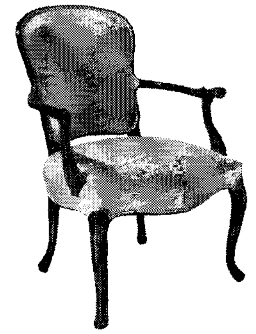

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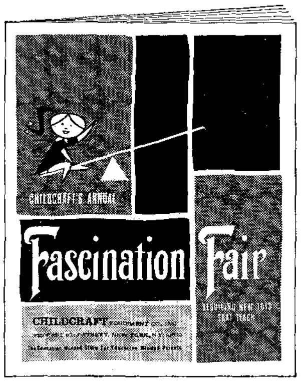

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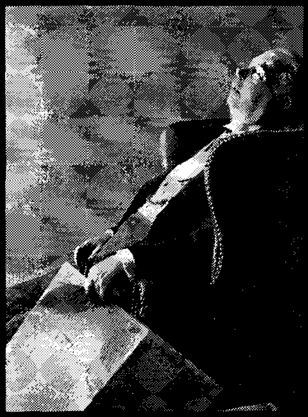
$18. The necks are usually turtle, and the up-to-above-the-knees socks (for when you wear a skirt) either match or simply resort to a single solid color. Sport Trio weighs in with a couple of treats—sleeveless dresses, one of them a shift of camel wool with a square of buttons well down in front; $35. The yellow-and-red Paisley silk that lines it peeks out of the side-seam pockets and makes an ascot for the crossed V neck. The second one is of wool in a big mustard-and-charcoal hound's-tooth check, with gray-and-gold fringe at the base of the single pocket (a patch one) and more fringe at the ends of the small stole.

BLOOMINGDALE'S pet Belgian designer has made, just for Bloomingdale's, hand-tailored poplin raincoats lined with Irish tweed, plus saddle-stitched skirts of the tweed. The skirts are either hip-rider or regulation; the coats are single-breasted, double-breasted, or (and this should stun everyone) *un*belted trench style. They're up on the third floor, and $150 a set, and classic. Now on to the Sutton Place Shop. Deebs is another pet designer for this emporium. This time he comes through with a long-torso day dress whose long-sleeved top is of orange wool; the attached skirt is of wool in a teal-and-orange check. Deebs has also delivered some after-dark items, one of them a sleeveless, long-torso top (black jersey) and an attached skirt (white wool) that looks something like an old-fashioned bedspread. Bronze lamé knit, real slippery, is the goods of a long Deebs pullover top and its bell-bottom pants; $60. And for evenings by the fireside (are there any left?) there are one-piece floor-length Junior Sophisticates culottes of hot-pink wool, sleeveless up above and wide, wide down below; $80.

I HAVE already been into the matter of the things Samuel Roberts has made for Courrèges and ensconced in Bonwit Teller's Country Place, but let me add that among them are hip-hugging pants in nutmeg suède (a square of buttons appears on the flap over the stomach), for which the shop recommends a tuck-in top of checked tweed with brief sleeves and a hint at a turtleneck. The pants are $90; the top, which I saw in tan, white, and pale-blue checks, is $55. Someone named Chuck Farley has, for Bonwit alone, been converting Polish rugs into long hostess skirts—feverish horizontal stripes in several million unheard-of hues. The goods seem too lightweight

Is this The Wealthy?



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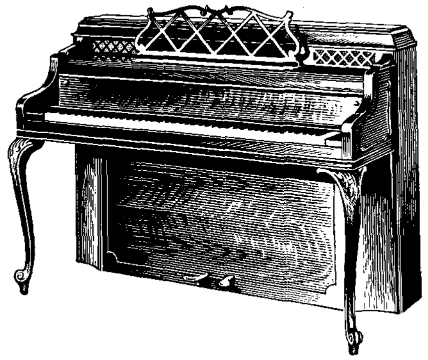
for floors but substantial enough—and fun—for wearing; $120, and no two alike. Real patchwork quilts are here, as well, also as skirts (long ones), and neat, if worn, patches from elderly quilts are in evidence to make them historic; $155. These likewise are Farley fantasies.

ROBERT LEADER's merry shop at 146 East 54th Street (next door to Arthur, but it doesn't keep the same hours) was a champion of Gernreich back when he went from bathing suits to more formality. Among the quantities of his dresses here is a "poor-girl" one of heavy jersey that is heavily ribbed down the torso to mid-thigh and then turns plain. Twenty colors of choice, and long stockings are in waiting here for this number. (For that matter, Splendiferous concurs in the idea.) The price: $40. Gernreich has now put his celebrated tank top on a jersey dress (twenty colors again) with a low-slung patent-leather belt; $35. There are low-slung belts, too, on Peter Picard's straight dresses of heavy knit with hand crocheting around the neckline and the armholes; $75. For evening, he has a rather special thin, lacy wool in light cream, for a long-sleeved short dance dress with six ruffled flounces below its smooth, high yoke and for a seven-layer long skirt, with which goes a sleeveless, scoop-necked top of gray flannel. As for shifts, they are plentiful here, of sheer wool in such lighthearted hues as lime and pink, and they are likely to have round collars and long sleeves so narrow that they have to be zippered; $125.

OHRBACH's second floor demonstrates a considerable devotion to the Courrèges look. Let us commence with a flaring tunic of white vinyl with steel industrial zippers whizzing down the back, across the chest, and down each side—who knows why? There is a high tide of above-the-knees oblong skirts, a typical one being made of double-faced fleece (dark tan on one side, white on the other). On the tan side, a narrow band of the white ap-



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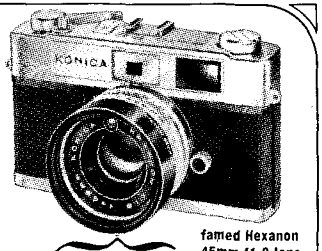

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pears at the hem and another makes a welt seam at the waist. Some of the skirts are wraparounds, and then the white shows at one side, too. Many of these items are reversible; $25 and $30. Oh, and hipster pants, and much better they are than slacks for women who are bulky astern. One pair, at $17, is of wool in a small black-and-tan check, with creases down the front, and Ohrbach's thought is that a turtlenecked camel's-hair sweater ($19.95) should be its companion. Then there is a versatile sail-now, ski-later padded jacket of nylon taffeta in one-foot squares (chartreuse, black, pink, and pale blue, for one) and with a band neck; $50. As for long evening skirts, some of heavy wool in brilliant stained-glass colors, through which is threaded narrow velvet ribbon, are standouts; $115.

BONNIE CASHIN makes another appearance up at Saks Fifth Avenue, with a hip-length jacket, this one with quilted squares only two and a half inches across. I liked it in white leather with a lining of brown mink gills; $335. Her knack for sports is well displayed here by a tunic (only Saks has it) with an extremely wide turtleneck. It's of suède in a dark coffee, enlivened by a sunburst design of chartreuse suède that is inserted at the center front. Appliqués of suède in many subtle combinations of hues are also around. Stella Sloat, who appears to believe in Courrèges, has done an extremely short skirt of gray flannel with tan leather threaded through eyelets just south of the low-slung waist. Further out than that is where Micia exists, what with horizontally striped (black-and-white) stockings for pipestem legs, and above them a sweater with a droopy turtleneck and long sleeves; the wool of the sweater duplicates the scheme of the stockings. To this, one is to add a jumper of finely striped knit (black-and-white, vertical) with a deep V neck and deep open armholes, *and* a belt of black leather around the hips. Total: $115. Micia also has a dress of deep-orange knit with purple knit intruding in the middle, but this one is so short that the openwork orange leotard with it is a necessity; $200.

ADVENTURE lurks at Splendiferous (1312 Third Avenue, at 75th Street), because the management has an eye for new designers who know what they're doing, and though the shop is bigger than it was at my last visit, it is still easygoing. The young

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of more than one age are what is in mind here. Quite noticeable to me was a suit from California of gray wool with widely spaced pin stripes. The lapels of the jacket are long and narrow, and the fabric for them is white wool in a white pane check; white, too, is the hue of the overblouse; the skirt is striped. Matching pants may be ordered. Capriotti of California has done a costume of wide-wale corduroy in honey—a skirt, and narrow, cuffed pants, and a jacket with a mandarin collar. To this is added a blouson of brown crêpe. The whole thing amounts to $165. From Junior Sophisticates (this is hardly a *new* designer, though) comes an angora-and-wool dress with one-inch horizontal stripes. I saw it in deep pink and charcoal, but I know that there are other schemes. It has a wide oblong neck and long sleeves; $85. Sportwhirl has installed a dress of bright-yellow diagonally ribbed wool (cranberry and pink are the other choices) with a round neck, and a welt seam under the arms, and long sleeves; $35. Splendiferous has its own designer, Kenneth Douglas, as well, who is guilty of such pleasures as a gray flannel dress with welt seams going across the chest and onto the short, wide sleeves, and with a narrow panel down the front, at the sides of which a leather belt emerges, low down, from wherever it has been hiding.

NEED I say more? Get into your seat belt, get out of the smog belt, and make for the open country while this land of ours still has some to offer.

—LOIS LONG

•

A FACT SHEET ON ELVIS PRESLEY'S CUSTOM BUILT CADILLAC

Starting as a 1960 Cadillac Seventy-five Limousine, which was a perennial favorite for Mr. Presley, he desired to have an individual classic styled automobile built for his own enthusiastic pleasures. Being an original automotive enthusiast and acquiring several cars for his personal use he obtained Barris Kustom City of North Hollywood, California, to style and construct the necessary changes on this Cadillac chassis. Many designs and artist renderings plus engineering drawings were proposed to Mr. Presley before the project went under construction.

Exterior modifications consisted of the following: the top was lengthened with all rear quarter windows removed and paneled with small portholes formed and fitted into the blank sections. Also a smaller size rear window was installed into the back top section. The complete top was then covered with a coarse grain white pearl naugahyde material. Headlight rims, rear panel and front sections are all plated in 24 Karat gold. Hand

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spun hub cap bullets and flanges are also 24 Karat gold.

The auto is painted with forty coats of translucent pure diamond dust pearl which consists of crushed diamonds and pure fish scales from the Orient. These were mixed into a plastic liquid base and sprayed under high pressure with solvent guns; and then hand rubbed to a high mirrorlike lustre.

The interior design theme is carried with the yacht styling in mind with a plush elaborate lounge section. The rear top panel is in a horseshoe pattern with air foam biscuit tufted panels made from gold frieze imported from France with inserted pearl buttons. Portholes are also installed into the paneled sections with or without covers. All two tone trim was done in white pearl naugahyde backed up with pure air foam. The rear seat is a semi half circle with the same design biscuit and beaded pleats throughout the center seat section. Gold lamé drapes are used to cover all the rear compartment glass openings and also between the front and rear seats.

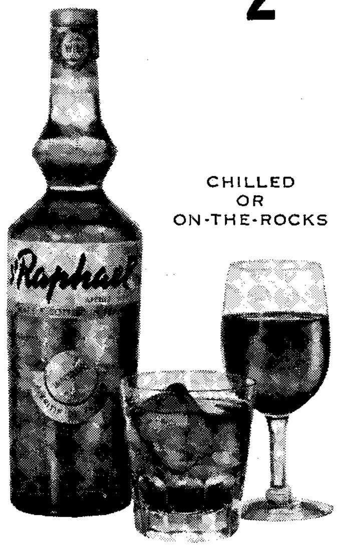
All metal trim throughout the door panels, etc. are 24 Karat gold plate. The headliner consisted of vent panels with gold interior lights and a center strip array of biscuit tufts with a double row of gold plated engraved records which were duplicates of his gold records. The complete flooring is done in white mouton fur extending from the front to rear seat.

The complete center section of the cab facing Mr. Presley is called the center lounge. This is for his added pleasures and features a gold vanity case that has a gold electric razor and hair clipper, plus chrome brush, etc. Also an electric shoe buffer, a complete gold refreshment bar that freezes its own ice cubes in two minutes plus a refrigerated cab unit. In the center of this array of luxuries is a gold plated swivel television that could be seen by anyone in the rear seat.

For your electronical interests there is a ten record automatic changer R.C.A. record player, a multiplex amplifier, an FM-AM tuner with loud speakers mounted under the front fenders, and also an intercom with microphones from the chauffeur to Mr. Presley. All controls are at the right rear section near the rear seat which made it easily accessible to where Mr. Presley sits. Front and rear seat controls on the radio, air conditioner and heat climate controls plus all interlocking switches for all the electronic equipment that has been installed into this plush central lounge. Interlocking switches are also installed from the chauffeur to Mr. Presley's control panel which was necessary, for when he left the automobile and the electronics were left on the chauffeur could turn them off individually from the front compartment. The car is also equipped with a complete 110 watt AC electrical circuit system for operating any household electrical implement.

Dual gold flake telephones were installed for the chauffeur to pick up the incoming calls and tell Mr. Presley on the intercom who was calling, whereupon Mr. Presley could then pick up the extension phone mounted in the center of his semi-circular rear seat.—*R. C. A. Victor promotion folder.*

And say "Yes?"



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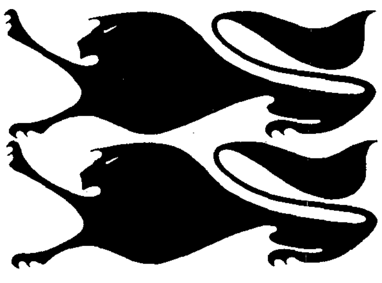

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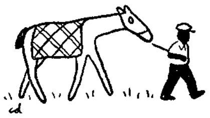
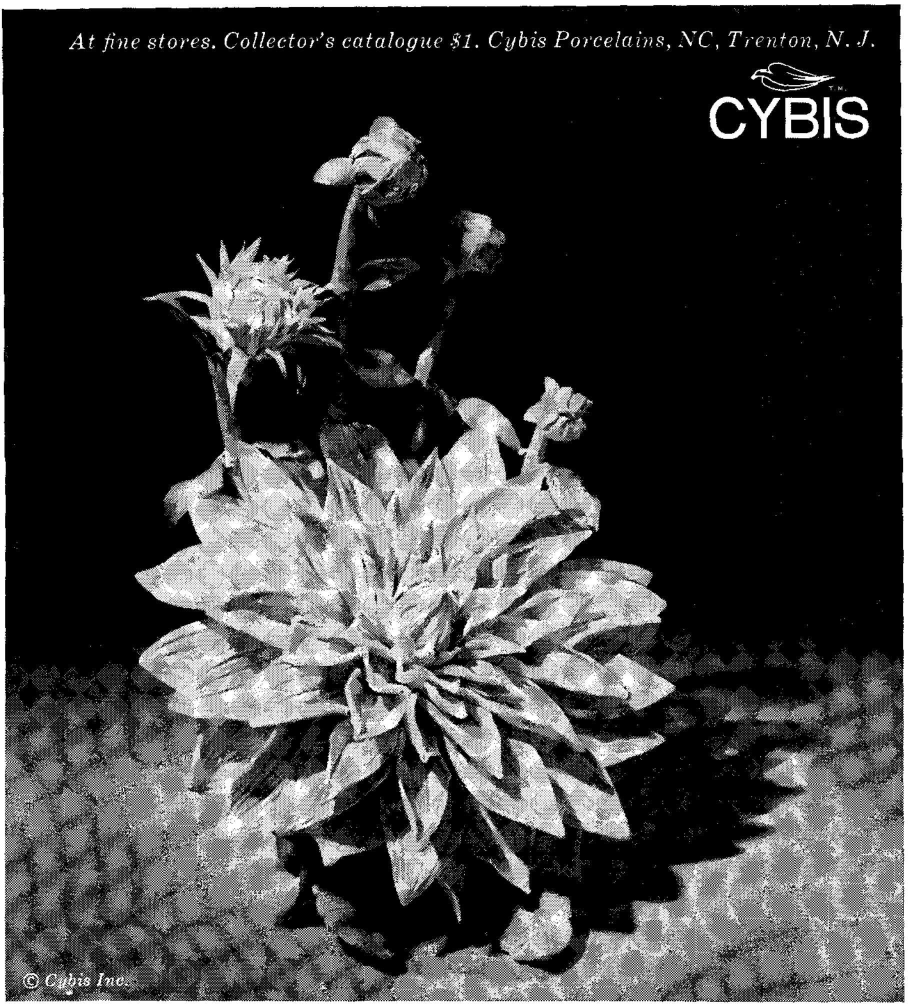
THE RACE TRACK

Kelly Blues



ONCE again this department regretfully reports that Kelso is still shy of that two million. He did not run for the Woodward Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday, because of an injury to his left eye. It seems that he was struck by a lump of loam or a small stone in the Stymie Handicap, which he won ten days before. The injury responded quickly to treatment, but after a fast gallop at Belmont Park early in the week, in which he wore blinkers with a plastic eyecup, it began to be troublesome again. Kelso didn't help matters by rubbing the left side of his head against his stall at every opportunity, and the evening before the Woodward the eye was almost closed, so he was scratched. It's the second time this season that this sort of thing has happened to Kelly, as everybody calls him; his right eye was hurt in the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga, but healed in no time. Incidentally, I'm told that Kelso is very hard to handle when his current injury is being treated by Carl Hanford, his trainer, along with his vet; in fact, the stable's dentist has to be called in to examine the old boy's teeth, which somehow pleases and distracts him, while they do their work. Though Kelso's stable is making no plans at the moment for his next appearance, his major objective is the Jockey Club Gold Cup (which he has won five times) at Aqueduct on October 30th. However, he'll need more than workouts to wind him up for that two-mile test. If all goes well, we may see him in the Manhattan Handicap on Columbus Day.

With Kelso out of the picture, it was thought that Malicious would have a good chance to steal away with the Woodward, as he did with the Aqueduct Stakes on Labor Day, even though he had a furlong farther to go in the Woodward. He certainly tried, but this time Pluck ran right along with him and wouldn't let him get more than a head in front for nearly a mile, and in consequence neither horse had anything left when Roman Brother sailed round them on the stretch turn and went on to win by ten lengths. Royal Gunner, who followed Tom Rolfe home in the Classic Stakes and the American Derby in Chicago this summer, was second, a length and a half ahead of Malicious. Curious how jockeys are riding these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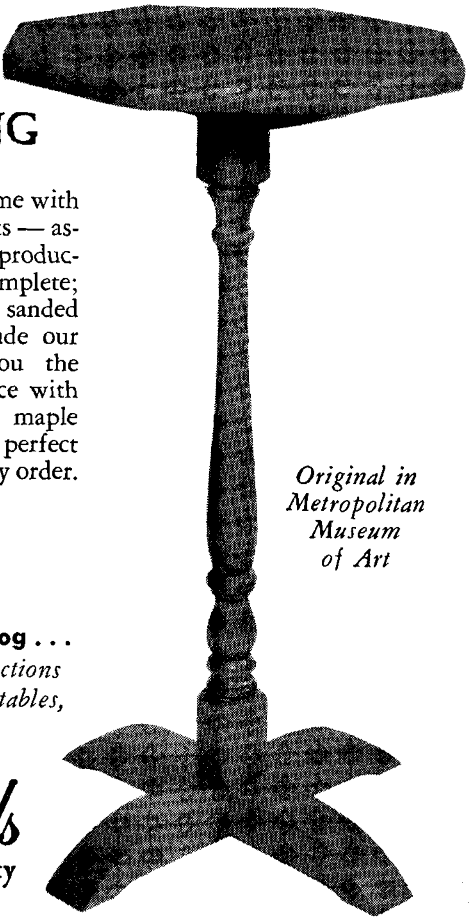
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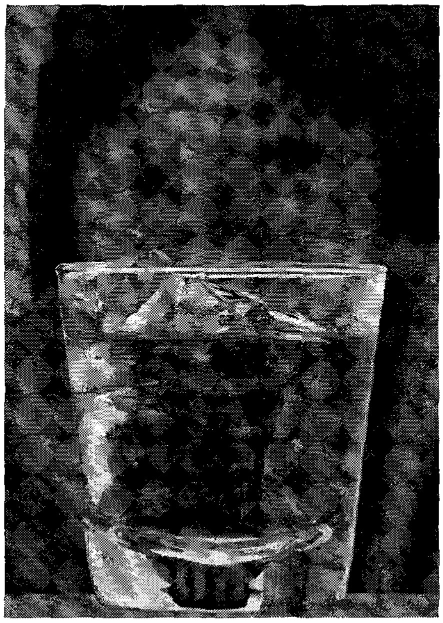

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days—all going hoop-de-do from the start, and not a judge of pace in the lot. Still, it's only fair to say that Ycaza, who rode Pluck, was riding to orders. Just to keep in with the spirit of the times, I suppose, Ussery, on Flag Raiser, and Sellers, on Macedonia, went all out, head and head, for the full six furlongs of the race that preceded the Woodward. Flag Raiser won—his first victory since the Withers last May. Perhaps the tide has turned for him.

TOSMAH and Affectionately, who put on such a thrilling race in the Maskette (in which they finished one, two), met again in the Beldame Stakes at the Big A early last week, and this time Tosmah was last in a field of six, a couple of lengths behind Affectionately. Though both looked bright and fit at saddling time—Affectionately, especially, was on her toes—there's no doubt that their efforts in the Maskette took more out of them than anyone thought. As had been expected, Affectionately took the lead, and in no time she was four lengths in front. Halfway down the backstretch, she slackened pace sharply, and on the far turn she was joined by Tosmah and What A Treat. For a furlong, the three raced like a team; then Tosmah faded. Affectionately held on only a bit longer, and What A Treat went on to win in a photo finish from her stablemate Steeple Jill. On the spur of the moment, I'd say that What A Treat is top of the list of the three-year-old fillies. The Beldame was her seventh victory—and her sixth in stakes—in twelve starts this season.

WELL, Tom Rolfe finished sixth in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, Europe's richest horse race, in Paris last weekend. From all accounts, the little colt was right up with the leaders for more than a mile of the mile and a half, but he tired as the twenty runners turned into the stretch. All in all, it wasn't a disappointing showing, for it was the first time Tom Rolfe had raced on the grass, and the Longchamp course is a particularly difficult one. Sea Bird, winner of the English Derby and a hot favorite for the Arc, won by six lengths from Reliance, winner of the French Derby. Five lengths behind Reliance, Diatome and Free Ride were third and fourth, heads apart. Aniline, the U.S.S.R. entry, was fifth. Although Sea Bird was bred in France, his victory was something of an American triumph, since his grandpa is our own Native Dancer.

—AUDAX MINOR

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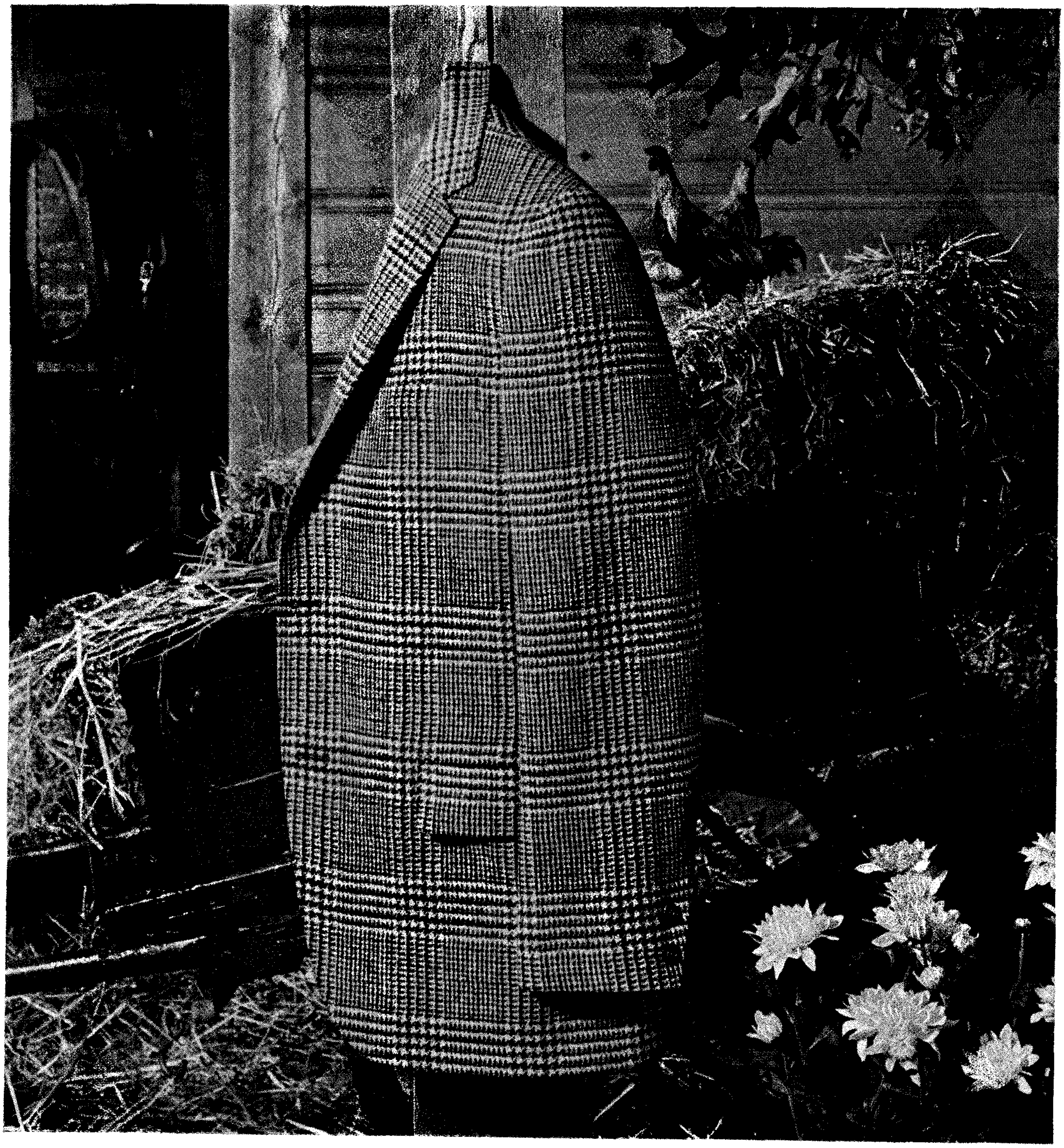

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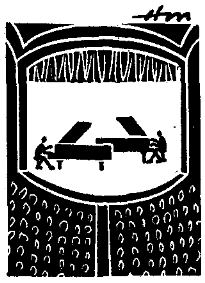

IN spite of the fanfare attending the new production of "Faust" that opened the season at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday night of last week, I prefer to start this account of my week of operagoing with something that seemed to me more rewarding; namely, the revival last Tuesday night of Tchaikovsky's "Queen of Spades." This opera, which has unaccountably been absent from the Metropolitan's repertory for over half a century, had a new production, too, of course—and one that I found close to perfection. It was, in fact, one of those rare productions in which every singer is cast in a role eminently suited to his gifts and in which each sings superlatively well. The sets, by Robert O'Hearn, were just right, presenting a series of predominantly sombre but poetic views of St. Petersburg and the River Neva, plus a beautiful baroque interior or two. The costumes were similarly appropriate. There was an exquisitely tasteful ballet, choreographed by Alicia Markova, in Act II, Scene 1—one of those eighteenth-century shepherdess-and-rustic-gallant court affairs that one sees in many operas, but not often so delicately and suitably done. There was crisp and propulsive conducting on the part of Thomas Schippers that kept everything musically alive. The work was sung in English, in a translation by Boris Goldovsky, which seemed to me smooth and natural, and was made almost totally understandable by the fine enunciation of the singers. And, finally, there were all those first-rate voices—voices of people who could act as well as sing. Jon Vickers, as the compulsive gambler, Gherman, who causes the death of the mysterious old Countess, as well as the suicide of his young fiancée, in his reckless search for the secret of three winning cards, had, I thought, just the proper air of nerve-ridden ruthlessness for the role. Teresa Stratas, as the very feminine, vulnerable, and deceived Lisa, was nothing short of magnificent. John Reardon, long a stalwart at the City Center, made an impressive Metropolitan début as Count Tomsky, William Walker was an ex-

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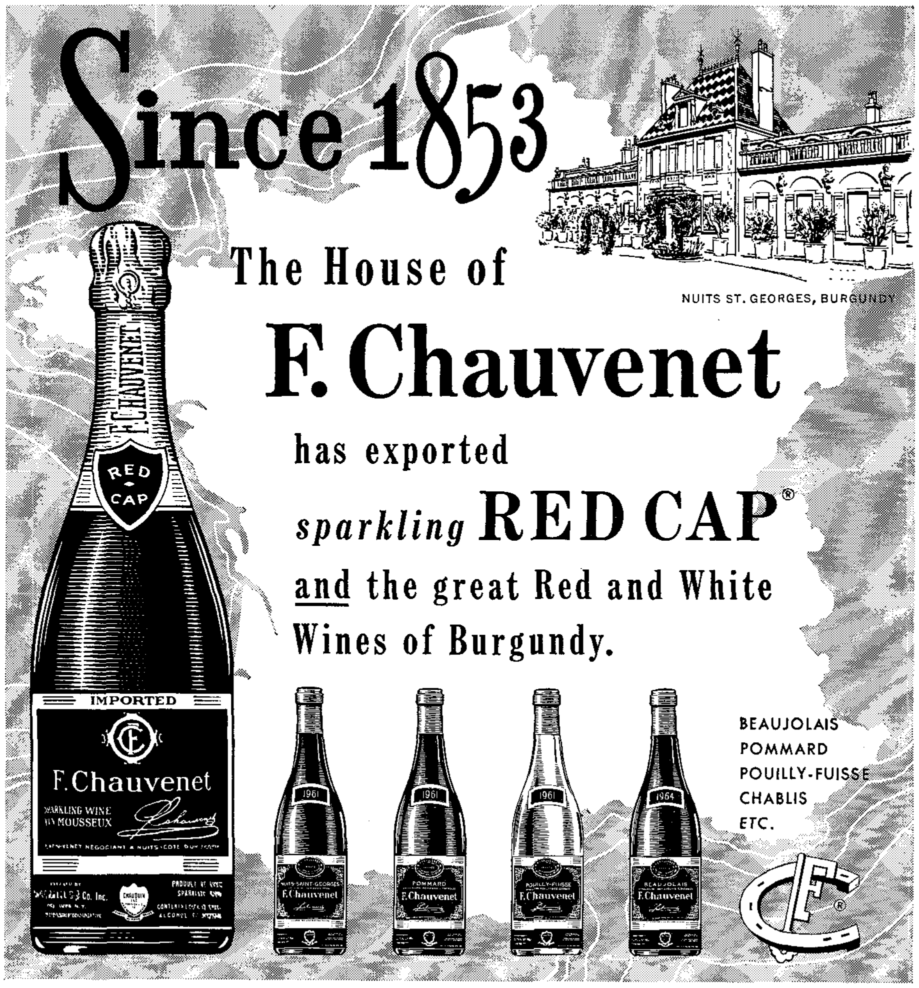

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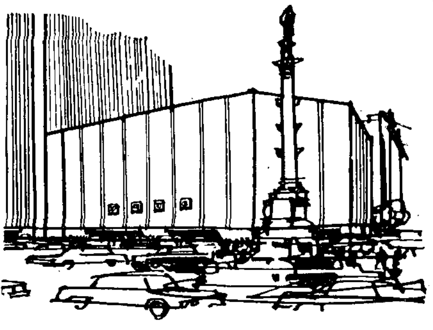

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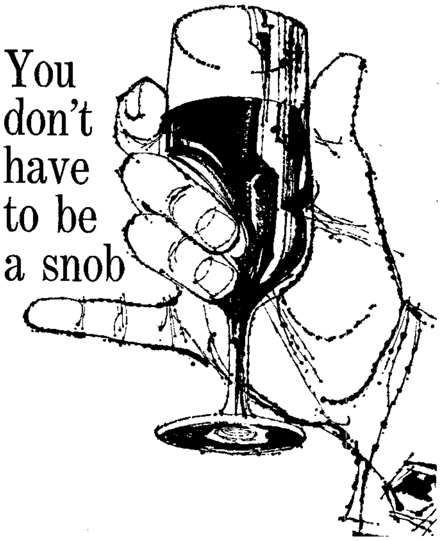
cellent Prince Yeletsky, Rosalind Elias a superb Pauline, and, among a group of singers in lesser roles, Gene Boucher, also making a début, did quite well with the role of the Master of Ceremonies in the scene in which the ballet occurs. In addition to all this, we had Regina Resnik, one of the greatest actresses currently on the operatic stage, as the old Countess—the embittered St. Petersburg aristocrat who knows the secret and gives it up under duress, and whose ghost pursues the hero to his last gamble and stands mutely and frighteningly by while he loses and shoots himself. The libretto, based on a tale by Pushkin, is intensely dramatic and fast-moving, and Tchaikovsky's music might be described in the same words, except that it has a rich leaven of romantic melody so deftly composed that it seems to reveal the heart of each character.

Wednesday night's "La Bohème" was notable, too, though for slightly different reasons. It provided an occasion for the débuts of two widely heralded Italian singers—Mirella Freni, who sang Mimi, and Gianni Raimondi, who sang Rodolfo. Neither was a disappointment. Miss Freni, who is small, beautiful, a good actress, and certainly an ideal Mimi, has an appealing lyric voice of considerable power and range, and a personality—evident in both voice and stage bearing—that can instantly charm any audience, and *did* charm everybody present the other night. Mr. Raimondi is one of the most welcome Italian tenors to have turned up in years. He sings unaffectedly and simply. His voice is a lovely lyric instrument that reaches high Cs with no perceptible effort. He and Miss Freni made an unusually intimate pair, perhaps partly because they have sung the roles opposite each other many times before, in Italy. The rest of the production, a good deal of which has been familiar hereabouts for a long time, remains pleasing, and the other singers—Calvin Marsh as Marcello, Clifford Harvuot as Schaunard, John Macurdy as Colline, and Heidi Krall as Musetta—were all agreeable.

Richard Strauss's "Arabella," which appeared on Friday night, is still among the Metropolitan's most elegant and sophisticated productions, which is as it should be for this extremely elegant, sophisticated, slightly decadent, but undeniably delightful opera. The participants did not, however, altogether live up to their surroundings. The opera was done in English, as usual, but, except for the wonderful enunciation of



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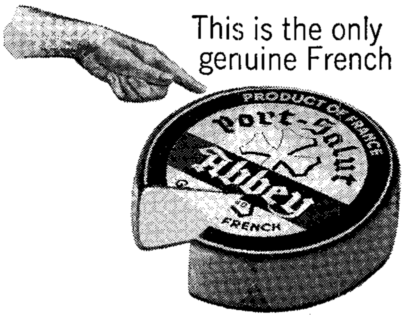

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Donald Gramm (doing Count Waldner for the first time) and the occasionally distinct enunciation of Barry Morell (Matteo) and Walter Cassel (Mandryka), John Gutman's undoubtedly skillful translation was totally incomprehensible from where I sat. Since the von Hofmannsthal libretto is extraordinarily subtle, this was a severe disadvantage to those who wished to follow it in detail. Except for Mr. Gramm, who was outstanding in his role, and Lucille Kailer, who was making what amounted to a début as Fiakermilli (she had previously done a flower maiden in "Parsifal") and who handled her part with great assurance, the cast was a familiar one. Lisa Della Casa and Anneliese Rothenberger, as the two sisters, looked very pretty and, on the whole, sang well, but Miss Della Casa's English diction in particular remained completely baffling. Mr. Cassel and Mr. Morell made convincing figures, and Blanche Thebom was serviceable as Count Waldner's wife. Georges Prêtre conducted. I don't think that he has as yet quite mastered the easygoing aspect of this very Viennese music, but he kept things at an energetic clip, and, in general, he is turning out to be a much needed tower of strength in the Metropolitan's pit.

Now I suppose I have to get back to that opening-night "Faust." Apart from Cesare Siepi (Mephistopheles), a basso of such power, grace, and dependability that in my eyes he can do no wrong, and to a lesser extent Mr. Prêtre, who conducted, and Robert Merrill, who sang Valentin, I found the whole affair a triumph of miscasting and miscalculation. To my mind, Gabriella Tucci has neither the agility nor the power to make a good Marguerite. Nicolai Gedda is a splendid tenor of his type, but the type is not the honey-voiced one with impeccable French diction that the melodies of "Faust" cry out for, and the high C at the end of his "Salut! demeure" was a fortissimo cannonball instead of the more difficult and appealing pianissimo it should have been. Then there were the much publicized offices of the great French theatre man Jean-Louis Barrault, as stage director, as well as the scenery and costumes, by Jacques Dupont, and the "Walpurgisnacht" ballet, staged by Flemming Flindt, of the Royal Danish Ballet. Well, Mr. Barrault *did* succeed in livening up a good deal of the action, and Mr. Dupont's scenery, surrounding a Bayreuth-style tipped-stovelid stage, and his costumes were exciting in the first act, in which

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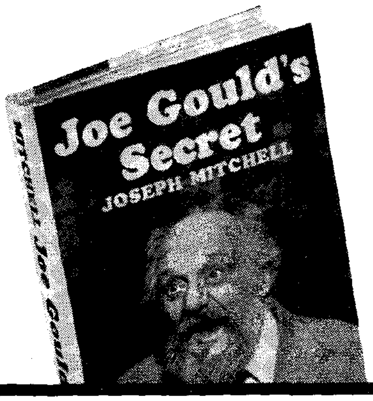

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an attempt was made to set the opera in the style of Pieter Bruegel the Elder. But later on this happy idea gradually evaporated, and the "Walpurgisnacht" ballet, which has the additional misfortune of being set to some of the worst music Gounod ever wrote, resembled nothing so much as a production number at the Folies-Bergère. Or wait! I am being unkind to the Folies-Bergère, which has always, in my experience, shown a certain amount of taste in the management of naked or quasi-naked ladies. Fundamentally, however, my objections to this ballet are not moral but aesthetic. It violates the Flemish setting of the rest of the opera by introducing an extremely vulgar modern note.

LAST Thursday night, the New York Philharmonic opened its season at Philharmonic Hall under Leonard Bernstein. The program was exceedingly interesting, containing several seldom heard but eminently worthwhile items: Third Symphonies by both Sibelius and Carl Nielsen, and a group of Sibelius songs with orchestra, sung by that lovely and highly intelligent soprano Phyllis Curtin, some of them in Swedish, and the last one, "Luonnotar," Opus 70, in Finnish. Miss Curtin not only gave this remarkable display of linguistic versatility; she also sang everything with clear, accurate tone and intense attention to mood, turning out each song as a little drama in itself. The Sibelius and Nielsen symphonies provided an interesting contrast, and I think that it is about time we stopped referring to Nielsen as "the Sibelius of Denmark." They are not at all alike. Sibelius is the more original. Nielsen was an eclectic composer in whom one can discern Wagnerian influences and influences of fugal and Germanic developmental devices. That is not to say that he was a poor composer by any means, or that his music is deficient in individuality, but he lacked the authentic national coloring, as well as the daring, of Sibelius. Mr. Bernstein's reading of both symphonies was perceptive and moving, and I can say in regard to the Nielsen symphony that I have never been so stirred by a work of his as I was the other night.

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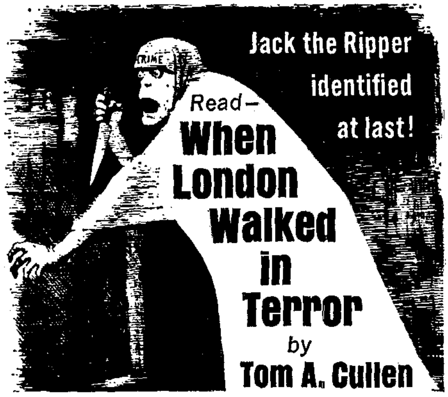

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

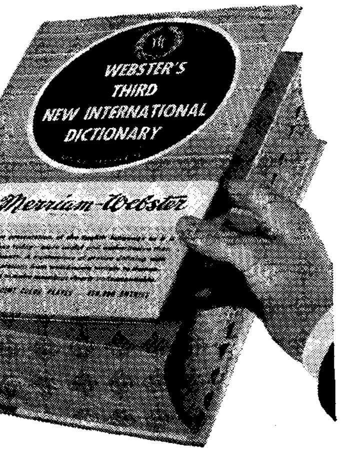
THE ADAPTABLE MAN, by Janet Frame (Braziller). The English village of Little Burgelstatham is normally quiet, but in the heavy light of Miss Frame's slow, becalmed prose its atmosphere becomes sinister and its prettiness rather obviously a mask; we wait without much impatience to see what strange secret is to be revealed to us. The story touches several members of the community, but it circles about the family of Russell Maude, a dull, hard-working dentist of fifty; his wife, Greta, whose boredom with country life has turned into resignation; their son, Alwyn, empty-headed, overeducated, and brazenly arrogant; and Russell's fumbling older brother Aisley, a clergyman whose wife is dead and whose health is broken. Nothing happens that we can see or feel, and the characters seem to see and feel nothing. We are told that such-and-such a crime has been committed, but we only half believe it. It is a somnambulistic tale. Miss Frame's preoccupation is with her own insights, and they remain mysterious. Her interest in character, plot, and action is perfunctory, and she takes her readers very much for granted.

NOTE: "A Firm Word or Two," by Nathaniel Benchley, a novel about the relationship between a father and son, has been published by McGraw-Hill. Nearly all of the book appeared first as a series of short stories in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE CRIPPLED TREE, by Han Suyin (Putnam). A portrait of the author—the daughter of an upper-class Chinese engineer and an equally upper-class Belgian Roman Catholic—and of her family and paternal forebears, the purpose of which, she tells us, is "to grasp the motivation, the social and economic background of a whole era: to understand, through one family, the long feudal millenniums of China; through her yesterday made explicit to grasp her wholeness in her new day." The era under particular scrutiny is that from 1885, the year before her father's birth, to 1928, her eleventh year and the year of her enrollment in an English school in Peking. It is also the era of pitiless exploitation—European, Japanese, American—that created the Communist revolution and the People's Republic. Miss Han's methods and materials are a little unusual. Much of her book is composed of a private, autobiographical memoir kept by her father; there are also long autobiographical passages from similar writings by her mother and an uncle; and she writes of herself in both the first and third person. This gives her book a certain clumsiness and (since her attributions are often vague) a certain ambiguity. But the picture that emerges of a feudal people, a feudal family, a gallery of feudal men and women bedevilled, humiliated, and impoverished by Manchu emperors, provincial warlords, foreign missionaries, foreign soldiers, and foreign merchants, and by their own inability to immediately comprehend the twentieth century of Western civilization and culture could hardly be more graphic, or more harrowing. Photographs and a map.

THE SECRET WAR AGAINST HITLER, by Fabian von Schlabrendorff, translated by Hilda Simon, with a foreword by John J. McCloy (Pitman). The author, a lawyer and an undeviating anti-Nazi, describes his experiences in the German Resistance from the late nineteen-twenties to 1944. (He is among the very few conspirators who survived the failure of the July 20th attempt to assassinate Hitler.) The tale is fascinating, not only as foreign intrigue but as a chance for the reader to guess what life under Nazism was like. Von Schlabrendorff's colleagues were soldiers and civilians, aristocrats and worthies who shared a sense of proprietorship in the Fatherland and little else. They were not members of the same political party. Although they were almost all Christians, some were Protestants and some were Catholics; they wore a variety of old-school ties. After Hitler's accession, they had, first, to find each other. At that time, they hoped that Hitler would lose power as he had won it—by a constitutional process. While they worked for his legal overthrow,



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those in positions of influence did their best to gum up the Nazi works. Later, after the Anschluss, many of Schlabrendorff's set decided that domestic resistance needed foreign support, and a number of Germans—among them the author—went to Great Britain to seek it. With the coming of war, the plotters at last resolved on Hitler's assassination, and Schlabrendorff takes us through the many attempts with a still anguished regret at their failure. He writes, in part, to tell what nobody else can, and that is justification enough. He is also on a two-front defensive, justifying (to Germans) his and his fellow-resistants' treason to Germany, while attempting to explain (to non-Germans) why these heroes were not more successful traitors.

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS, by Poul Borchsenius (Simon & Schuster). This set of five volumes, boxed, each of which runs to more than two hundred pages, traces the story of the Diaspora from the burning of Jerusalem and the destruction of the last of the royal house of Judaea to the founding of the state of Israel. The author is a Danish pastor who was active in the Danish Resistance (which smuggled the entire Jewish population of Denmark to safety during the last war); the translation is by various hands. There is nothing formal about this work; the author writes in an easy, narrative fashion, and often pops up in person with private observations, asides, and lyrical accounts of his many visits to the Holy Land. He has assurance and aplomb, attested by the definite article in the title of his work. The book, then, is not for scholars, nor is it for the schools; it has no index, no notes, and no bibliography. It is, however, a pleasure to read, for it tells us what must be the most romantic, and shattering, and ultimately satisfying story in the world. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CALIFORNIA, by Raymond F. Dasmann (Macmillan). The detailed story of how perhaps the most richly endowed and beautiful region of America is being debauched by its own people. The author, a well-known zoologist and conservationist who is a native of San Francisco, paints a frightening picture of a land that increases its population by six hundred thousand people a year—"each month you add a town of fifty thousand." Soon, Mr. Dasmann says, the once green

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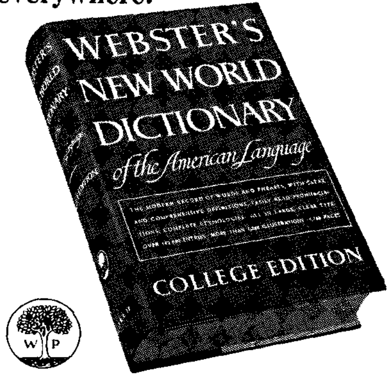

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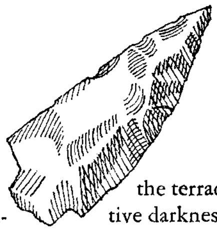
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and golden state may become "an object lesson that shows only what other areas must avoid." His book gives much consideration to means of stopping the destruction, but most of his proposals seem so reasonable and eminently sane that they almost rule themselves out on those grounds alone. A sad, sad book. Illustrations.

WHEN LONDON WALKED IN TERROR, by Tom A. Cullen (Houghton Mifflin). Another review of the facts and fancies surrounding the five ghastly murders committed by "the cool but misplaced gynecologist that was Jack the Ripper" in the squalid East End of London between August 31st and November 9th of 1888. The author, an American journalist living in London, has thoroughly combed the voluminous literature on his subject, and his portraits of the victims (all whores of the lowest order) and his reconstruction of their deaths are done with considerable skill, but his attempt to identify the murderer as Montague John Druitt, a thirty-one-year-old unsuccessful barrister who drowned himself in the Thames soon after the fifth murder, is far from convincing. Illustrated with photographs and contemporary cartoons and drawings, and with an end-paper map.

EGYPT TO THE END OF THE OLD KINGDOM, by Cyril Aldred (McGraw-Hill). A volume in the Library of the Early Civilizations. The prehistory and early history of Egypt, with its incredibly swift progress from primitive giraffe-lassoing to the Great Pyramids, is rivalled as a triumph of the fermenting human imagination only by the flowering of ancient Greece. This superb little book—much of it pictures, as it should be—does its great subject full justice.

THE CAREER OF PHILOSOPHY: VOLUME II, by John Herman Randall, Jr. (Columbia). This second large volume of Professor Randall's ambitious enterprise covers the period "From the German Enlightenment to the Age of Darwin;" it was preceded by a volume subtitled "From the Middle Ages to the Enlightenment," and the work will be concluded by a volume covering the century since Darwin. The project is more than a history of philosophic thought; it is all that the title claims, and the author is as much interested in Friedrich von Schlegel's elopement with a married woman, and the fact that Halle was the first Ger-

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man university to grant academic freedom, as he is in Leibnitzian monads and Kantian ethics. This second volume deals separately with German, French, and British philosophy, and the proportions are disconcerting but just—five-eighths German, one-eighth French, two-eighths British. Twelve dollars and ninety-five cents.

BETWEEN NIGER AND NILE, by Arnold J. Toynbee (Oxford). Short travel articles based on three brief trips to Africa. Professor Toynbee sailed on a stern-wheeler through the Sudanese fens, flew across the Ethiopian gorges, inspected the universities of the United Arab Republic, and chats about it all in a low-keyed travelogue style. In this new, mellow perspective, even his familiar villains—imperialist Israel and the American "Jewish vote"—seem mild and rather engaging, not unlike the hippos he watched gobbling papyrus and water hyacinth.

NOTE: "A Sense of Where You Are," by John McPhee, a study of Princeton's celebrated basketball player Bill Bradley, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Much of the book was published originally in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

AIRS ABOVE THE GROUND, by Mary Stewart (Mill-Morrow). Another of Mrs. Stewart's not quite adult romantic mystery thrillers. This one is set in the Austrian highlands, and it is told by a young Englishwoman who is impulsively drawn there after catching a glimpse of her husband, supposedly on a business trip to Sweden, with another woman in a newsreel report of a circus fire in a village near Vienna. The other principals in the story include a runaway English public-school boy (of the "I say, what a smashing frock" variety), a Hungarian high-wire performer, and one of the famous performing Lippizaner stallions of the Spanish Riding School. The title refers to the chef-d'œuvre of the Lippizaner repertoire.

•

LONDON (AP)—Princess Margaret's favorite stage show of the season is "Son of Oblomov," a farce by and starring Spike Milligan.

The Queen's sister, accompanied by her husband, Lord Showdown, has been back to see the show three times.—*Miami News*.

It's Lord *Hoe*down, silly.

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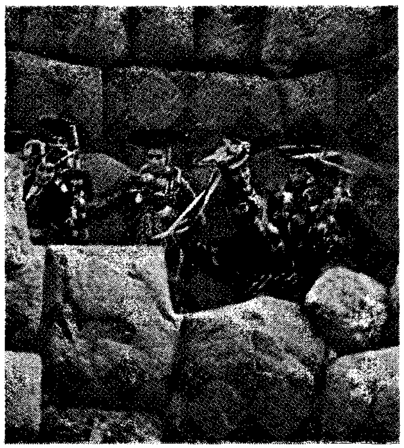

South America is the dancers at Sacsahuaman performing the same ritual sun dance that their ancestors did centuries ago.

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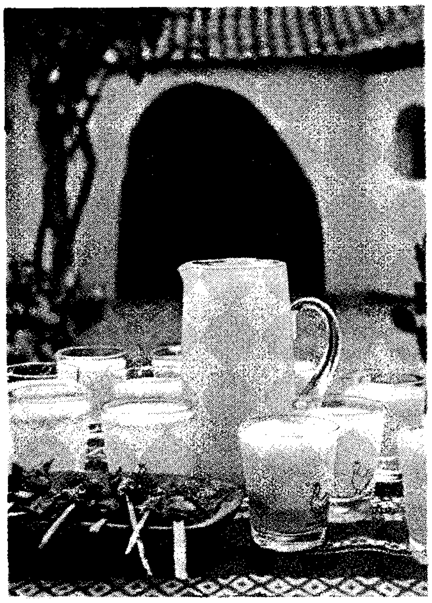

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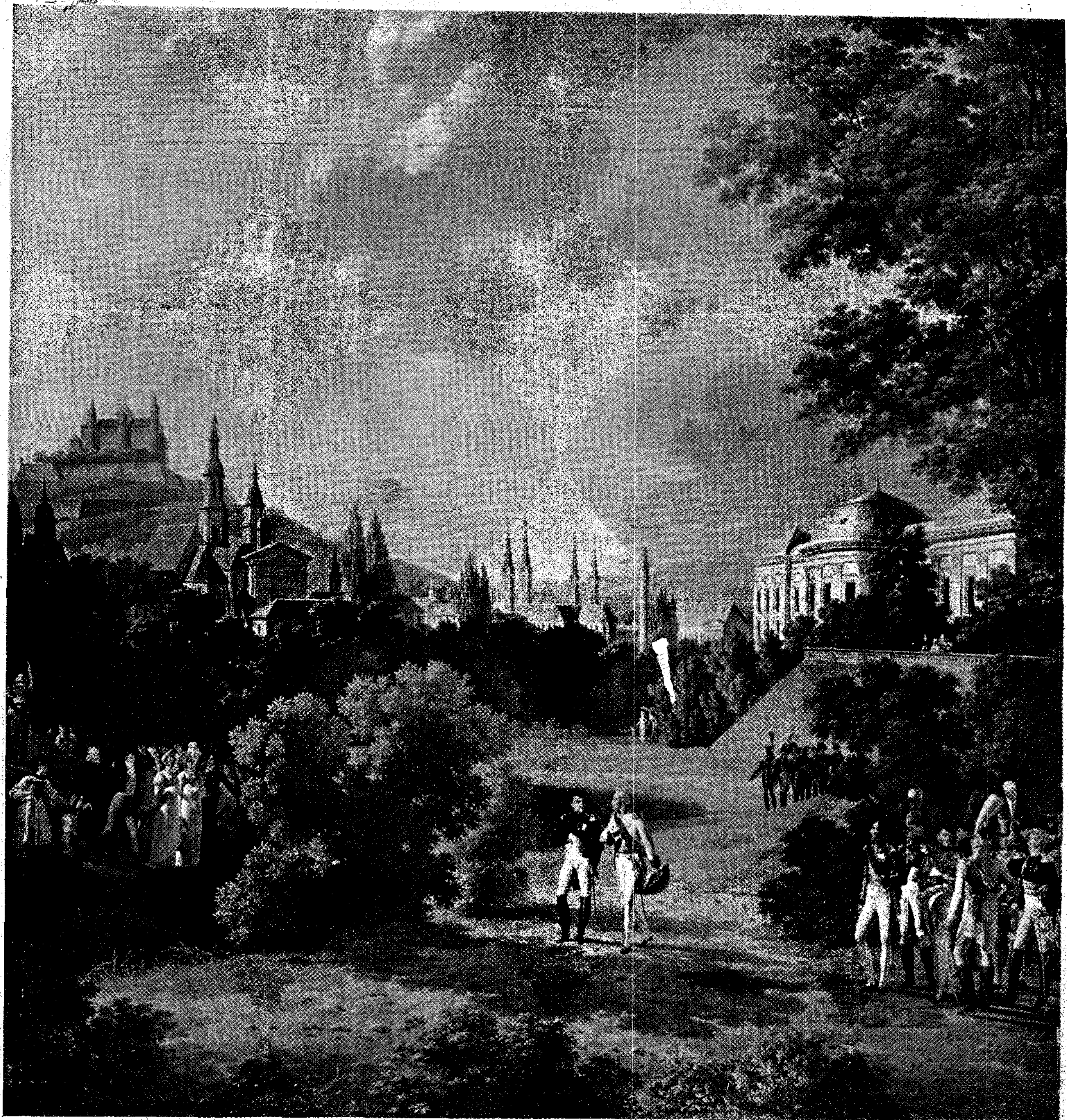

Entrevue de Napoléon et du Grand-duc Ferdinand à Wurtzbourg. Détail de la peinture par Hippolyte Lecomte. (Musée de Versailles.)

Napoleon confers with his host at Würzburg, Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, whose niece, Marie-Louise, was destined to become the second Empress of the French in 1810. A few days after this interview, Napoleon attacked Prussia and was completely victorious at Jena and Auerstädt on October 14, 1806.

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